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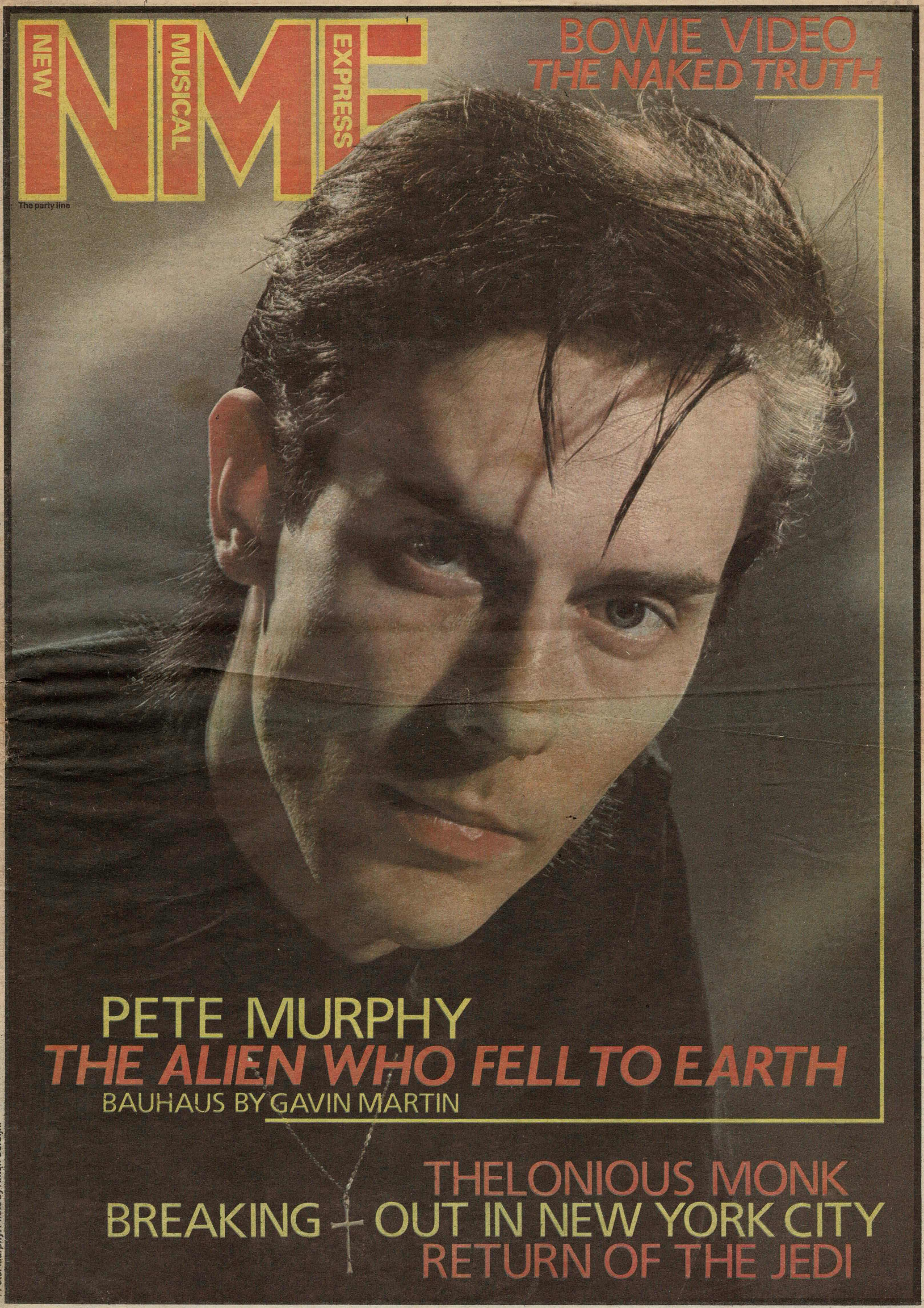
NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

The party line

BOWIE VIDEO
THE NAKED TRUTH



PETE MURPHY
THE ALIEN WHO FELL TO EARTH
BAUHAUS BY GAVIN MARTIN

THELONIOUS MONK
BREAKING + OUT IN NEW YORK CITY
RETURN OF THE JEDI

Peter Murphy. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

MALCY DUCKS OUT ● MODE & RATS ON ROAD ● ICA RADICAL BINGO ● KING SUNNY IN SYNCH ●

YAZ SPLIT

ALF MOYET AND VINCE CLARKE will in future be working separately it was revealed this week. After 15 months together as Yazoo, the duo have decided to go their separate ways, at least for the time being.

Alf Moyet this week told *NME* that the decision to split had been made, although she and Vince were still on good terms and were currently preparing the final mixes of the forthcoming Yazoo album called 'You And Me Both'.

"Towards the end of the first album the atmosphere was getting heavy and we weren't enjoying it too much," Moyet told *NME*'s Don Watson. "We decided the initial excitement had gone, and we've both got other things we want to do."

It's understood that Alf will in future work with a loose collective of musicians, while Vince Clarke already has several new songs in preparation.

The duo began operating as Yazoo in January 1982, following Clarke's departure from Depeche Mode, whose success Yazoo rapidly outstripped. As well as having four hit singles — 'Only You', 'Don't Go', 'The Other Side Of Love' and their current chart entry 'Nobody's Diary' — the electro-popsters also had a best selling album with 'Upstairs At Eric's' and enjoyed some success Stateside, where they were obliged to change their name to Yaz.

MALCOLM McCLAREN has his debut album 'Duck Rock' released by Charisma on May 27, featuring 12 tracks inspired by musical cultures from around the world — places as diverse as Kwazululand, Botswana, the Peruvian Andes, Cuba, Tennessee and the South Bronx.

Charisma say the LP is distinctly not a conventional collection of songs, but an attempt to get closer to the pop sensibility by taking the listeners on an adventure to other cultures. And to complement this aim, the album package contains dance routines to follow, according to the appropriate track. All the material was written by McLaren and Trevor Horn, with the latter also producing.

As for the LP's title, McLaren issued a statement explaing (and the lack of punctuation is his): "A Duck Rocker is what might be applied to someone who takes their dancing seriously to the point of reviving their magical instincts customising their lifestyles that show tradition never dies only the business does" — if you see what he means.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS re-surface next month for an 11-date tour, concentrated mainly on the college circuit. The band have been busy since Christmas writing and rehearsing new songs, and their first outing of 1983 will feature much of thier new material, which they will record in France after completing their UK dates — the resultant album is planned for autumn release.

They play Bristol Polytechnic (June 4), Brighton Top Rank (10), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11), Bangor University (16), Aberystwyth University (17), Birmingham Aston University (18), Reading University (21), Oxford University College (22), Bradford University (23), Hull University (24) and Keele University (25).

LONDON'S Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mall has arranged another of its week-long speciality seasons — titled "Radical Bingo", it showcases the best of new cabaret acts, and runs from Tuesday to Sunday, June 21-26. It will feature quirky musical combos, poets, ranters, new comedy, bizarre acts and "many unpleasant surprises".

The running order has still to be settled, but among acts already booked are Seething Wells, The Nightingales, Little Brother, 3 Mustaphas 3, J. J. Waller, The Joeys, Atilla The Stockbroker, Joolz, The Chevalier Brothers, Jim Barclay, Poison Girls, The Bouncing Czechs, Mark Miwurdz, Benjamin Zephaniah, Akimbo and Tony Allen.

● As reported last week, the ICA is also playing host to this year's WOMAD (July 5-17), as part of the five-week Capital Music Festival. And the list of names already announced for this event has now been expanded with the addition of Jah Wobble, Durutti Column, The Chevalier Brothers and Misty In Roots.

DEPECHE MODE — newly returned from an extensive tour of the Far East, Japan and America — have lined up a British tour for late summer and early autumn. It takes in 21 dates, culminating in two major London shows, and these will be their only UK appearances this year. The tour schedule comprises:

Dublin SFX Hall (September 9), Belfast Ulster Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Brighton Dome (13), Southampton Gaumont (14), Coventry Apollo (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Aberdeen Capitol (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Glasgow Tiffany's (20), Newcastle City Hall (21); Liverpool Empire (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (25), Hanley Victoria Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (28), Cardiff St. David's Hall (30), Oxford Apollo (October 1), Portsmouth Guildhall (3) and London Hammersmith Odeon (6 and 7).

Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the majority of venues, and will be available from theatre box-offices and usual agencies. Prices are £6.50 (Dublin), £5 (Belfast), £4 (Glasgow), £4.50 and £4 (Hammersmith) and £4 and £3.50 (all other venues). Postal applications will also be accepted by the theatres concerned.

KING SUNNY ADE — Nigeria's supreme exponent of Ju-Ju music, who made his UK concert debut at London Lyceum in January — returns here next month for a mini-tour, including a further two shows in the capital. Once again he's bringing his full African Beats entourage, comprising 19 musicians and singers, and the British dates are part of a wider European tour taking in eight countries.

The UK schedule opens at the final day of the Glastonbury CND Festival (see separate story), and continues at Birmingham Odeon (25), London Hammersmith Odeon (27) and London Hammersmith Palais (28). Further dates are being negotiated, and it's expected that more will be announced next week. Ticket prices are £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (Birmingham); £6, £5 and £4 (Hammersmith Odeon); and £5 only (Palais), and box-offices at those three venues are open now.

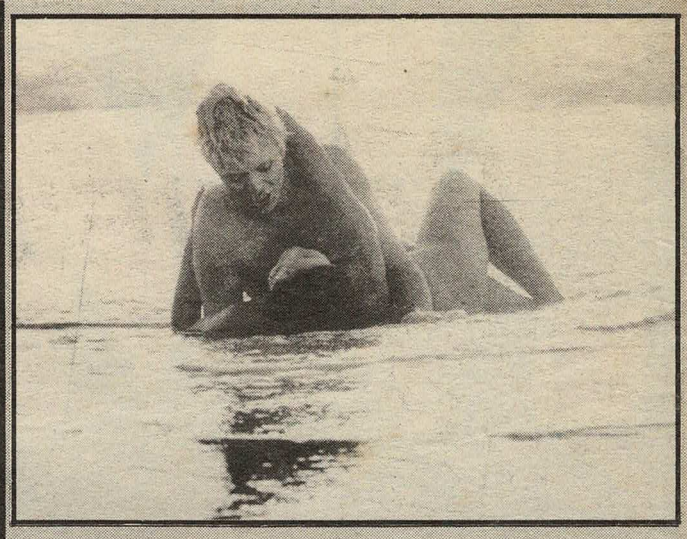
Ade and the African Beats will have a new album titled 'Synchro System' released by Island on June 13 as a prelude to their visit — it was recorded in London when they were here in January. The title track is issued as a single next Monday (23).

CND mount year's best fest

JAMES BROWN, King Sunny Ade, Fun Boy Three and Jimmy Cliff are among latest additions to this year's Glastonbury CND Festival line-up — and, with more big-name acts still to come, it's already assured of being one of the strongest bills and best events ever mounted in this country. Tom Paxton and Black Roots are also newly confirmed for the festival, which takes place over the weekend of June 17-19 at Worthy Farm in Pilton, near Shepton Mallet in Somerset.

A reminder that acts already set include Curtis Mayfield, Dennis Brown, Dr John, The Beat, UB40, Aswad, Incantation, A Certain Ratio, Moving Hearts, Marillion, The Enid, The Chieftains, Melanie and Alexis Korner — plus performers like Seething Wells and The Flying Pickets, who'll be appearing in the cabaret tent. And the organisers say that another big attraction will be the improved chemical toilets!

Tickets may now be bought personally at a number of outlets in the South and West — London Theatre Bookings, all Keith Prowse branches and the CND Bookshop (London), Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham), Virgin and Revolver (Bristol), Gothic Image (Glastonbury), Acorn (Yeovil), Virgin (Plymouth), Bath Place Records (Taunton) and Music Market (Bath, Banbury, Gloucester, Newbury, Swindon, Worcester and Reading). Advance Weekend tickets are £12, but on the gates they'll cost £14.



DAVID BOWIE enters the realm of the senses...

Just when we had learnt to accept the play-it-safe Bowie, the self-proclaimed simple country boy behind the cleanest and least ambiguous LP of his career, he demonstrates he still has a capacity to surprise us...*From Here To Eternity.*

His latest video is not a remake of that famous movie, but it does redeploy its notorious beach sex scene in Bowie's version of Iggy Pop's 'China Girl', his next single.

Shot on location in Australia, the video was directed by Bowie, who cast himself in the Burt Lancaster part opposite, on top and to one side of Debbie Kerr, played here by The China Girl.

While waiting for its premiere you might like to ponder exactly how these scenes illustrate Bowie's coming to grips with imperialism — for such, he claims, is his visual interpretation of Iggy's words.

"It's a heavy song," Bowie told *NME's* Chris Bohn in April (*Heavy song? — Ed*) "I think I've dealt with imperialism in that video to a certain extent...he says, ha ha."

We asked The China Girl to elucidate and, more importantly, how good Bowie was on the beach. She would only answer: "Sshh...sshhh." Inscrutable.

NEW MUSICAL NME EXPRESS

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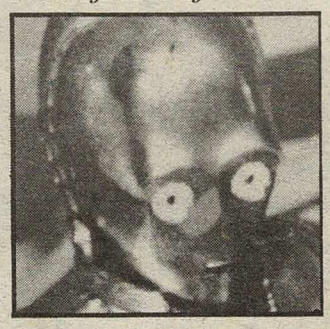

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FROM HERE TO THE CENSOR'S BIN?

BOWIE'S BEACH PARTY

Riding along on the breast of a Dave: the beach scene from 'From Here To Eternity' recreated for Bowie's 'China Girl' video.

Pix: Patrick Jones

Cassettes that play on both sides.

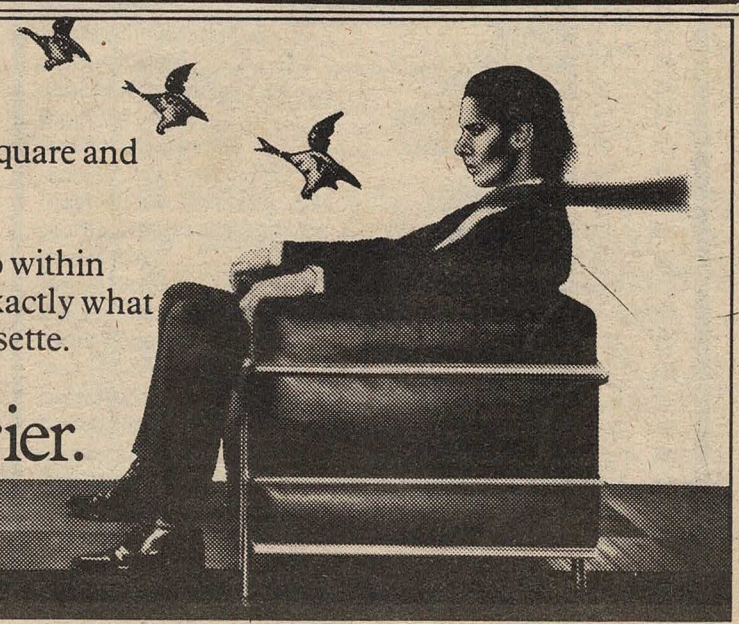
Most cassettes perform better on one side than the other, because they aren't quite square and don't line the tape up properly with the tape heads.

This is called azimuth error, and it's very common.

Maxell cassettes, though, are so precisely made that their dimensions are accurate to within a thousandth of an inch. So when you use one, it lines the tape up squarely and you get exactly what you expected: a cassette, not half a cassette.

maxell

Break the sound barrier.



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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY LPs

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	4	1
2	2	**(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION**	Human League (Virgin)	4	2
3	7	**TEMPTATION**	Heaven 17 (B.E.F./Virgin)	4	3
4	13	**PALE SHELTER**	Tears For Fears (Mercury/Phonogram)	3	4
5	3	**WORDS**	F.R. David (Carrere)	6	3
6	4	**BEAT IT**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	5	3
7	8	**WE ARE DETECTIVE**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	4	7
8	15	**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)	4	8
9	5	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	8	1
10	12	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	8	8
11	17	**OUR LIPS ARE SEALED**	Fun Boy Three (Funbx)	3	11
12	6	**CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND**	Culture Club (Virgin)	5	2
13	11	**TRUE LOVE WAYS**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	11
14	10	**FLIGHT OF THE ICARUS**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	4	10
15	9	**LOVE IS A STRANGER**	Eurythmics (RCA)	5	5
16	34	**BLIND VISION**	Blancmange (London)	2	16
17	21	**FRIDAY NIGHT**	Kids From Fame (RCA)	3	17
18	14	**ROSANNA**	Toto (CBS)	4	14
19	22	**MISS THE GIRL**	Creatures (Polydor)	4	19
20	24	**LAST FILM**	Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	4	20
21	30	**CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU**	The Beat (Go Feet)	2	21
22	18	**I AM ME (I'M ME)**	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	7	18
23	16	**BREAKAWAY**	Tracy Ullman (Stiff)	6	5
24	20	**YOUNG FREE AND SINGLE**	Sunfire (Warners)	4	20
25	19	**OVERKILL**	Men At Work (Epic)	4	19
26	(—)	**SHIPBUILDING**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	1	26
27	29	**FUTURE GENERATION**	B.52's (Island)	2	27
28	33	**CREATURES OF THE NIGHT**	Kiss (Casablanca/Phonogram)	2	28
29	26	**I'M NEVER GIVING UP**	Sweet Dreams (Ariola)	4	26
30	(—)	**NOT NOW JOHN**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	1	30
31	23	**THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**	Tracie (Respond)	7	9
32	42	**FAMILY MAN**	Hall & Oates (RCA)	2	32
33	(—)	**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley (Island)	1	33
34	48	**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition (London)	4	34
35	41	**THUNDER AND LIGHTNING**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo/Phonogram)	7	11
36	32	**MUSIC (PART 1)**	D Train (Prelude)	2	32
37	(—)	**STOP AND GO**	David Grant (Chrysalis)	1	37
38	31	**THE TWIST**	Chill Factorr (Philly World)	4	31
39	44	**SWEET MEMORY**	Belle Stars (Stiff)	4	36
40	25	**SHE'S IN PARTIES**	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	5	19
41	50	**GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES**	Elton John (Rocket)	2	41
42	(—)	**COUNTDOWN**	Rush (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	42
43	37	**MUCK IT OUT**	Farmers Boys (EMI)	2	37
44	35	**MINEFIELD**	I-Level (Virgin)	4	32
45	(—)	**DON'T STOP THAT CRAZY RHYTHM**	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	45
46	40	**FIELDS OF FIRE**	Big Country (Mercury/Phonogram)	7	11
47	(—)	**HEY**	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	1	47
48	28	**OOH TO BE AH**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	6	5
49	46	**ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)	2	46
50	(—)	**CATCH 23**	GBH (Clay)	1	50

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	3	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	10	1
2	1	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	5	1
3	5	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	3	3
4	2	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	22	1
5	15	**POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	2	5
6	12	**THE HURTING**	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	10	2
7	7	**CARGO**	Men At Work (Epic)	4	3
8	4	**MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND**	Meatloaf (Epic)	3	3
9	8	**SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)**	Eurythmics (RCA)	12	1
10	6	**FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT**	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	5	3
11	10	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	8	1
12	9	**QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	12	2
13	38	**CHINERA**	Bill Nelson (Mercury)	2	13
14	13	**LISTEN**	A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	3	13
15	11	**WHITE FEATHERS**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	4	8
16	43	**NIGHT DUBBING**	Imagination (R&B)	2	16
17	17	**SONGS**	Kids From Fame (BBC)	2	17
18	23	**TWICE AS KOOL**	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	3	18
19	16	**YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK'N'ROLL**	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	3	16
20	14	**TOTO IV**	Toto (CBS)	12	3
21	(—)	**DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	21
22	44	**WAITING**	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	9	7
23	18	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	44	2
24	25	**MUSIC FROM LOCAL HERO**	Mark Knopfler (Vertigo)	5	10
25	19	**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	5	12
26	20	**WAR**	U2 (Island)	11	3
27	31	**WE ARE ONE**	Maze (Capitol)	2	27
28	35	**MAGICAL RING**	Clannad (RCA)	4	25
29	(—)	**SIAGO**	Blackfoot (Atco)	1	29
30	24	**ELIMINATOR**	ZZ Top (WEA)	5	24
31	(—)	**HAPPY FAMILIES**	Blancmange (London)	1	31
32	47	**THE HEIGHT OF BAD MANNERS**	Bad Manners (Telstar)	2	32
33	(—)	**THE LAUGHTER AND TEARS COLLECTION**	Various (WEA)	1	33
34	22	**PRIDE**	Robert Palmer (Island)	5	15
35	33	**HELLO I MUST BE GOING**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	27	2
36	41	**JARREAU**	Al Jarreau (WEA)	5	24
37	(—)	**H_2O**	Hall And Oates (RCA)	1	37
38	27	**HIGHLY STRUNG**	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	4	16
39	21	**THE KEY**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	10	7
40	30	**LIONEL RICHIE**	Lionel Richie (Motown)	19	9
41	(—)	**THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST**	David Bowie (RCA)	2	41
42	28	**SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR**	Marillion (EMI)	8	4
43	(—)	**TOO-RYE-AY**	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	16	1
44	42	**STEVE MILLER LIVE**	Steve Miller (Mercury)	3	41
45	(—)	**THE FORMER 12 YEAR-OLD GENIUS**	Coati Mundi (Virgin)	1	45
46	45	**BUSINESS AS USUAL**	Men At Work (Epic)	18	1
47	34	**KISSING TO BE CLEVER**	Culture Club (Virgin)	22	2
48	37	**STREET SOUNDS III**	Various (Street Sounds)	5	26
49	(—)	**WORDS**	FR David (Carrere)	1	49
50	29	**STONEKILLERS**	Prince Charles And The City Band (Virgin)	3	29

45s INDEPENDENT LPs

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)		
2	3	**SHIPBUILDING**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)		
3	24	**BAD BOY**	Adicts (Razor)		
4	29	**CATCH 23**	GBH (Clay)		
5	4	**PEPPERMINT PIG**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)		
6	2	**ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)		
7	6	**CROW BABY**	March Violets (Rebirth)		
8	8	**ALICE 12"**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)		
9	5	**TELECOMMUNICATION EP**	Blitz (Future)		
10	(—)	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)		
11	(—)	**CAPITALISM AND CANNIBALISM**	Anthrax (Crass)		
12	7	**SEBASTIAN**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)		
13	11	**ANGRY SONGS**	Omega Tribe (Crass)		
14	10	**CATTLE AND CANE**	Go Betweens (Rough Trade)		
15	9	**TELECOMMUNICATION EP**	Blitz (Future)		
16	23	**FURNICE/GUYS & DOLLS**	Darkness & Jive (Red Rhino)		
17	12	**ANACONDA**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)		
18	13	**MEGALOMANIA**	Blood (No Future)		
19	27	**OCEANIC EXPLORERS**	Expost Facto (Probe)		
20	18	**BANDWAGON TANGO**	Testcard F (Backs)		
21	25	**BEATING HEART**	Section 25 (Factory)		
22	(—)	**SCREAMING**	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)		
23	14	**BAD SEED**	Birthday Party (4AD)		
24	30	**WEREWOLF**	Erazerhead (Flicknife)		
25	(—)	**LOW PROFILE**	Cook Da Books (Kiteland)		
26	(—)	**HONEY AT THE CORE**	Friends Again (Moonboot)		
27	16	**LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**	Joy Division (Factory)		
28	20	**MONEY'S TOO TIGHT**	Valentine Brothers (Energi)		
29	26	**TAKE IT ALL AWAY**	Red Lorry Yellow Lorry (Red Rhino)		
30	19	**CEREMONY**	New Order (Factory)		

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)		
2	2	**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)		
3	15	**THE WHIP**	Various (Kamera)		
4	3	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)		
5	5	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)		
6	7	**SONG AND LEGEND**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)		
7	6	**1981-82 THE MINI ALBUM**	New Order (Factory)		
8	8	**IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO**	Conflict (Corpus Christi)		
9	4	**LAZY WAYS**	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)		
10	10	**BEFORE HOLLYWOOD**	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)		
11	18	**REASON WHY**	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)		
12	16	**LET THE TRIBE INCREASE**	The Mob (All The Madmen)		
13	12	**SEDUCTION**	Danse Society (Society)		
14	14	**MACHINE**	1919 (Red Rhino)		
15	20	**A DISTANT SHORE**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)		
16	11	**GANG WARS**	Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)		
17	13	**MOVEMENT**	New Order (Factory)		
18	10	**ENFLAME**	Passage (Cherry Red)		
19	17	**GARLANDS**	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)		
20	25	**EARTH Vs SHOCKABILLY**	Shockabilly (Rough Trade)		
21	(—)	**EARTH**	Misty In Roots (People Unite)		
22	(—)	**STOP THAT TRAIN**	Clint Eastwood And General Saint (Greensleeves)		
23	19	**CARE**	Shriekback (Y)		
24	(—)	**HOME KILLED MEAT**	Fallout (Fallout)		
25	24	**CALL OF THE WEST**	Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)		
26	(—)	**RANTING AT THE NATION**	Atilla The Stockbroker (Cherry Red)		
27	21	**DIG THIS GROOVE BABY**	Toy Dolls (Volume)		
28	22	**TWICE UPON A TIME**	Hawkwind, Friends And Relations (Flicknife)		
29	28	**STRIVE TO SURVIVE**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)		
30	30	**REBEL SONGS**	Decorators (Red Flame)		

DANCE FLOOR 45s

Dancefloored!

1	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI-America)
2	**YOU CAN'T HIDE**	David Joseph (Mango)
3	**ANGEL MAN**	Rhetta Hughes (Aria)
4	**PHYSICAL ATTRACTION/BURNING UP**	Madonna (Sire/Warner Bros.)
5	**BLUE MONDAY/THE BEACH**	New Order (Factory)
6	**ELECTRIC AVENUE**	Eddy Grant (Portrait)
7	**BABY DOLL**	Girls Can't Help It (Sire/Warners)
8	**SO WRONG**	Patrick Simmons (Elektra)
9	**THRILLER (LP)**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
10	**HEAT YOU UP**	Shirley Lites (West End)
11	**CANDY MAN**	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)
12	**PARTY**	Julius Brown (West End)
13	**KISS ME**	Tin Tin (Sire/Warner Bros)
14	**LUCKY**	Ellie Hope (Quality)
15	**FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING**	Irene Cara (Casablanca)

Courtesy Billboard

US COUNTRY 45s

1	**WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OLD FASHIONED LOVE**	B.J. Thomas (CBS)
2	**COMMON MAN**	John Colee (MCA)
3	**YOU TAKE ME FOR GRANTED**	Merle Haggard (Epic)
4	**TOUCH ME**	Tom Jones (Mercury)
5	**FOOLIN**	Johnny Rodriquez (Epic)
6	**SAVE ME**	Louise Mandrell (RCA)
7	**MORE AND MORE**	Charley Pride (RCA)
8	**LUCILLE**	Waylon Jennings (RCA)
9	**JOSE CUERVO**	Shelly West (Warner/Viva)
10	**LITTLE OLD FASHIONED KARMA**	Willie Nelson (Columbia)

REGGAE 45s

1	**COUNTRY LIVING**	Mighty Diamonds (Hitbound)
2	**STAND UP AND FIGHT**	Freddie McGregor (Jah Guidance)
3	**REWARD**	Hopeton Jnr. (Hitbound)
4	**LIVE AT HARCHOS HALL**	Earl Sixteen & Pam Pedoo (Black Roots)
5	**TROUBLE ME NO TROUBLE ME**	Inai Kamaza (Taxi)
6	**LOVE ON TOP**	Alton Ellis (Body Music)
7	**ONE MORE RUB-A-DUB**	Johnny Osbourne (Tads)
8	**PROMISED LAND**	Dennis Brown (Simba)
9	**TIRED FE LICK IT INA BUSH**	Patrick Andy (Hitbound)
10	**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley And The Wailers (Tuff Gong)
11	**SENSIMILLIA**	Yellowman (Hawkeye)
12	**PIRATES**	Rapper Robert & Jim Brown (Studio One)
13	**THROW ME CORN**	Larry Marshall (Studio One)
14	**FEEL LIKE JUMPING**	Marcia Griffiths (Studio One)
15	**MINISTER FOR GANJA**	Rapper Robert & Jim Brown (Studio One)
16	**EASY TAKE IT EASY**	Dennis Brown (Tads)
17	**CONQUEROR**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
18	**KINARKY**	Mighty Diamonds (Bad Gong)
19	**RICH MAN POOR MAN**	Michael Prophet (CSA)
20	**FIGHT FIGHT**	Don Carlos (Hitbound)

Courtesy of M & D Record Centre, 36a Dalston Lane, London E8.

REGGAE LPs

1	**THE VERY BEST OF**	Ruddy Thomas (Mobiliser)
2	**GUNSHOT**	Anthony Jackson (Midnight Rock)
3	**LOVE IS AN EARTHLY THING**	Michael Prophet (CSA)
4	**SATISFACTION FEELING**	Dennis Brown (Tads)
5	**ON TOP**	Heptones (Studio One)
6	**SONGBOOK**	Bob Andy (Studio One)
7	**BOBY BABYLON**	Freddie McGregor (Studio One)
8	**LIVE AND DIRECT VOL II**	Aces International (Yellowman etc) (Intense)
9	**KING STERGRAPH VS KING ATAURUS-LIVE**	(Rusty Int)
10	**NO MORE FRIEND**	Meditations (Greensleeves)
11	**PASS THE LAZER BEAM**	Don Carlos (Lee)
12	**MONEY**	Cornell Campbell (Live And Learn)
13	**GIVE THE YOUTH A TRY**	Little John (Live And Learn)
14	**DANCE HALL STYLE**	Various DJs (Studio One)
15	**JAH IS I LIGHT**	Richie Mack (Musicism)
16	**DUB ME CRAZY PART II**	Mad Professor (Ariwa)
17	**THE GREATEST**	Mighty Sparrow (Charlies)
18	**INSTANT KNOCK OUT**	Arrow (Charlies)
19	**OUTER LIMITS**	I-Roy (Intense)
20	**LIVE AT DSYC**	UK Sound System Various (Raiders)

Charts compiled by M & D Record Centre, Dalston Lane, E8

JAZZ LPs

1	LIVE AT BIRDLAND	John Coltrane (Jasmine)
2	IT'S ABOUT TIME	Morrisey-Mullen (Beggars)
3	ALL THE MAGIC	Lester Bowie (ECM)
4	RIT 2	Lee Ritenour (Elektra)
5	REFLECTIONS	Gil Scott Heron (Arista)
6	CITYSCAPE	Claus Ogerman & Michael Brecker (WEA)
7	MOTHER EARTH	Barbara Thompson (PRT)
8	THE CITY CAN'T HAVE IT BACK	Pinski Zoo (Dug Out)
9	CONCERTS	Keith Jarrett (ECM)
10	NEW THING AT NEWPORT	John Coltrane (Jasmine)
11	OFF THE TOP	Jimmy Smith (Elektra)
12	SOLAR MYTH APPROACH VOL. I	Sun Ra (Affinity)
13	KIND OF BLUE	Miles Davis (CBS)
14	LITTLE MOVEMENT	Eberhard Weber Colours (ECM)
15	NICE GUYS	Art Ensemble Of Chicago (ECM)
16	'15'	Bireli Lagrane (Island)
17	AS WE SPEAK	David Sanborn (WEA)
18	NO PROBLEM	Sonny Rollins (Milestone)
19	ETUNES	Ron Carter (WEA)
20	REET, PETITE AND GONE	Louis Jordan (Krazy Kat)

Chart courtesy of Revolver Records, 13 Highmeres Road, Leicester

FOLK LPs

Unusual suspect Taj Mahal

1	WORDS AND MUSIC	Planxty (WEA)
2	LITTLE INNOCENTS	Vin Garbutt (Topic)
3	IT'S ALL MUSIC — UNUSUAL SUSPECTS VOL.II	Taj Mahal/Peter Rowan/Tony Rice
4	AIRING CUPBOARD TAPES	Fairport Convention (Woodworm)
5	WILD STALLIONS	Peter Rowan (Appaloosa)
6	FAME AND WEALTH	Loudon Wainwright (Demon)
7	LIGHT SHINING	Albion Band (Albino)
8	DARK END OF THE STREET	Moving Hearts (51%)
9	STILL PAUSE	Maggie Holland (Rogue)
10	THE MAN IN THE MOON DRINKS CLARET	Pywacket (Familiar)

Courtesy Projection Records, 74 High St, Old Town, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex

USA 45s

1	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
3	JEOPARDY	Greg Kihn Band (Beserkley)
4	OVERKILL	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)
6	COME ON EILEEN	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
7	FLASHDANCE—WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casabalanca)
8	LITTLE RED CORVETTE	Prince (Warner Bros)
9	SOLITAIRE	Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
10	DER KOMMISSAR	After The Fire (Epic)
11	I WON'T HOLD YOU BACK	Toto (Columbia)
12	MY LOVE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
13	PHOTOGRAPH	Def Leppard (Mercury)
14	RIO	Duran Duran (Capitol)
15	STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART	Bryan Adams (A&M)

Michael beats it to the top

USA LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
3	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
4	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A&M)
6	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
7	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men At Work (Columbia)
8	H2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9	WAR	U2 (Island)
10	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
11	RIO	Duran Duran (Capitol)
12	THE DISTANCE	Bob Seger And The Silver Buller Band (Capitol)
13	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
14	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
15	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	Bryan Adams (A&M)

MOVIES 10

1	TOOTSIE	(Col-EMI-War)
2	SOPHIE'S CHOICE	(UIP)
3	GANDHI	(Col-EMI-War)
4	THE WICKED LADY	(Col-EMI-War)
5	LOCAL HERO	(20th Century Fox)
6	THE BEASTMASTER	(Col-EMI-War)
7	10 TO MIDNIGHT	(Cannon)
8	HEAT AND DUST	(Curzon/Enterprise)
9	AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN	(UIP)
10	TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS	(Miracle)

Courtesy Screen International

SYNTHESIZERS 10

1	SOUND HOUSE	BBC Radiophonic Workshop (BBC)
2	AUDENTITY (Double album)	Klaus Schulze (I.C.)
3	JUPITER MENACE (Film soundtrack)	Synergy/Larry Fast (Passport)
4	TUN HUANG (Tao)	Kitaro (Kuckuck)
5	THE SILVER GUN (from 'Pride' album)	Robert Palmer (Island)
6	AND WHEN THE NIGHT COMES/SONG IS	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)
7	YOU GOTTA SAY YES TO ANOTHER EXCESS	Yello (Stiff)
8	GOLE! (Film soundtrack excerpts)	Rick Wakeman (Charisma)
9	CHIMERA (Excerpts)	Bill Nelson (Mercury)
10	SWITCHED-ON BRANDENBURGS (Double album)	Wendy Carlos (CBS)

Compiled by E.S.S.P., PO Box 37b, East Molesey, Surrey, KT8 9JB.

FANZINES 10

1 **ACTS OF DEFIANCE**
25p + SAE (RAF, 40 Stratford Ave., Grangetown, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear)

2 **MOLOTOV COMICS**
30p + SAE (Swells, Flat 3b, Belle Vue House, Belle Vue Road, Leeds 3)

3 **ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER WORD**
25p + SAE (20 Andrews Lane, Formby, Liverpool)

4 **NEVER SURRENDER**
30p + SAE (Higgs, 27 Abbotsham Road, Bideford, North Devon)

5 **LUDDS MILL**
75p + SAE (Andrew Darlington, 44 Spa Croft Road, Teall St Ossett, West Yorks)

6 **APOCALYPSE** 30p + SAE (Warren, 83 Wiltshire Ave., Slough, Berks.)

7 **OBITUARY** 20p + SAE (16 Cold Blow Crescent, Bexley, Kent)

8 **BLAM!** (2 Oakfield Lane, Terling, Chelmsford, Essex)

9 **TENDER MERCY** 30p + SAE (c/o 32 Northfield Lane, Wells-Next-The-Sea, Norfolk)

10 **SO WHAT** 25p + SAE (7 Pinn Close, Cowley Peachy, Nr Uxbridge, Middlesex)

Compiled by Return Of The Naive Fanzine, Flat 6, 11 Cross Street, Chesterfield, Derbyshire

FRED FACT

I worry about New Edition. Not because 'Candy Girl' is virtually a re-run of The Jackson's 'ABC' — but purely because they're young, vulnerable and black. I worry about Musical Youth for exactly the same reason. Today they're teen and tasty. But tomorrow...??? Frankie Lymon And The Teenagers were the first pubescent vocal group to break out of the ghetto. Massive in the mid '50s, they sold two million copies of 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love' and did pretty well with others like 'I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent' and 'ABC's Of Love', after which they topped at the London Palladium and even headed for Hollywood where Frakie Lymon, their 14-year-old vocalist, posed for publicity shots in the company of Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell. But The Teenagers, confused and financially abused, couldn't handle the pressures. By 1968, Lymon, then a 25-year-old heroin addict, was dead, while two more of the group's original five members, Sharman Garnes and Joe Negroni, both died while still in their 30s. Hopefully, black kids are getting a better deal these days. After all, The Jacksons haven't exactly fared badly. So maybe New Edition and Musical Youth *will* outlast their novelty value and even outsmart those who may seek to use them for their own ends. If they do, I can quit worrying.

Fred Dellar

5 YEARS AGO

1	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
2	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
3	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith (Arista)
4	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)
5	AUTOMATIC LOVER	Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)
6	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)
7	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)
8	(I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR) PRESENCE DEAR	Blondie (Chrysalis)
9	LET'S ALL CHANT	Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)
10	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)

10 YEARS AGO

1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
2	HELL RAISER	Sweet (RCA)
3	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
4	HELLO! HELLO! I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
5	BROTHER LOUIE	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
6	GIVING IT ALL AWAY	Roger Daltrey (Track)
7	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
8	MY LOVE	Paul McCartney & Wings (EMI)
9	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
10	NO MORE MR NICE GUY	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)

15 YEARS AGO

1	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
2	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
3	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
4	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
6	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int)
7	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	Herd (Fontana)
8	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
9	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
10	WHITE HORSES	Jackie (Philips)

20 YEARS AGO

1	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	SCARLETT O'HARA	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
3	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
4	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
5	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry And The Pacemakers (Parlophone)
7	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
8	TWO KINDS OF TEARDROPS	Del Shannon (London)
9	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
10	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)

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BURN

The best disco in New York is The Funhouse where Saturday Night Fever is enjoying a renaissance with America's teenagers. RICHARD GRABEL investigates the new street beat industry — the producers and artists behind the music — and talks to the breaker dancers on the floors. Photos STEPHANIE CHERNIKOWSKI.

WEST 26th Street, a little after midnight on a Saturday. A block of warehouses, all deserted except for one. A line stretches from the doorway halfway down the block. There's no "doorman" picking and choosing from a crowd, just an orderly queue.

The kids on the line are aged between 16 and 19; they are Latin, and white Italian, and black — all working class kids from the boroughs that surround Manhattan.

You step through the inner door into a reverberating human wall, and it takes a while to recover your senses. It's then that the enormity of the scene hits you.

The floor of this gigantic former warehouse is filled with something like three and a half thousand kids, all moving with an incredible abandon. Nobody is posing; nobody is glancing over their shoulder to see who's walking into the room; nobody is acting selfconsciously.

Welcome to the Funhouse. Let's dance!

THE noise that fills the Funhouse with a palpable, physical throb is the sound of a new New York music that's coming fast and furious out of the city's many cheap studios and independent record labels; a sound most of its makers like to call street music.

There's a new audience to go with this new sound too; an audience that every Saturday afternoon turns a select group of record stores — Vinyl Mania, Downtown, Downstairs — into hives of activity. People talk about the records, keep the guy or girl behind the counter busy mixing from one record to another, gossip about new releases and what's being played at which club, and who's coming out with what.

It's the sort of lively, excited enthusiasm about music that used to be encountered in the white new wave record shops, but sadly is no longer. There's a sense of participation, of people feeling close to their music. But the excited buzz of Saturday afternoon turns into the manic frenzy come night time.

The street music discos — the Funhouse, Broadway 96, Hunt's Point Palace, Disco Fever — are very much apart from the world of the social/fashion discos such as Studio 54 and Xenon. And they tolerate none of the trendiness or hipness of the rock disco clubs such as Danceteria and the Peppermint Lounge. The Roxy, which draws its DJ's and playlist from the street, but most of its clientele from the rock club scene, is a kind of hybrid, a special case.

The Funhouse is the most integrated of the hardcore dance scenes, which makes it the most interesting. What goes on there every week is a 1983 update of *Saturday Night Fever* culture. The story idea for that film came from a *New York Magazine* article that profiled the disco culture of working class Italians in Brooklyn. That culture revolved around getting dressed up on a Saturday night and going out dancing.

In 1983 the dancing scene of New York's working class teenagers is more alive and thriving than ever. But the style of the soundtrack and the style of the kids have changed dramatically.

Perhaps it's the harder economic times, or perhaps its the fact that they take their dancing more seriously, but the Funhouse kids have dropped the pretence and the flashy suits of the last disco generation. Their style, all low belts and bare midriffs, is both more sensual and more functional. T-shirts, jeans or shorts and sneakers are the basic uniform for boys. For girls there are embellishments such as billowy genie pants and short white gloves, and halter tops and cut-off T-shirts to expose those lean bodies. Most of the girls carry their dancing clothes in a shoulder bag and change in the ladies' room. In the summer, boys and girls carry a change of clothing, and after a whole night of dancing head straight for the beach in the morning.

The Funhouse Kids take pride in their sexuality and their stamina. The dancing starts at 10 pm and doesn't stop till 8.30 the next morning. And it is the most exuberant, athletic and sexual dancing I've seen anywhere, but sex really isn't much of a force in this ritual. Dancing or drugs — but more often a combination of the two — takes the place of sex, and you don't notice any cruising going on. Dancing is the name of the game, and it is pursued with single-minded determination, trained for like a sport, approached with devotion.

Some of it is competitive. There are crews who come every week wearing their own, emblemmed T-shirts, and they pride themselves on being the baddest dancers on the floor. There is The Juice Crew, and The Buggers, who've been coming for three years, and The Burners, a newer crew who are challenging the Buggers. Neighbourhood pride is also a strong influence. Here and there in corners of the dance floor you'll find groups breaking into spontaneous chants to the music, shouting, "Bronx rocks the house" or "Brooklyn rocks the house!"

But for all the rivalry, and despite the potential tension in any racially mixed crowd (New York's Italians and Puerto Ricans are not famous for their warm relations with each other), there is never any fighting. All that's left at the door.

To the kids who go there weekly, the Funhouse is the central ritual of their lives. Or, as the Funhouse DJ John "Jellybean" Benitez puts it, "It's something that they have to do. Their whole life revolves around being there on Saturday."

But to the small group of producers responsible for most of New York's new dance music, it has a different importance. It's a proving ground for rhythms.

"WE'D GO to the Funhouse," Arthur Baker explains, "and we'd see what people were getting off on. 'Planet Rock', 'Walking On Sunshine', those records were consciously made to get over at the Funhouse. And a lot of other producers who have had success with electronic records, like Michael Jonzun, the people who did 'Nunk' (by Warp 9), Richard Scher and Lotti Golden, Hubert Eaves of D-Train . . . a lot of these producers test out records there. They have a crowd that's very open to strange things. So we can make our records for them because they are ahead and usually everyone else will catch up."

The axis of this action is the DJ booth, behind a glass window surrounded by a giant drawing of a clown's face. It's a calm center in the midst of a storm. Jellybean's domain.

New York DJ's are being increasingly requested to try and mix some street sense into a wide variety of material. Of course no re-mix can put something into a record that wasn't to some degree present in the tracks, but they can make a dramatic difference. Francois Kevorkian's mixes put Yazoo over in America. Larry Levan of the Paradise Garage has done the same several times, most recently with David Joseph. A Mark Kamins remix made New York hits out of Girls Can't Help It's 'Baby Doll' and Madonna's 'Everybody'.

These cross-Atlantic tape exchanges are part of a cultural currency that is creating an international music. At the dance clubs the New York stuff segues smoothly with Heaven 17, Malcolm McLaren, Yazoo, Wide Boy Awake ('Slang Teacher' is a current Funhouse favorite), Yello or a classic like Sparks' 'Beat The Clock'.

Benitez has mixed records by Jimmy Spicer, Rocker's Revenge, Soul Sonic Force, Orange Crush, Warp 9, Jonzun Crew, Divine, Quadrant 6. He's done Madonna's 'Physical Attraction' and The Beat's 'I Confess', both excellent jobs and big NY disco records. Lately he's been even more busy, doing Peter Tosh, JoBoxers, Naked Eyes, Central Line, Freeze, even (Good Lord!) Frankie Avalon.

So what are all these British groups looking for when they send their tapes over?

"I think they're looking for more of an urban sound. Something that can happen in R&B clubs as well as in rocks clubs.

"From the experience of being in the booth I know where things should be, where they should fall. Sometimes a record is real close to where it should be, but you think, if the break was here it would bring the audience even higher. And producers know that I'm in touch with what's happening with every other record that's out, and what kids are dancing to.

"Like The Beat, I wasn't familiar with the tune but I listened to it and it had a Latin appeal, and a rock feel too. It was very percussive, more so than most rock groups are. I brought more of the Latin influence out."

But none of this matters to the Funhouse kids. To them Jellybean is a hero because he orchestrates the soundtrack to their Big Night. They wear T-shirts that say things like "Last Night Jellybean Saved My Life" and "Jellybean Rocks The House".

They're not aware of what's happening, or their role in it, when Jellybean hits a button and switches from his turntables to a reel-to-reel tape deck mounted on the wall. He then turns around toward Arthur Baker, who's standing in the booth and gestures towards the tape. He's trying out one of Baker's works-in-progress, an instrumental version of a new New Order track called 'Confusion'.

Baker, a big bear of a man, stares impassively out the window, watching the reaction on the dancefloor carefully. He should be well pleased. The kids don't know what this new track is, but they're moving to it. It works. But it's hard to read Baker's expressionless face. Perhaps what he's seeing is dollars jumping into frantic motion.

STREET MUSIC is becoming an industry. The only independent record distributors doing well in America are those who handle 12-inch singles. 'Planet Rock' sold 680,000 copies in America. The music is being brought to the market by small, quick-to-the-draw companies. In New York, three competitive and responsive radio stations (black music stations, which the industry calls Urban Contemporary Radio) pump the sound out to thousands of ghetto blasters that make it a real sidewalk soundtrack. And there are 15 record pools servicing approximately 800 DJ's in New York alone.

But to the industry as a whole, the major labels, the large chain stores where most records are sold and their distributors, 12-inch singles are still a novelty, a peculiar side-line of the business. And because *Billboard's* US charts are based on radio play instead of sales, the massive commercial success of some of these records goes unrecorded. As Tom Silverman, the owner of Tommy Boy Records, wrote in a recent issue of *Dance Music Report*, "If American charts were based on sales . . . records like 'Rapper's Delight', 'Heartbeat' and 'Planet Rock' would all go top five. As it stands, none of them even made the top 40."

The sound of the street currently in vogue dates back to the popularity of Kraftwerk in the dance clubs. That led to 'Planet Rock', which fused electronics and rap, and electronics became the beat of the street. Since then vital, exciting records have been coming out practically weekly: 'Walking On Sunshine', 'The Message', 'Play At Your Own Risk'. 'The Harder They Come' — in some ways an even better record than 'Walking On Sunshine'; and Pressure Drop's 'Rock The House'. Even John Robie, Arthur Baker's partner who actually played all the music on their collaborations such as 'Planet Rock' and 'Walking On Sunshine', branched out on his own and came up with a crafty little floor filler, 'Body Mechanic' by Quadrant 6. And there's the equally crafty, cool and graceful construction by Raul Rodriquez and Man Parrish, with some help from Robie, called 'Hip Hop Be Bop.'

Two months ago I was raving about 'One More Shot' by C-Bank, one of the most brilliant records to emerge from this scene, orchestrated with floor-shaking power by Robie and sung to heart-breaking perfection by a young, black, gospel-trained woman named Jenny Burton. We'll be hearing more from her as she's been signed to a deal with Atlantic Records.

And then there was Indeep's 'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life' — and Baker, Robie, Bambaataa and Soul Sonic Force got together and did it again with 'Looking For The Perfect Beat'.

Meanwhile, inspired or pushed by 'The Message', the old forms of rap music have mutated into a new fusion of rap hardness and electrobeat lushness, a kind of post-rap, with lyrics that convey an awareness of the need to say something beyond jive-talk.

In this genre we have C.O.D's 'In The Bottle' (Emergency) produced by the 'Hip Hop' team of Rodriquez and Parrish, a lively reworking of the Gil Scott-Heron classic that leaves the message intact and brings it out onto the dancefloor to a whole new audience.

BUT WHAT makes people call all this stuff "street music"?

"To me street is the way I grew up in the Bronx," says "Jellybean". "Graffiti was going on, break dancing was going on. In those days a street record was one that never got on the radio. But now that the street sound is getting more popular, it *is* getting on the radio. The Sweet G record is a big street record, it's selling like crazy and all the kids that go dance in the park are buying it. When I say street I mean appealing to that core audience that buys and dances to that type of record . . ."

Or ask Raul Rodriquez and Man Parrish.

Raul: "Everybody has a different definition of street. Manny's street and my street are different. To me it's like the dudes with the radios, What's happening bro?"

The latest breaker hit is Natasha King's 'AM-FM', which features an irresistible rhythm, a female vocal performance with some grit and balls to it, and a very catchy hook in the chorus. 'AM-FM' is a good example of how New York disco has become an international sound. It was recorded in Rome by Italian producer, Paolo Giombini, using for the vocals the 18-year-old daughter of an American father and an Italian mother. Emergency Records (the C.O.D. folks) picked it up for release in America, and it was edited and mastered by them in NY. The dance clubs and radio stations started playing it as soon as they got it, and it looks set to be the big hit of early summer. Creole Records are putting it out in England.

Man: "I think it falls in the percussion, I think of street stuff as the complicated kick drum patterns and the crazy kind of percussion stuff.

"I guess it's also the craziness that happens in the records. Things flying in and out, the weird edits. The bass and drums in C-Bank are like a high energy disco song, but the glass crashing and the crazy things flying in and out make it street."

Or ask Tom Silverman.

"I think what they mean by street is that it's going to happen in the record stores. Record stores in urban areas where there are streets. There's not a lot of street in LA, it's all, uh, road. Rock is road music. This is street music because it's music that spreads like wildfire through the street. You hear it on boxes and you go into the record store and you can feel the excitement about a new record as soon as it comes out."

But is it a movement? More like an independent collection of motions, made by people sharing some assumptions in common. A lot of people realised, as Robert Palmer asserted in the *New York Times*, that 'Planet Rock' "redefined the face of funk".

"I think it has", Arthur Baker says with a laugh. "We didn't plan it that way, but the way everything turned out, it did. 12-inch dance records now sound totally different.

THIS DISCO OUT

"The whole thing we're doing now is almost like a form of jazz, cos we're taking known music, things people are familiar with, and changing them up. I think street music is the closest thing to jazz, the jazz of Coltrane, then anything else."

ALTHOUGH unquestionably one of the leading producers with the disco street beat, he is still sensitive to accusations of exploitation. In fact, he recently took legal action against Prince Charles' manager Tony Rose who had alleged Baker was a white guy ripping off black music.

"That really bugged me because I've known Tony for a long time. He even stayed at my house when he was doing some of his records. How can he say, if he makes money off a record it's alright because he's black, but if I make money off a record it's not alright because I'm white?

"Ask Bambaataa if I've exploited him. A year and a half ago, who knew Bambaataa's name? Now he's internationally known.

"Even if I wanted to exploit Bambaataa there's no way. I produce records, I get my fee, and that's it. And the groups who are on my record company, Streetwise, like Rocker's Revenge, I don't think you'll find any complaints."

What about the criticism that this is producer's music, that just uses artists and spits them out?

"The artist definitely matters, but it is producer-oriented music. I love to work with bands, if someone could bring me a band that could play and had good ideas. But it seems there aren't as many good bands as there used to be, especially black bands."

ADRIAN LYNE'S *Flashdance* purports to be the new disco film of the '80s, while meanwhile the Robert Stigwood Organisation is preparing its own update of *Saturday Night Fever*. The advertising come-on for *Flashdance* — "Something happens when she hears the music . . . It's her passion. It's her fire. It's her life." — gets the attitude of the Funhouse kids right; but it gets the circumstances of its heroine's life all wrong.

She is supposed to be a 17-year-old steel welder who also works as a dancer in a bar, lives in Pittsburgh in a beautiful and elaborately laid out loft, and lives only to dance. It just doesn't add up. The kids at the Funhouse are also 17, give or take a couple of years, but most of them are looking for one job, not holding down two. The boys work driving trucks, or as machinists, or messengers, or whatever's happening. The girls are secretaries, or sales clerks. They live at home with parents and a sibling or two, not in fancy lofts. But their attitude toward dancing is roughly the same —it's the thing they live out the week for.

Rita is 19, white, and comes from the Bronx. She goes to Business School, a euphemism for secretarial training, and she's not at all sure of her employment prospects. But she saves whatever she can and doesn't miss a Saturday night at the Funhouse.

"If you want to write about this place," she says, "write that it's too whacked. People are too off in their own world. One crowd does coke and ups and dances all night. Another crowd is into 'ludes and dust (PCP) and are just in their own world. And those crowds don't talk to each other.

"But it's good," she has decided. "It's a young crowd. And it does rock till 8.30 or nine in the morning."

Approaching people at random in the Funhouse, I find that most of them come every week. Why?

Eva, 17, from Brooklyn: "I like the people here, and the music. You dress the way you want, and you dance any way you want."

Tony, from Brooklyn: "I come to practice my dancing moves. Spins, flies, that kinda thing."

What do you do during the week?

"I drive a truck. I'm not that young, I'm 22."

Idales is 18, Puerto Rican, from Sheepshead Bay in Brooklyn. She's wearing an outfit she made herself that makes her look like a disco belly dancer, but she dances like a ballerina. She goes to Kingsborough Community College and doesn't know what she's going to do about a job. She doesn't have a record player, but her older brother does and she tells him what to buy.

"Have you been to Studio 54, Xenon?" she asks me. "Those places are for people that are there for social reasons. This place plays hard disco for people that are into dancing. I like to go to those other places for a change of pace. I go to Studio to get my head together. But this is real. Real people."

Mellisa is a black girl from Brooklyn who is a member of the Juice Crew. They come to the Funhouse every week and dance together. They have Juice Crew T-shirts and crew names. Mellisa is Brown Sugar, Nikki is Pariko, Tony is White Lightning, Elise is Moma Juice, Ken is Spinner, Chino is Kid Viscious, Eva is Starstruck, Brian is Mr Nasty.

"Most of us met here," Mellisa says. "We were all hanging out and we're the type that like to have a good time."

Why such loyalty to one place?

"I always meet different people here, and make friends. And "Jellybean's" the top DJ, to me anyway. That's where we all met, we could call it our home. We have so many memories here.

"Lately some of the crew have been checking out different clubs, and if they like it we'll take their opinion and go there. Like we've been going to Crisco's (Crisco Disco) and the Garage (Paradise Garage) and we went to Broadway 96 on Friday. It's alright but the people there are like, we can't wear our Juice Crew shirts there cos to them that would be starting trouble. So we just avoid trouble and don't wear our shirts there. It's much heavier up there."

And the Garage is more whacked out?

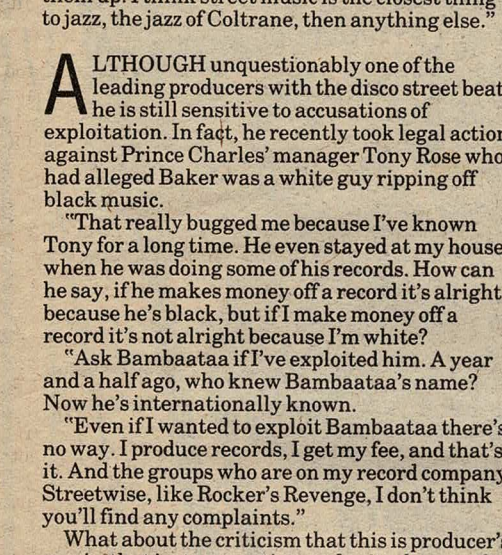
"Right, that's true. Crisco's is nice cos the guys there are very polite. They'll come up and ask a girl to dance. In the Funhouse if you want to dance with somebody you just go up to them and start dancing. I don't mind that either cos then I get to meet more and more people like that."

Mellisa shops for her dancing outfits in downtown Manhattan, at stores like Unique Clothing and Canal Jeans.

"If it's a really good outfit, something I can dance in and feel comfortable in so I can wear it everyday, then I'll spend like mostly 25, 30, 35 dollars. Even 40.

"I buy some records, but mostly I have them taped for me by a friend who's a DJ. Most of the time we'll have tapes and we'll go to Washington Square Park and hang out and start dancing there. Anywhere we go we dance."

Which is really why this is street music, and why people feel close to it. Not for the way it sounds — today's synth sound is not going to be around forever — but for the way they can use it constantly. The way they can, as Robie said, make it theirs.



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From the moment they met it was MURDER — Raymond Chandler and Hollywood gave us The Blue Dahlia, Farewell My Lovely, The Big Sleep *and other* noir *classics.*

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY looks back on the book of the films of the books with the trilby and the wide lapels.

From downtown 'Frisco to backstreet Putney, a dick's only indemnity was...

A COAT, A HAT, AND A GUN

RAYMOND CHANDLER IN HOLLYWOOD
by Al Clark *(Proteus £5.95)*

IT IS still highly debatable whether it was Dashiell Hammett or Raymond Chandler who invented the majority of the cliches that make up the mythology of the Private Eye, but it was certainly Chandler's work which inspired most of its cinematic vocabulary. Hammett's work was undeniably terser and more authentic, but — despite *The Maltese Falcon* — it is Chandler's Philip Marlowe who has become the quintessential celluloid incarnation of that myth.

Chandler and Marlowe have proved to be a fascinating double act, and *The World Of Raymond Chandler,* a collection of essays and arguments assembled by Miriam Gross, tackles a bewildering assortment of same, but *Raymond Chandler In Hollywood* is something more specialised: a diligently researched, smoothly written and profusely illustrated account of what Chandler and Hollywood did to each other over the years.

The struggle began in 1942, when *Farewell My Lovely* was purchased by RKO, unceremoniously stripped of its leading character and revamped as *The Falcon Takes Over* with George Sanders in the title role, and is currently dormant, a condition probably enforced by the ludicrous Michael Winner remake of *The Big Sleep,* in which an extremely bulky and somnolent Robert Mitchum impersonated Marlowe in Southern England (Putney and Chorleywood!) 1978. In between came numerous adaptations of every Chandler novel save the one which was actually conceived as a screenplay (the whimpering runt of the litter which closed Marlowe's career when published as *Playback)* and Chandler's own inglorious career as a Hollywood scenarist, which truly spanned movies both sublime and ridiculous.

"If my books had been any worse," Chandler once remarked, "I should not have been invited to Hollywood. If they had been any better I should not have come." His best work as a scenarist included his collaboration with Billy Wilder on the adaptation of James M. Cain's *Double Indemnity,* the weird, incoherent, bourbon-soaked nightmare of *The Blue Dahlia* and the Hitchcock treatment of Patricia Highsmith's *Strangers On A Train.*

The process has generally worked better the other way, with the Howard Hawkes version of *The Big Sleep* — in which Bogart played Marlowe — providing the basic model of the private eye

THE VIOLENCE-SCREEN'S ALL-TIME ROCKER-SHOCKER!
HUMPHREY BOGART AND LAUREN BACALL
Bogy'n Baby paired off for a hot time-and the big thrill in cold, cold crime!
"THE BIG SLEEP"
WITH MARTHA VICKERS DOROTHY MALONE
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The Big Sleep poster, 1946.

Alan Ladd showing off his suit in The Blue Dahlia.

movie which all others must either reverently mimic (like Dick Richards' *Farewell My Lovely* with Mitchum in the lead against a '40s backdrop of hallucinatory detail) or else radically challenge (as per Altman's celebrated-and-vilified *Long Goodbye,* in which Elliot Gould reinvents Marlowe as a schnook). The Steve Martin / Carl Reiner *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* of course does both — billed as 'The Thriller Chandler Never Wrote' — but it came too late to be acknowledged in Clark's book.

Al Clark's prose ranges from the mellifluously sardonic to the utterly deadpan, and the restraint and equanimity displayed in the face of the Winner *Big Sleep* is a joy to behold. He is refreshingly unpartisan about screen Marlowes, and the shade of Dick Powell, who played Marlowe in *Murder My Street* (the first version of *Farewell My Lovely* not made with George Sanders) makes me wish that it was possible to catch his performance on TV tonight. As a matter of fact, the book makes me want to see nearly all of these films in the near future (even the Winner *Big Sleep).*

Needless to say, the stills and posters enclosed are wonderful, and some of the blurbs almost defy belief. Would you believe "The violence-screen's all-time rocker-shocker! Bogy'n Baby paired off for a hot time — and the big thrill in cold, cold crime!" All that for a civilised little thriller like *The Big Sleep?* Damned excitable, these Americans. Or from that other *Big Sleep:* "Meet Philip Marlowe. The toughest private eye who ever wore a trenchcoat, slapped a dame and split his knuckles on a jawbone." Clearly, *Play It Again Sam* is not far off but the biscuit for classicism has to be "I need another drink . . . I need a lot of life insurance . . . I need a vacation . . . and all I've got is a coat, a hat and a gun."

Clark admires Chandler for his verbal acuity, his eye for Americana (or should that be Californiana?), his spoiled romanticism and his mastery of melodrama. It is the latter qualities that the cinema is best equipped to handle, and which inevitably predominate in movies of the Chandlerian persuasion. Anyone who likes Chandler or movies or preferably both can put this on their list with perfect confidence. Me, I really like looking at the pictures. It's a long time since I've seen so many great suits in one book.

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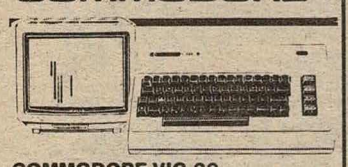

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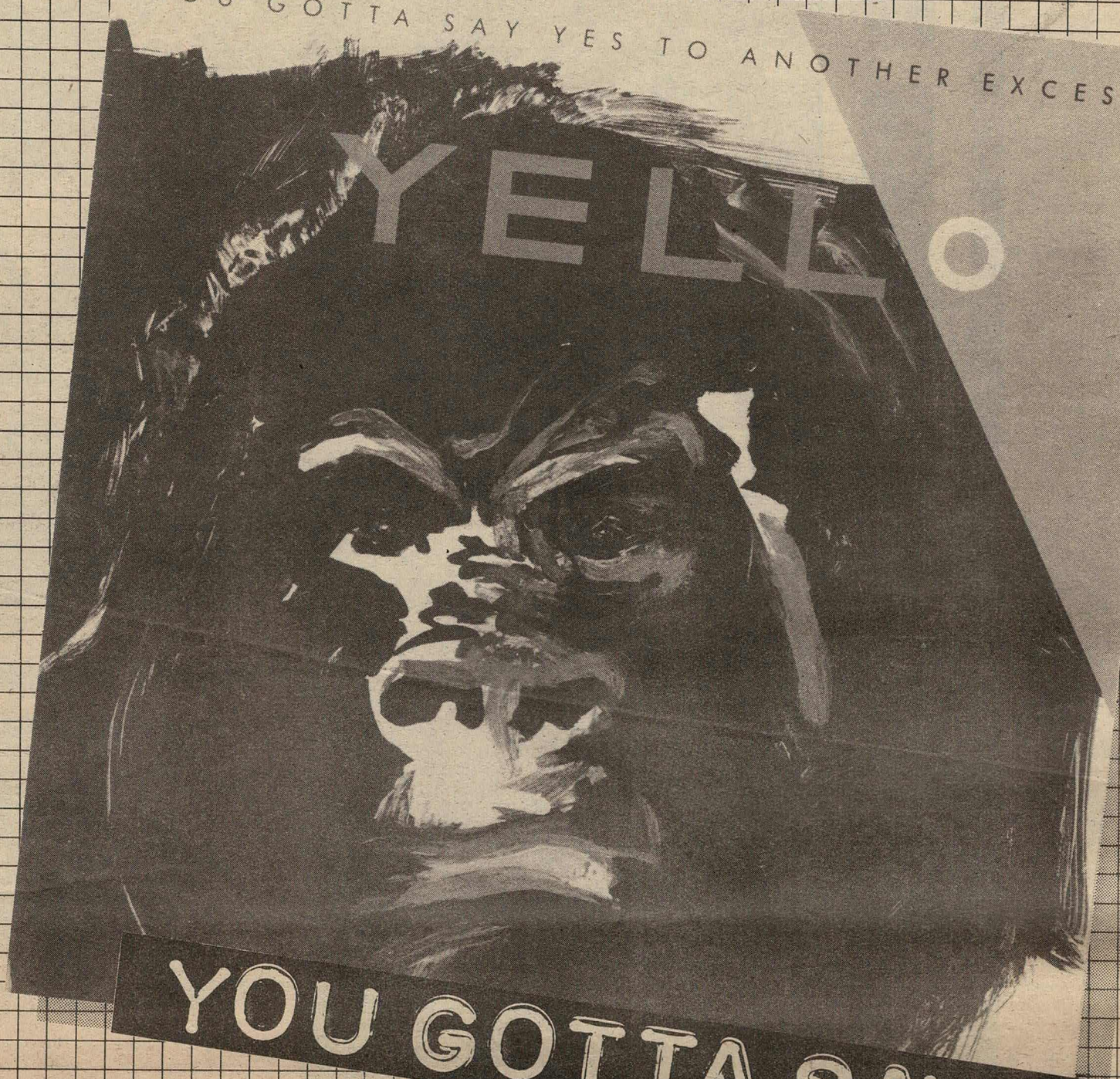

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LYON OF A LADY

LISA: "I DEFY ANY WOMAN TO TELL ME SHE HASN'T AT LEAST THOUGHT ABOUT PUTTING ON A BLACK GARTER BELT AND STOCKINGS — IT'S ONE OF THE WAYS WOMEN HAVE SEEN THEMSELVES. OUR WHOLE POINT WAS TO TAKE THAT AND THROW IT BACK IN THE FACES AND MINDS OF PEOPLE WHO DO EXPLOIT . . . BECAUSE I'M NOT THE KIND OF WOMAN WHO'S EXPLOITABLE."

THE LADY IS A CHAMP

FEMALE BODY-BUILDER LISA LYONS MADE HERSELF A STAR IN A SPORT "INTENDED FOR BLACK MEN AND ASSOCIATED WITH GAY CULTURE". PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT MABLETHORPE'S LENS MAKES STARS OF ROCKERS, HUSTLERS AND SOCIAL RENEGADES. THEIR THREE-YEAR COLLABORATION MIXES SEX, STYLE AND SHOCKS.

Thirty-five-year old photographer Robert Mapplethorpe gave rock one of its most seminal portraits: the cover of Patti Smith's 'Horses' LP. Its austere androgyny not only fixed Smith firmly in the punk public's imagination; it also seemed to free a new realm of images for the female performers who followed.

Shot in '78, the picture has since become a postcard which sells better than anything the company has ever printed. "And Patti hasn't done anything in three years," marvels Mapplethorpe. By contrast, he has spent that time on a project he originally conceived with Patti "in mind", but ended up executing with a very different artist — sculptor and 1979 World Champion Female Body Builder Lisa Lyons. It's a continuous series of photos of "contemporary woman, able to transform herself into all sorts of different personas." Mapplethorpe has dedicated the book of them (*Lady*, Muller/Blond & Briggs/£6.95) to its original inspiration. "We lived together for seven years," he says, "as each other's audience-in-residence. Patti gave me confidence in what I wanted to do and I tried to do the same for her."

The year they split, Mapplethorpe had taken up Polaroid photography (he provided the cover for Smith's 1972 volume, *Witt*). "At that point I worked with mass-produced images, mainly pornography. But as I got more and more involved with the photographic image I liked its purity." The New York boy's neo-classical visions of the Manhattan S&M scene and its celebrity demi-monde brought him a notoriety fanned by the images he chose for very formal still life series: exotic flowers and hard-core sex studies.

The low tones and deliberate poise with which he has continued to enshrine sexual extremes, gay festishes, and rock celebrities to an extent parallels 'sophisticated' society's increasingly frantic dashes between the degraded and the glamourous. But just when it seemed society might be catching up with Mapplethorpe, he found a completely unique subject — Lisa Lyons.

Lisa was an anthropology student from the University of California with eight years' background in the likes of medical illustration and flamenco dancing. Originally, she had taken up weight-lifting to gain strength for an Oriental sport called Kendo.

Eventually, Lisa found that "I sort of metamorphosed into a prototypic image of the new woman; I wasn't setting out to do anything like that, but when I changed my body I changed more than my own literal strength. I altered what I projected and how people reflected that back, and of course this changed everything else."

Lisa is perched on a banquette in London's Savoy — a tiny, seemingly frail brunette with depthless dark eyes and six large gold earrings that frame an angular face. She measures 5'4" and weighs 103; today she winds and unwinds a silver fur around her form as she talks. In *Lady's* 112 photos, though, Lisa appears in everything from "natural light, no clothes and no makeup", through leather gear, scuba wear, lace corsets and liquid graphite (a "lock lubricant").

Piling another scone with cream and jam, the diminutive Ms Lyons says the multi-faceted pictures have added to public preconceptions about her. "I only competed in body-building once, but when I won, people assumed I was everything from a rampant feminist to a dominatrice." She laughs, but says that she has learned to recognise "that expression of horror on the face of the interviewer who was expecting a real freak."

But neither is Lisa a health-crazed Californian who's brought sunlight to bear on those darker issues Mapplethorpe habitually undresses. "To be candid," she says, "I've been involved in as many of those 'subcultural' or deviant situations as Robert and it was really funny for me when all of a sudden I found myself this symbol of health and fitness. That's not to say I'm some sort of perverted decadent; I'm not, I *am* very fit and I cling to my ideals of re-integrating mind and body.

"But those dream images and that unconscious side of quirk and fantasy are very much part of the collaboration between Robert and me. Take the lingerie pictures in our book, prototypic 'sexy underwear' shots. Some women would say we were capitulating to an exploited image of woman but it's quite the contrary. On one hand it's ironic, it means you *can* play off the way women have been seen. And also — I defy any woman to tell me she hasn't at least *thought* about putting on a black garter belt and stockings! — it is one of the ways women have seen themselves.

"Our whole point was to take that and throw it back in the faces and minds of people who *do* exploit...because I'm not the kind of woman who's exploitable."

The *Village Voice* review of Robert's photos accused you of promoting 'bootstrap idealism' and 'righteous individualism'.

"Well..." says Lisa, "It wasn't my intention, but body-building did in fact turn out to be cheap psychiatry! By transforming your outer self you do learn more closely what your inner self is like. And you do learn about discipline.

"But remember," she continues, "this is Robert's first actual book, so it's as much about photography as the psyche, as much about form as content. It's also been the most complete collaboration I've ever had, despite working as a performance artist with other sculptors and photographers."

Lisa meets Robert in Munich tomorrow, to shoot some fashion for German *Vogue*. After that, it's back to the US from Paris where she lived for two years with former second husband Bernard Lavilliers, a French rock singer. At the end of this month, she starts filming a movie with Walter (*48 Hours*) Hill.

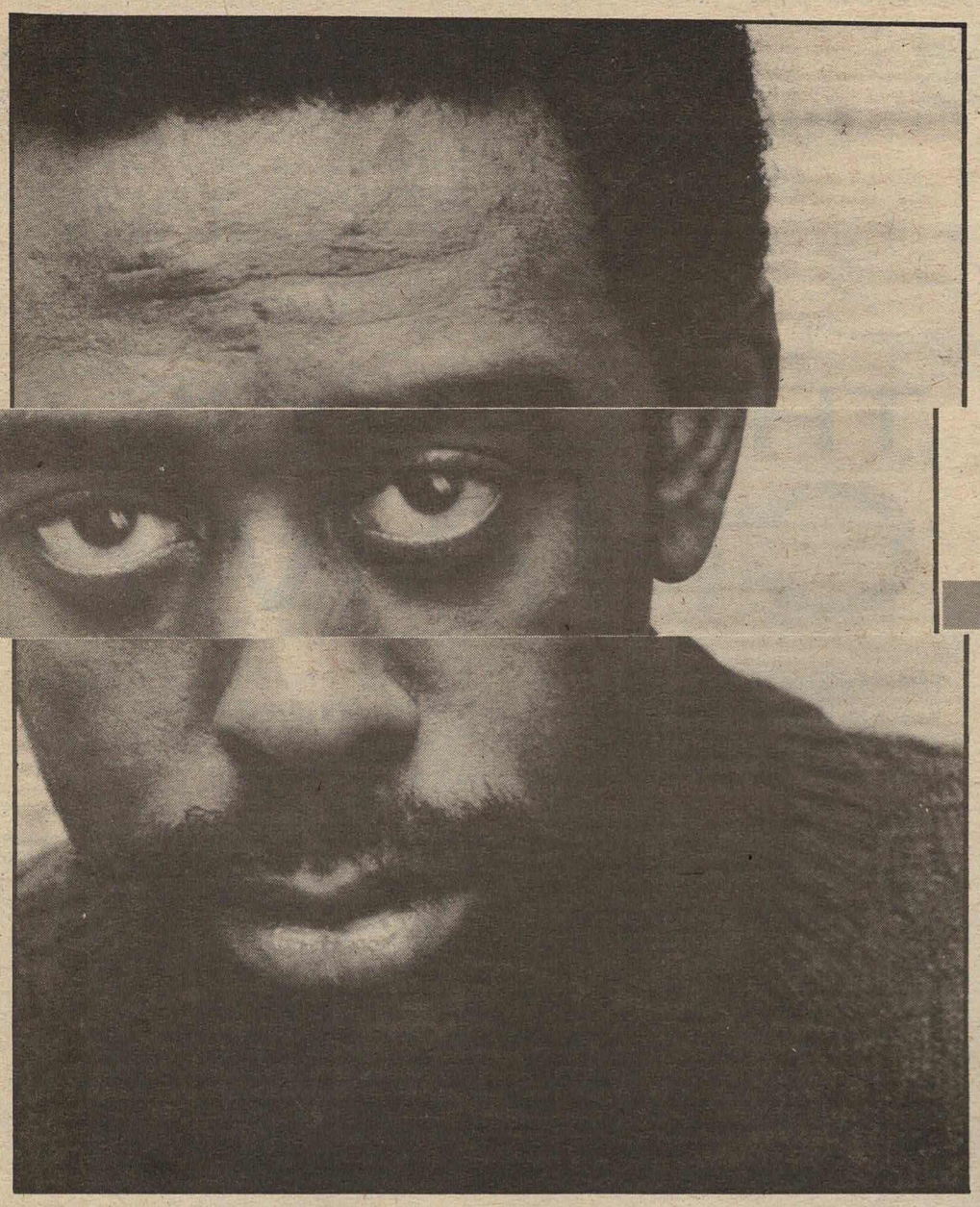
Robert Mapplethorpe will be showing a collection of his work around the UK later this month under the sponsorship of Olympus; he will exhibit at London's ICA this autumn.

Cynthia Rose

Lisa

Patti Smith, 1975, by Robert Mapplethorpe

PAUL 'GROUCHO' SMYKLE — SURGEON OF DUB



Pic Adrian Boot

DUBTAILING

STEP aside Scientist and all you great pretenders. The Sugar Ray Leonard of the dub world, a nimble fingered dub freak who operates under the nickname of Groucho, is poised to return dub to the prestigious state of an art form.

Take Black Uhuru's somewhat icy and uninspiring 'Chill Out' set, apply major dub surgery, inject a dashing sense of dynamics, a mess of shifting moods and textures and you've got 'Dub Factor'. An earthshaking powerhouse of dub and confirmation of an emerging genius. Its lethal combination of Boof'n'Baff'n'Biff and rhythmic attack is capable of relegating most current dub to the waste bin. 'Dub Factor' is the right stuff.

Add numerous supa-mixes from the Twinkle Brothers 'Country Men' album, that classical slice of dub 'Kunte Kinte' immortalised by Jah Shaka, collaborations with King Sunny Ade, Hugh Masakela and Jah Wobble and you begin to get the picture.

A backroom boy, more at home at a mixing desk than being interviewed, Paul 'Groucho' Smykle shed his nervousness as we settled into exhanging yarns about the hey day of sound system in London, and his dub mentor King Tubby.

"Tubbs was the hardest," he reminisced. "All those Bunny Lee tunes which were mixed by Tubby were outstanding. You'd get five versions of one tune and they'd all sound completely different."

Securing a job in the Island studio tape room gave him access to a mixing desk and he laughed when I recounted that some time ago I'd heard of this artistic youth, whose works feature on numerous reggae sleeves, who covertly mixed dubs of Bob Marley tunes in his lunch hour. A Wailers dub LP he agreed was a challenging and exciting prospect but sadly there are no plans for such a venture.

"There's something special about dub," he grinned. "It's supposed to give you a feeling, promote something in your mind."

Disdainful of the countless versions of popular tunes, the factory line approach to dub albums and the "one dimensional sound" of Roots Radics, Groucho shows disappointment at the unfulfilled promise of the early '70s. He lays the blame for reggae's current lack of originality on a market to which producers, and to a lesser degree musicians, pander in the hope of a quick financial return. A reliance upon formulas breeds conservatism, not creativity.

An outernational approach to dub led to his toying with funk and ensured that an appreciative ear has been lent to the Yankee school of dub — the master mix.

The dub coup of '82 was that unique meeting of the Ju Ju king and dub master on that wicked Island disco mix 'Ja Fumni'.

"That was different," he enthused. "We were confronted with a different concept in sound. It took me a long time to re-mix the tune as I had to get familiar with it. I mixed it once but Sunny Ade didn't like it. Basically I'd taken the talking drums strictly as percussion. We can't understand it but the talking drums are actually saying something; he would say something and so would the talking drums. So we just gave them more pronunciation in the mix."

"He and his friends were really bubbling when we mixed the dub. It was as fresh to them as me hearing African music for the first time."

Groucho's own brainchild is a dub concept he calls 'Techna Rockers', whereby he's begun to record dubs from scratch, employing dramatic key and time changes, off-beat scales and different instrumentation. In this way he is convinced that he can build a dub that sounds to me like 'Bitches Brew' meets the Rockers uptown.

A dream it may be, but until it hits the street I'd suggest you immerse yourself in that ion storm of dub that is his trademark and which should be in your import racks now.

Dub Lives!

PAUL BRADSHAW

RHYTHM PALS PITCH IN ● WARNING THESE COMICS ARE ADDICTIVE ●

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

THE RHYTHM PALS

JOHN PEEL

BOOKS
Dance To The Music Of Time — Anthony Powell
A gloomy book my mother has about mediaeval medicine
Anything by J.B. Morton ("Beachcomber")
Histories rather than fictions
The Pepys Diaries
Boys Own annuals from the '20s

RECORDS
Changes hourly
Mainly...
'Teenage Kicks' — The Undertones
'Misty In Roots Live'
'Age Of Consent' — New Order
'Zadok The Priest'

FAVE PLACES
Liverpool
Norwich
Berlin

ARTISTS
Paul Klee

FAVE DRINK
Primitive red wines

FILMS
Anything with Margaret Rutherford in or Alistair Sim
Brief Encounter
The Fatal Glass Of Beer
Eraserhead
Gregory's Girl

FAVE QUOTES
"It ain't a fit night out for man or beast" — W.C. Fields
"A friend in power is a friend lost" — Henry Adams

LEAST FAVE DRINK
Fenning's Fever Cure

ACTORS
George C. Scott
Sebastian Shaw

ACTRESSES
Edith Massey

FAVE MONARCH
George VI

FAVE TEAMS
The Champions
Meadowbank Thistle

Kid Jensen models a John Peel sweater

KID JENSEN

BOOKS
The Laird
Collected Works — Oscar Wilde
Side Effects — Woody Allen
On The Road — Jack Kerouac
Collected Poems of Robert Frost
Child's Garden Of Verses — Robert Louis Stevenson

RECORDS
'Sketches Of Spain' — Miles Davis
'Astral Weeks' — Van Morrison
'Once Upon A Time' — Siouxsie And The Banshees
'Choral Music' — Vaughan Williams
'Blind Joe Death' — John Fahey

FAVE DRINK
Cold Guiness

LEAST FAVE DRINK
Warm Guiness

FAVE TEAMS
St. Mirren
Vancouver Whitecaps
Atlanta Braves
Notts.

FAVE PLACES
Bath
Edinburgh
Savannah, Georgia

FAVE MONARCH
Queen Of Soul

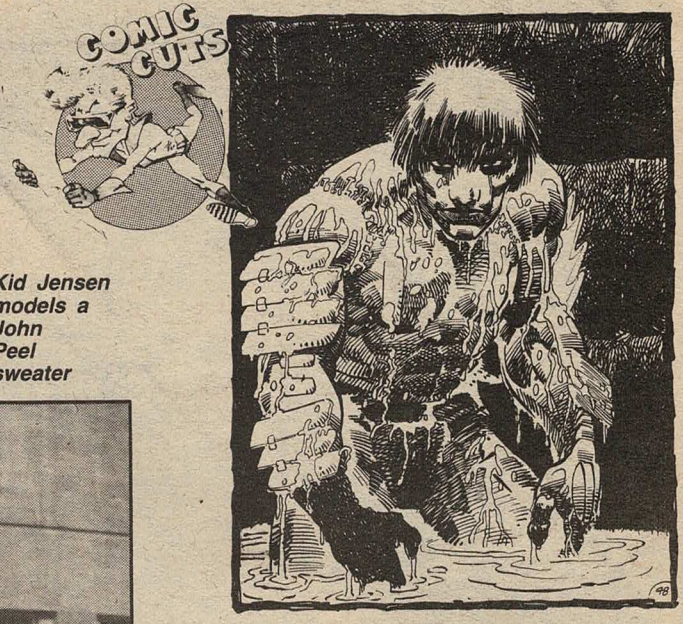
FILMS
Citizen Kane
The Great Dictator
That Sinking Feeling
East Of Eden
King

ACTORS
Orson Welles
Dustin Hoffman
John Hurt
Robert Morley

ACTRESSES
Bette Davis
Lili Palmer
Sissy Spacek

ARTISTS
Siouxsie And The B's
Ray Charles
Eddie Cochran
Tim Hardin
Neil Young

Pic Bleddyn Butcher



So who's the goop dripping guy with the green hair? He may look like the Incredible Hulk but he's actually a mutant of far greater complexity. He is Ronin, a wandering Samurai reincarnated to do battle with the force of ultimate evil in a futuristic New York, the new creation of the indisputable master of the modern comic strip, Frank Miller.

Miller gave up the strip which made his name, Marvel's *Daredevil,* to move to rival DC for the midi series of 15 issues of *Ronin.* On the face of it, it's a disappointing move: at £1.75 a shot Ronin isn't cheap.

When you get over the fact that this is the comic equivalent of a live double album, though, it is impossible not to be dazzled by the sheer brilliance of the progression in Miller's style which *Ronin* represents. The form may be flashier but there's no self-indulgence. The dark imagery of *Daredevil* has gone, to be replaced by a more sketchy line that's an unlikely but effective blend of Japanese and French influences.

Eventually *Ronin* surpasses *Daredevil,* which means it's probably the most awesomely addictive comic book ever. Is £1.75 too much to pay for a masterpiece?

DON WATSON

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION JOBOXER

Just Got Lucky

New Single on 7" and 12"
& Special Limited Edition 7" Square Picture Disc

JUMPING JETTY TOUR

20th May – Edinburgh University
21st May – Strathclyde University
22nd May – Pavillion Ayr
24th May – Rock City, Nottingham
25th May – Loughborough University
26th May – Norwich University
27th May – Birmingham University
28th May – Friars, Aylesbury
29th May – Top Rank, Brighton
1st June – Bradford University
2nd June – Sheffield University
3rd June – Liverpool Royal Court
4th June – Metro Manchester
5th June – Sugarhouse, Lancaster
7th June – Locarno, Bristol

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION ENVELOPE SLEEVE

JOINING THE HUNT ● MINDER MEETS MACBETH ● HANGING OUT AT THE HACIENDA ●

ON THE MOVE

Hunters and Collectors Mark Seymour — the mantlepiece is his natural habitat. *Pic Nick Knight*

MELBOURNE'S sunlit avenues may seem paradise compared to a no-star hotel bedroom in London. But Australian ten-piece Hunters And Collectors have made the trip and now dwell, each and every one, in what resembles a cross between a lost-property office and a submarine's sleeping quarters.

A dark and storm-lashed night finds me wedged amongst beds and suitcases, shooting the breeze with H&C's singer/guitarist/lyricist Mark Seymour. "Some people accuse me of being a bit cerebral," he admits. Some people are right.

More relaxed is percussionist Greg Perano. Popping in and out throughout the evening are several of the other Hunters And Collectors: John Archer (bass), Geof Crosby (keyboards), Doug Falconer (drums), Martin Lubran (guitar), Michael Waters (trombone), John Howard (trumpet), Jeremy Smith (French horn), and Rob Miles (sound).

Apart from the 17-year-old Martin, all are in their late 20s, and hence have already done the Grand Tour of the world as traditionally undertaken by many young Australians. Furthermore, their debut LP went top 20 in their home-land, assisted by a live reputation which enabled them all to survive comfortably on box-office take alone. So why move to bleak, broke and overcrowded Blighty?

"We thrive on being able to move about," explains Greg. "If we stay for quite a long period, say in Melbourne for three months, without going anywhere else, things start to get pretty fragile. But once you start to move, you feel like you've been through some sort of change."

A manic urge to keep moving is the keynote of H&C's music. They assault you with a barrage of trouser-shaking rhythm supporting an intricate structure of Mark's declamatory voice and interlocking riffs and phrases, which are simple in isolation but form abrasively complex patterns when they come together. Their harsh, parched, big-band punk-funk drains you physically even if you *don't* dance. H&C lack the light touch; they lock horns and *push*.

Their style grew from playing the circuit. Though well-represented on record — to be followed up shortly by a second album, produced in Cologne by Conny Plank — they concede that the stage is their natural habitat:

"We developed in the pubs — we are a pub band," asserts Mark. "If you can't generate excitement with the people who go out and drink, then who are you getting across to?"

There's an element of lunacy showing in the songs. Not specifically *about* anything, their lyrics' gnomic gobbledy-gook is delivered with pounding intensity to curiously intriguing effect.

"We're an absurd group," drawls Greg.

"It's got a lot to do with generating moods," adds Mark.

Other moody mythmakers with whom H&C feel an affinity are PiL, The Pop Group, Pere Ubu, The Velvet Underground and, of course, Can, an LP title by whom provided the band's name:

"It has that sense of a museum or gallery of miscellaneous objects all piled together — a basic foundation that is almost chaotic," Mark explains. "And from that you create this edifice."

H&C's Tower of Babel resides here currently, but for how long? Though only two years in existence, Hunters And Collectors have already moved halfway around the world. Take notice now before itchy feet carry them off again.

MAT SNOW

East to West Ralph Brown, Ken Sharrock and Steve Dixon.

HEADING WEST

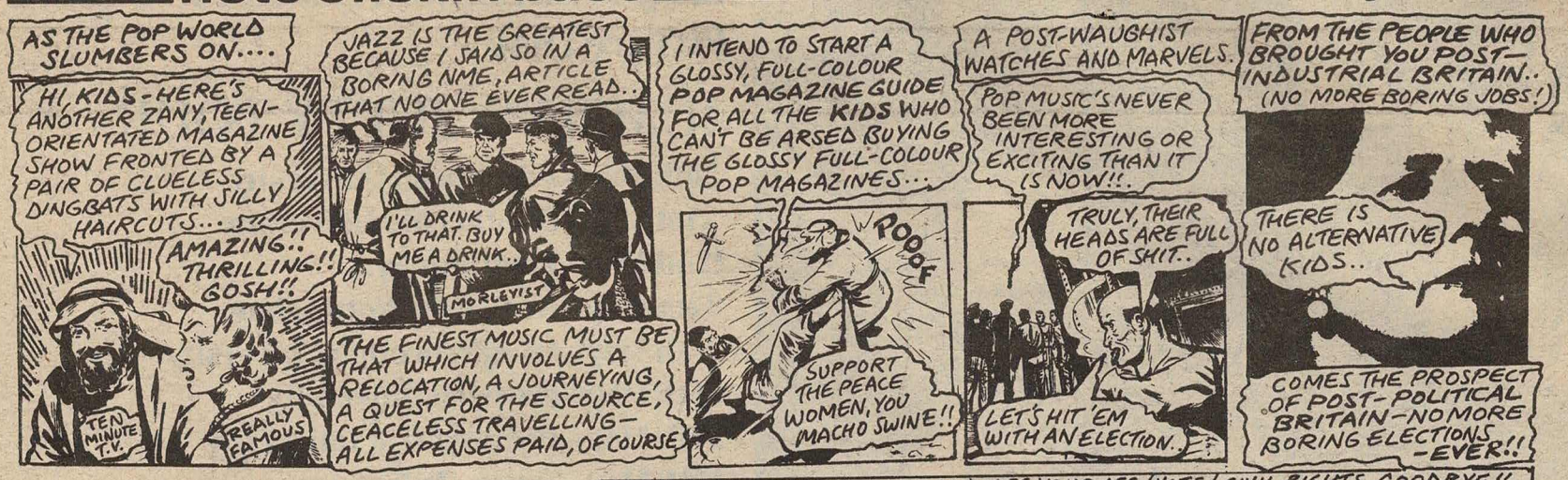
Set around a group of spiv-gangsters in London's East End (Hackney Marshes to be precise) Steven Berkoff's new play West is, for the duration of the first act, a fast'n' furious drama of dynamics. Developing the style hatched in his recent East it matches rich street urchin imagery with an invocation of Shakespeare's illustrious prose. The two work well together and Berkoff uses them to dissect all facets of East End life and culture.

Susan Kyd delivers a heart rending performance as Syl the spurned vamp with a heart of gold and veterans John Joyce and Stella Tanner are excellent as the parents longing for the past.

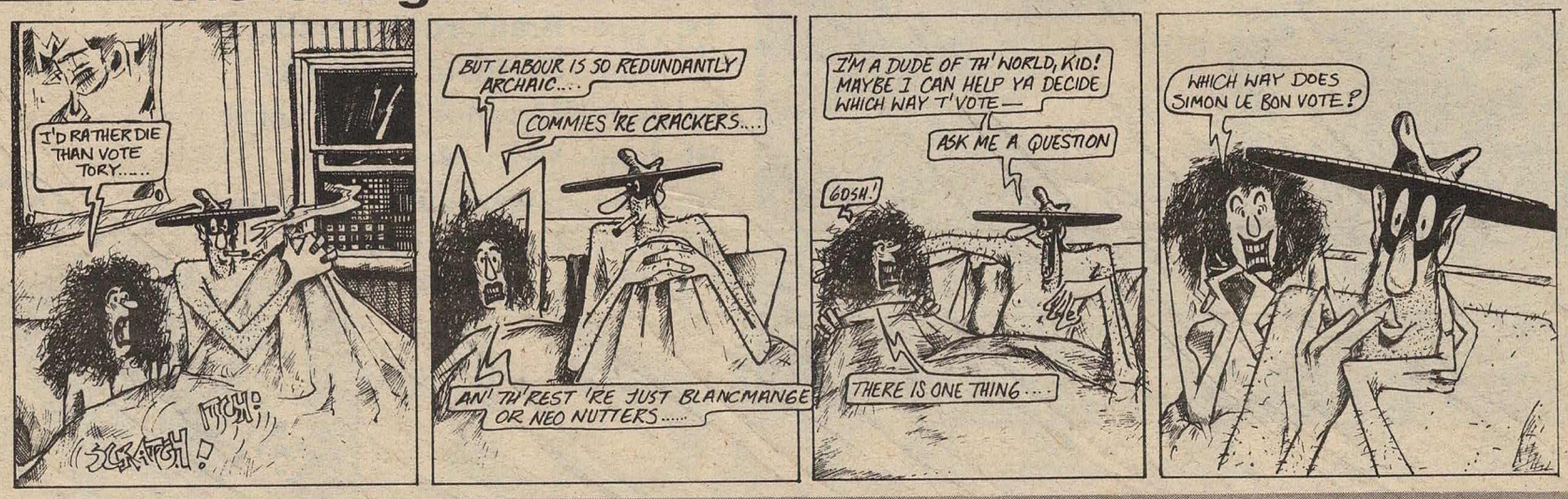
Half way through the second act, however, the play starts to pall under a meagre plot line — the whole story being hinged around a man to man fight betwixt the leaders of gangs from Hackney and Hoxton. The fight is a rather laborious overwrought affair and concludes the play with a* Rebel Without A Cause *piece of hack teenage pyschology. Nonetheless the sharp wit and blazing insights of the dialogue — sort of* Minder *meets* Macbeth *— are dulled only slightly and as a stage play it's ripping entertainment.

West, *by Steven Berkoff, is at the Donmar Warehouse Theatre, 41 Earlham Street, London WC2 (01-836 1071/379 6565).*

note oilskin base lowry


AS THE POP WORLD SLUMBERS ON....
HI, KIDS - HERE'S ANOTHER ZANY, TEEN-ORIENTATED MAGAZINE SHOW FRONTED BY A PAIR OF CLUELESS DINGBATS WITH SILLY HAIRCUTS... ETC
AMAZING!! THRILLING!! GOSH!!
TEN MINUTE T.V.
REALLY FAMOUS
JAZZ IS THE GREATEST BECAUSE I SAID SO IN A BORING NME ARTICLE THAT NO ONE EVER READ..
I'LL DRINK TO THAT. BUY ME A DRINK..
MORLEYIST
THE FINEST MUSIC MUST BE THAT WHICH INVOLVES A RELOCATION, A JOURNEYING, A QUEST FOR THE SCOURCE, CEACELESS TRAVELLING — ALL EXPENSES PAID, OF COURSE
I INTEND TO START A GLOSSY, FULL-COLOUR POP MAGAZINE GUIDE FOR ALL THE KIDS WHO CAN'T BE ARSED BUYING THE GLOSSY FULL-COLOUR POP MAGAZINES...
POOOF
SUPPORT THE PEACE WOMEN, YOU MACHO SWINE!!
A POST-WAUGHIST WATCHES AND MARVELS.
POP MUSIC'S NEVER BEEN MORE INTERESTING OR EXCITING THAN IT IS NOW!!.
TRULY, THEIR HEADS ARE FULL OF SHIT..
LET'S HIT 'EM WITH AN ELECTION.
FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU POST-INDUSTRIAL BRITAIN.. (NO MORE BORING JOBS!)
THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE KIDS..
COMES THE PROSPECT OF POST-POLITICAL BRITAIN — NO MORE BORING ELECTIONS — EVER!!
YAY! VOTE 'EM IN AGAIN FOLKS AND KISS YOUR ASS/VOTE/CIVIL RIGHTS GOODBYE!!.

the lone groover benyon


I'D RATHER DIE THAN VOTE TORY.....
SCRATCH! ITCH!
BUT LABOUR IS SO REDUNDANTLY ARCHAIC....
COMMIES 'RE CRACKERS....
AN' TH' REST 'RE JUST BLANCMANGE OR NEO NUTTERS.....
I'M A DUDE OF TH' WORLD, KID! MAYBE I CAN HELP YA DECIDE WHICH WAY T'VOTE —
ASK ME A QUESTION
GOSH!
THERE IS ONE THING...
WHICH WAY DOES SIMON LE BON VOTE?

W

What better place to stage a public hanging than Manchester's celebrated Hipstertheque, The Hacienda? For three nights, *Tales From The Newgate Calendar* will climax with such an event, which co-incides with the Hacienda's first birthday.

The Unsupported, a team of nine including CP Lee, are all professional actors, musicians and artists and all have worked together to concoct a Happening based on the 18th century legends of Newgate prison.

Two hundred years ago, Joe Publiks were given guided tours round the dungeons, chatting to condemned prisoners and wallowing in tales of unspeakable bad form. Now, with the help of resurrected ballads, period costume and a customised gallows, all of which are defiantly at odds with the club's hi-tech interior, The Unsupported will forcefully escort the audience back to times when swinging was a serious affair.

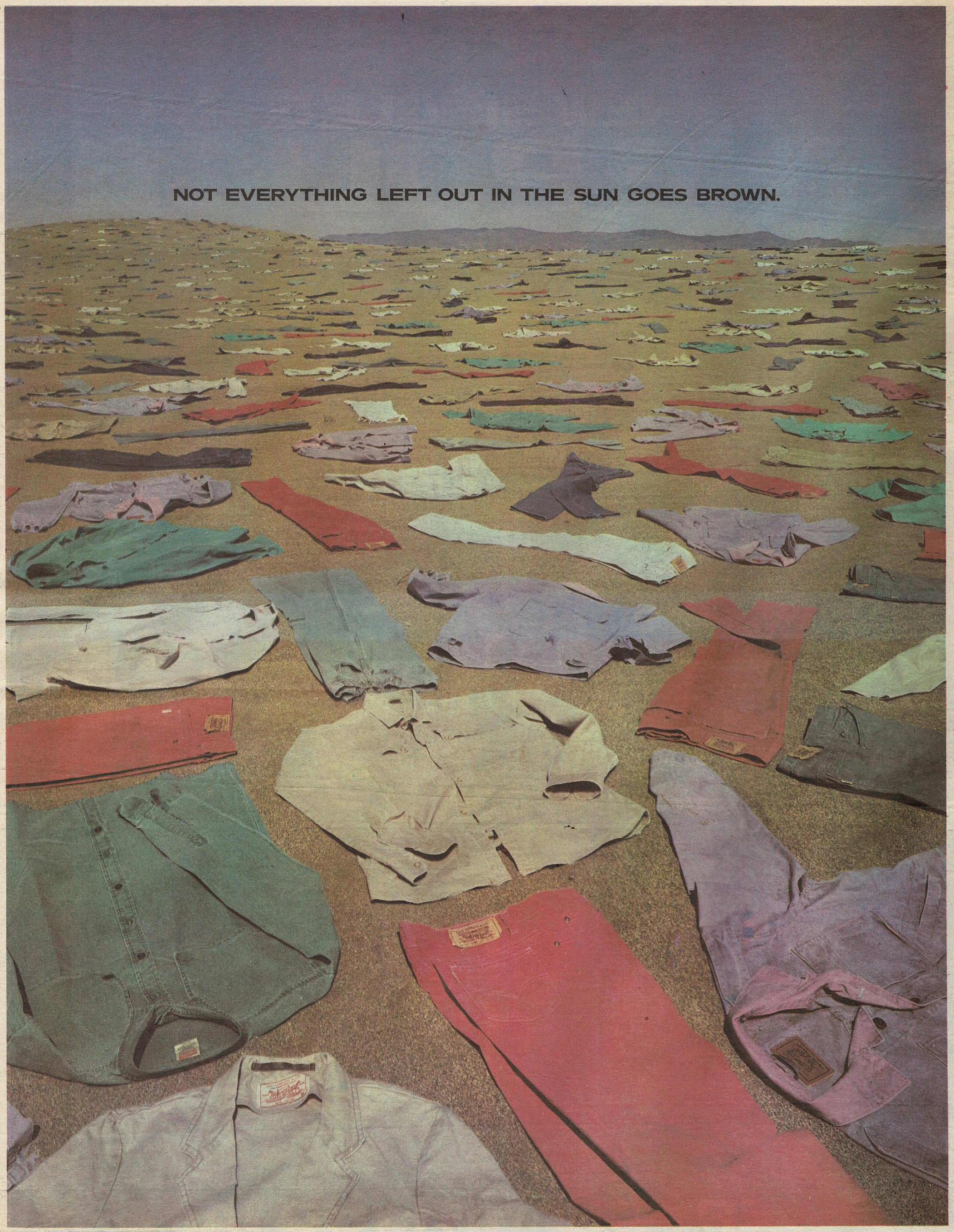
Tales From The Newgate Calendar 8.30-10.30 pm May 24th/25th/June 1st at the Hacienda, 11-13 Whitworth Street West, Manchester.

THE NEW SINGLE FROM
THE POLICE

'EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE'

AM 117

A&M RECORDS


NOT EVERYTHING LEFT OUT IN THE SUN GOES BROWN.
SHADES THAT FADE
FADED SHADES THAT GO ON FADING Levi's EVERYTIME YOU WASH THEM.

the SPHERE of music

Short story writer and novelist Marc Crawford is editor-in-chief of Time Capsule, Inc. in New York. A former EBONY editor and award-winning LIFE correspondent, he was an English professor and taught creative writing at Rutgers University for seven years. Now he teaches prose composition at New York University. Jazz trumpeter Miles Davis once said Craword plays "E flat typewriter".

FOR MOST of 64 bittersweet years jazz pianist-composer Thelonious Sphere Monk lived life as a legend.

The big black bearded Buddha's complex compositions frightened all but the very best musicians, and his small hands and the unerring crash of his right elbow or forearm into a cluster of piano keys rearranged time so that silence sang in a voice we may never hear again.

He neither announced nor listed what he would play and fans found no fault with his habitual tardiness, knowing Monk just might not have shown up at all. He once refused to begin a Detroit concert unless promoters flew his wife in from New York and held out until Nellie arrived, hair still in curlers, clad in a housedress, her bedroom slippers flapping. Offstage and on, Monk always wore one of many hats from distant lands and performed serious personal dances beside his piano when not playing or whenever sidemen soloed.

OVER

Thelonious Sphere Monk was a renegade jazz messiah who added a new dimension to African-American music. A year after Monk's death, author Marc Crawford appraises his turbulent and brilliant career. Illustration Sue Coe.

MONK

CONTINUES

That was how he conducted and made sure the music would swing.

Monk's majestic manner, sometimes coupled with bamboo-framed sunglasses and a cabbage or collard leaf in his lapel, kept most at bay. People coming close departed puzzled by his cryptic monologues: "It's always night or we wouldn't need light." "Black is white." "Two is one." "Hey! Butterflies faster than birds? Must be 'cause with all the birds on the scene up in my neighbourhood, there's this butterfly, and he flies any way he wanna. Yeah. Black and yellow butterfly."

But behind that baffling banter breathed an implacable renegade who was jailed after a junk bust, beaten in the company of an English baroness for seeking a glass of water in a Delaware motel, banned from performing in New York for eight years and denied deserved recognition for 20. His revolutionary cunning and pursuit of excellence helped add a new dimension to African-American music, the major and some say only gift to world culture to spring from these shores. Moreover, he lived to see that music and its makers irrevocably validated.

MONK IS the guy who started it all," said drummer Art Blakey. "He came before both Parker and Gillespie."

The late Charlie Parker — "Bird" of the alto saxophone legend — and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie were among the innovators of Bebop, along with pianist Bud Powell, guitarist Charlie Christian, and Kenny Clark, the Paris expatriate drummer of more than 30 years, in whose small band Monk used to play at Kelly's Stables in New York.

"Some of us began to jam at Minton's up in Harlem in the early '40s," said Dizzy Gillespie, recalling the birth of Bebop at Minton's Playhouse, where Thelonious Monk was then house pianist. "But there were always some cats showing up there who couldn't blow at all and would take six or seven choruses to prove it. So on afternoons before a session, Thelonious Monk and I began to work out some complex variations on chords and the like and we used them at night to scare away the no-talent guys. After a while we got more and more interested in what we were doing as music, and, as we began to explore, our music evolved."

"We often talked in the afternoon," Kenny Clark remembered. "That's how we came to write different chord progressions . . . We did it to discourage the sitters-in at night we didn't want."

He might have added that they were tired of having their musical ideas plagiarised by a white world which would neither admit them nor pay for what was stolen.

"Now, I want to tell what I know about how and why bop got started," the late pianist Mary Lou Williams once confided. "Thelonious Monk and some of the cleverest young musicians used to complain, 'We'll never get credit for what we're doing.' They had reason to complain. In the music business, the going is rough for original talent . . . Anyway, Monk said, 'We're going to get a big band started. We're going to create something they can't steal because they can't play it'."

To that strategy, Charlie Parker said, approvingly, "The Monk runs deep".

There seems no record of what Bud Powell said, only the certain knowledge that he lent the music the brilliance of a blinding speed, impeccable taste and his outsized genius. Monk was protective of Bud and treated him like a brother. Bud sorely lacked the stuff of which warriors are made. Besides, Monk admired the way Bud played his compositions. But when his problems built too high, Bud's mind would snap like a broken shoe string and he lived, then, in another world.

"On a dreary winter day," the late writer Allen Morrison said, "Bud walked into Minton's with mud all over his shoes and that strange light shown in his bulging eyes. The waiters had just covered the tables with fresh white linen. Bud started walking from table top to table top, leaving his muddy footprints behind. The waiters wanted to break Bud's legs. But Monk shouted: 'Don't a sonavabitch move! Don't a mother touch him!' No one did, either."

Perhaps Monk knew there was a sure pleasure in being mad which only madmen understood, for he himself had been committed several times. Perhaps, too, that incident inspired the Monk composition 'In Walked Bud'.

In universities across America today, the music Monk called into being is taught by professors of the highest rank, some of whom played with Monk in those long-gone jazz rooms on 52nd Street or in the smoke-soaked womb at Minton's Playhouse. It is also a widening field of PhD study. For decades Voice of America has made it a broadcast staple to win friends and influence people throughout the world, even though it remains an alien sound in the ears of most Americans.

Monk was the first major jazz composer after Duke Ellington, the master, who in half a century produced more than 3,000 works. Yet Monk's estimated 100 compositions are fast closing in on Ellington's as the music most performed by African-American jazzmen today. French critic André Hodier hailed Monk as the first jazzman to have "a feeling for specifically modern aesthetic values."

But when Dizzy and Bird led Bebop out of Harlem on an odyssey to the ends of the earth, Monk stayed behind to follow the footprints of his own musical dreams. "They think differently, harmonically," Monk once explained. "They play mostly stuff that is based on the chords of other things, like the blues and 'I Got Rhythm.' I like the whole song, melody and chord structure to be different. I make up my own chords and melodies." Another time he said: "Jazz is my adventure. I'm after new chords, new ways of syncopating, new figurations, new runs, how to use notes differently . . ."

He played and recorded with Coleman Hawkins in 1944 and worked briefly with Gillespie, but aside from them he worked almost entirely on his own or leading a quartet or small combo. Jobs were hard to come by and many musicians resented him. Men of compromise waste no love on those who won't. Most of the time Monk spent closed up in his room alone, composing or studying the picture of Billie Holiday tacked to the ceiling. Wife Nellie took a clerk's job to buy his clothes and keep him in pin money.

Finally, in 1947, an opportunity knocked. Through the intercession of Bud Powell, Monk made the first recordings under his own name. Long before he would become president of Senegal, the African poet and Sorbonne professor Leopold Senghor urged: "New York, New York, let black blood flow into your veins that it may give your bridges the bends of buttocks." But white listeners tended to reject Monk's offering because, as Blue Note Records' Alfred Lion put it, "They thought he lacked technique."

"He hasn't invented a new scheme of things," Paul Bacon said of Monk in a 1948 issue of *Record Changer* jazz magazine, "but he has, for years, looked with an unjaundiced eye at music and seen a little something else. He plays riffs that are older than Bunk Johnson but they don't sound the same. His beat is familiar but he does something strange there, too. He can make a rhythm almost separate, so that what he does is inside or outside it. Monk is really making use of all the unused space around jazz, and he makes you feel that there are plenty of unopened doors."

As if the neglect by most critics, musicians and fans was insufficient to make his climb Promethean, Monk was arrested along with Bud Powell when a packet of heroin was found in their possession. Those in the know knew that Monk was "clean," but he refused to let Powell take the rap alone, perhaps to lend a strength he knew Bud had lost long ago.

"Every day I would plead with him," Nellie recalled, " 'Thelonious, get yourself out of this trouble. You didn't do anything.' But he'd just say, 'Nellie', I have to walk the streets when I get out. I can't talk.'" Monk remained silent and the judge said: "60 days in jail!"

Upon his release, police cancelled his "cabaret card," without which no entertainer could appear in New York nightclubs. True, it killed what little livelihood there was, but police remained adamant. Monk didn't hold his mouth right, he wouldn't scratch his head if it didn't itch. Besides, he was an oddball and insufficiently housebroken. The ban held for six years. He made a few records and now and then went out on the road. In effect, he was all but silenced.

"Everybody was saying Thelonious was weird or locked up," Nellie remembered. "But they just talked that way because they'd never see him. He hated to be asked why he wasn't working, and he didn't want to see anybody unless he could buy them a drink at least. Besides, it hurts less to be passed over for jobs if you aren't around to hear the others' names called. It was a bad time. He even had to pay to get into Birdland."

IN THE 1950s, new names, new critics, new magazine and newspaper columns, new promoters, new club owners, new recording companies, new A & R men, new salesmen, new outlets, new publicits, new journalists and new "scholars" took African-American music on one hell of a ride, while Monk languished in limbo.

Jazz, most of its creators believe, is that one continual cry of Africa's kidnapped in the New World, passed on from generation to generation; that this music, that feeling, is the loveliest of sounds wrung from the saddest of men — men driven to the walls of themselves and forced to live beneath roofs too low for a man to stand up straight under. How else can a musical midget look a giant in the eye?

Suddenly, some white musicians dared speak of "refining" the most meaningful legacy of a whole people, who, James Weldon Johnson wrote in the African-American national hymn, had "come over a way that with tears has been watered . . . treading a path through the blood of our slaughtered." That the Atlantic is floored with the bleached bones of 40 million Africans who never reached these shores proved in no way a deterrent. They would set it right, God bless 'em. So they dressed the African continuum in figures and rondos, gave it a bath and everybody wore nice little Brooks Brothers suits.

So, from the foul-smelling, smoke-filled, booze-swilling, over-the-music-talking, needle-jabbing, reefer-smoking, pill-dropping, emotion-shouting, finger-popping, foot-stomping black and tan basements and dives, jazz went off to college and to Carnegie Hall. And there, in 1954, stood Monk on the pavement, down at heel, his behind hanging out, nose pressed to the window, looking at all that glitter inside and at Dave Brubeck's face on the cover of *Time* magazine.

Hosanna! The jazz Messiah had finally arrived and the glorious force of him would clean out all the impurities left from all the untutored creators in the world. Privileged by the same absence of skin colour, white jazzmen yearning to be measured by the same yardstick as that of the music's creators must have itched terribly where they could not scratch.

MONK WAS Nellie's and they would walk hand in hand until his eyes closed on the world. But in his sad place and at that terrible time, Monk needed a friend, too. Someone he could trust, someone outside of him who would intuitively know and confirm what his music meant, who would understand the man who had blown the breath of his very life into it.

That she should have been a wealthy and titled Englishwoman seems in retrospect stranger than fiction. But the Baroness Pannocina de Koenigswarter became in time his closest friend, his unabashed champion 27 years, the last nine of which he lived in her large Weehawken, New Jersey home, with her 53 cats, overlooking the Hudson River.

Daughter of the late British banker Nathaniel Charles Rothschild and the sister of the third Baron Rothschild, she takes her title from a 20-year marriage to Baron Jules de Koenigswarter, a hero of the French Resistance, and, in 1953, France's ambassador to Mexico. Nica, as she is known to friends, could no longer abide the dull and prescribed life of the diplomatic community. In Norway, she was awestruck when she first heard the new music, but it became the siren song that lured her to New York when it caught up with her again in Mexico City.

Older jazz was not new to her, however. During

Monk. Pic Val Wilmer.

the dark days of World War II, Winston Churchill would sometimes dispatch Lord Victor Rothschild, her brother, to Washington for sensitive talks with President Roosevelt. But Lord Victor would stop off first in New York, she said, to take piano lessons with jazz great Teddy Wilson.

"The owner of the *Musical Express*, in London, was an old friend of mine," the Baroness recalled. "He and I were responsible for getting Teddy Wilson to England for the very first time in 1954. He put up the bread and I acted as Teddy's chauffeur."

When Charlie Parker died in her apartment ("BEBOP KING DIES IN HEIRESS' FLAT") in 1955, she took a bum rap. In his last few days she had tried to save Bird's life with money and medicine when no one else would. Quite simply she could not understand how men of such artistic genius should have to endure so shabbily and were not perceived as national treasures.

From start to finish, Monk fascinated her. Sitting up front in her big silver Bentley, Monk looked like nothing so much as a fat Mandarin warlord after a banquet while the Baroness drove — and still does — like the lead car in the Indianapolis 500.

She provided Monk with rooms to compose and play in, helped to collect medical evidence that he was not a junkie, along with character references from jazzmen and musical scholars and, in 1957, police returned Monk's cabaret card. Everyone flocked to the Five Spot to hear the music they had been denied for six years. Monk and the music he made there with the late tenor man John Coltrane remain unforgettable.

Then Monk lost his cabaret card again.

He, the Baroness and tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse were driving through Delaware for a week's work in Baltimore. Monk was a big man, who loomed even larger. Had he stood in the back of the room, all eyes would have eventually turned to him and his own would have met every pair. Those with preconceived notions of what a black man's proper bearing ought to be would, most likely, have found Monk's mien unsettling.

In any event, Monk stopped at a motel for a drink of water and disturbed the manager by lingering long in front of a picture of the leaning tower of Pisa.

In *The Jazz Life*, Nat Hentoff quotes Nellie as saying: "I used to have a phobia about pictures or anything on a wall hanging just a little bit crooked. Thelonious cured me. He nailed a clock to the wall at a very slight angle, just enough to make me furious. We argued about it for two hours, but he wouldn't let me change it. Finally I got used to it. Now anything can hang at any angle and it doesn't bother me at all."

But the motel manager called the police.

Six of them surrounded the Bentley and ordered Monk out. He refused. What law had he broken? They tried to pull him out. The Baroness protested. Monk resisted. They began to beat him with clubs. He held fast to the steering wheel. The Baroness warned them not to hit his hands, that he was a pianist. They beat his hands loose and dragged him out and over to a police car. But his long legs were hanging out. The Baroness protested. They beat and kicked them inside.

She demanded to be arrested, too. "I feared they would take him off and kill him," she said. They did arrest her when she took the rap for some loose marijuana, which she describes in her deep, throaty aristocratic voice as "garden variety". She was sentenced to three years and it took three years of legal manoeuvring to have the sentence set aside. No charge was placed against Monk, but he lost his cabaret card anyway. It took two more years to get it back.

IN FEBRUARY 1959, Monk was presented as a leader of a large orchestra in a memorable concert at Town Hall in New York. He began performing at jazz festivals. His compositions 'Round Midnight', 'Ruby, My Dear', 'Off Minor', 'Epistrophy', 'Well You Needn't', 'Straight No Chaser', and 'Blue Monk' had become classics. He made records.

Some companies only wanted to grant four hours of paid rehearsal time. Monk would insist on seven days. Max Roach said some of those sidemen didn't realise until years later why Monk held out for longer rehearsal time. He wanted them to make some money, too. Monk never forgot what it was like for a musician to be unemployed or passed over.

In February 1964, ten years after Dave Brubeck, the face of Thelonious Monk appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine, a symbol of some sort of an American arrival.

"I was friends to lots of musicians," the cover story quoted him as saying, "but looks like they weren't friends to me." Of course, he didn't mean Bud Powell, caged at the time in a tuberculosis sanitarium outside of Paris, and who was to die in 1966. Monk was one of the few to send Bud money when he most needed it.

Monk was seen around the world, made a comfortable living, did the kind of things stars are supposed to. But in the early '70s he was seen less and less: only on three occasions after 1973.

Thelonious Jr. had become a rock and roll drummer and Monk's daughter, Barbara, wasn't into jazz either. Much of Monk's world was changing and he became ill, moved across the Hudson to the Baroness' house in 1973 and into a room which he seldom left. He looked at the ceiling a lot and there was no picture of Billie Holiday up there anymore. As the late Bill Walker would say: *"La-de-da/Lady Day/You've Gone Away/You've Gone/You."*

In the autumn of 1981, the loveliest of New York seasons, the Baroness said: "No doctor has put his finger on what was wrong with him, and he has had every medical test under the sun. He's not unhappy, and his mind works well. He knows what is going on in the world, and I don't know how, because he doesn't read newspapers, and he only watches a little telly. He's withdrawn, that's all.

"It's as though he had gone into retreat. He takes walks several times a week, and his wife, Nellie, comes over from New York almost every day to cook for him.

"He began to withdraw in 1973, and he hasn't touched the piano since 1976. He has one 20 or 30 feet from his bed, so to speak, but he never goes near it. When Barry Harris (who also lives there) practises on it, he'll ask Monk what the correct changes to 'Ruby, My Dear' are, and Monk will tell him. Charlie Rouse, his old tenor saxophonist, came to see him on his birthday the other day, but Monk isn't really interested in seeing anyone.

"The strange thing is he looks beautiful. He has never *said* that he won't play the piano again. He suddenly went into this, so maybe he'll suddenly come out."

Perhaps Monk knew that whatever it was he looked for now could no longer be found on a piano.

HIS MOTHER had brought him and his sister to New York from their native Rocky Mount, North Carolina, when Thelonious was four years old.

He began playing piano at six and had taught himself to read music before his first lessons at 11. His persistent rebellion against orthodox harmony, with which he became familiar through organ-playing in a local Baptist church, began when he was still a youngster. He began playing in bands at 13, in saloons, theatres and at Depression house rent parties.

Four years later he joined a group that travelled with an evangelist. "She preached and feared," Monk recalled, "and we played." When the troupe reached Kansas City, pianist Mary Lou Williams, who went on to become one of his close friends, heard Thelonious for the first time. Later she would say: "He was playing the same style then that he is now." Two years later he was at Minton's.

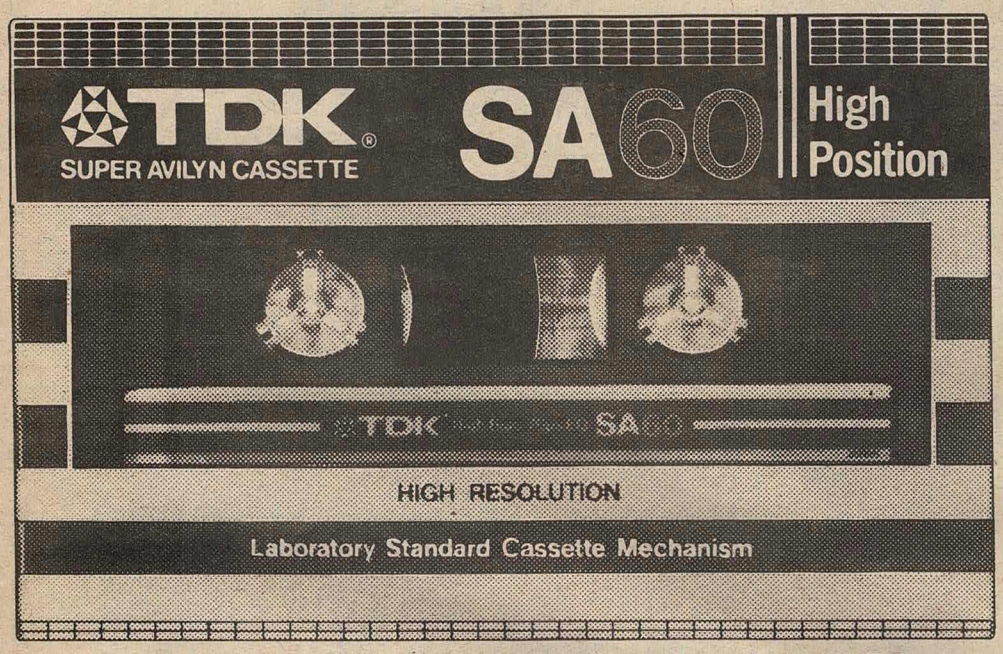
The lecturer at Columbia University jazz class once turned to guest Monk and asked if he would "play some of your weird chords for the class."

"What do you mean, 'weird?' " Monk bristled. "They're perfectly logical." Interestingly enough, when he died, the Columbia University radio station played 33 consecutive hours of his music as a tribute.

Monk playing Mao from under a Chinese Coolie hat:
There is no Jade Emperor in Heaven
There is no Dragon King on Earth
I am the Jade Emperor
I am the Dragon King
Make way for me you hills and mountains
I am coming

CONTINUES PAGE 55

You'll recognise the quality.



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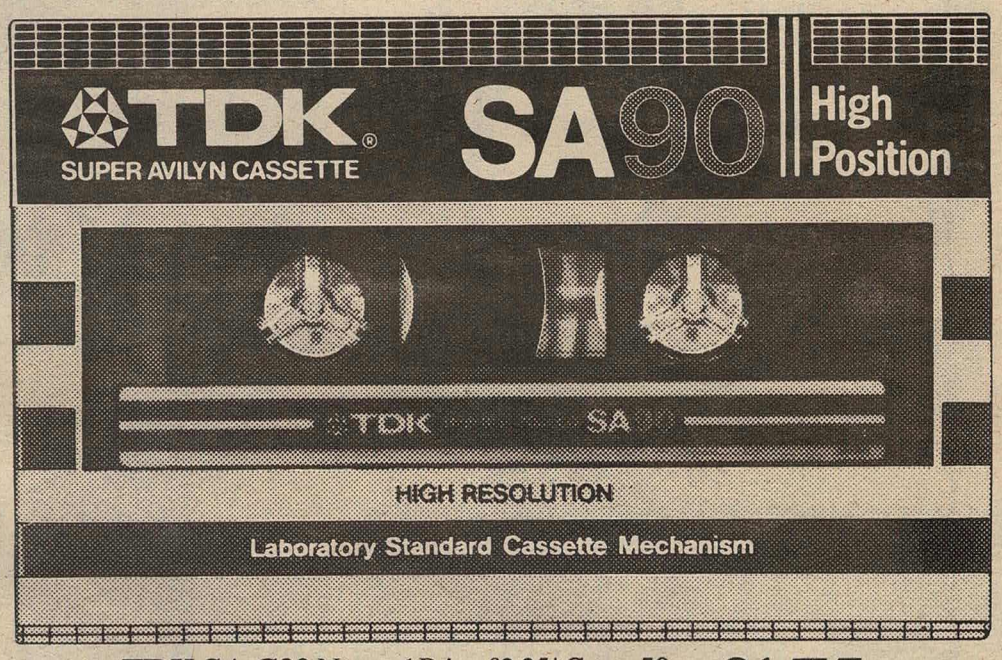

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KISSING THE PINK

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1ST EDINBURGH, Nite Club
2ND DUNDEE, Barracuda Club
3RD FORT WILLIAM, Milton
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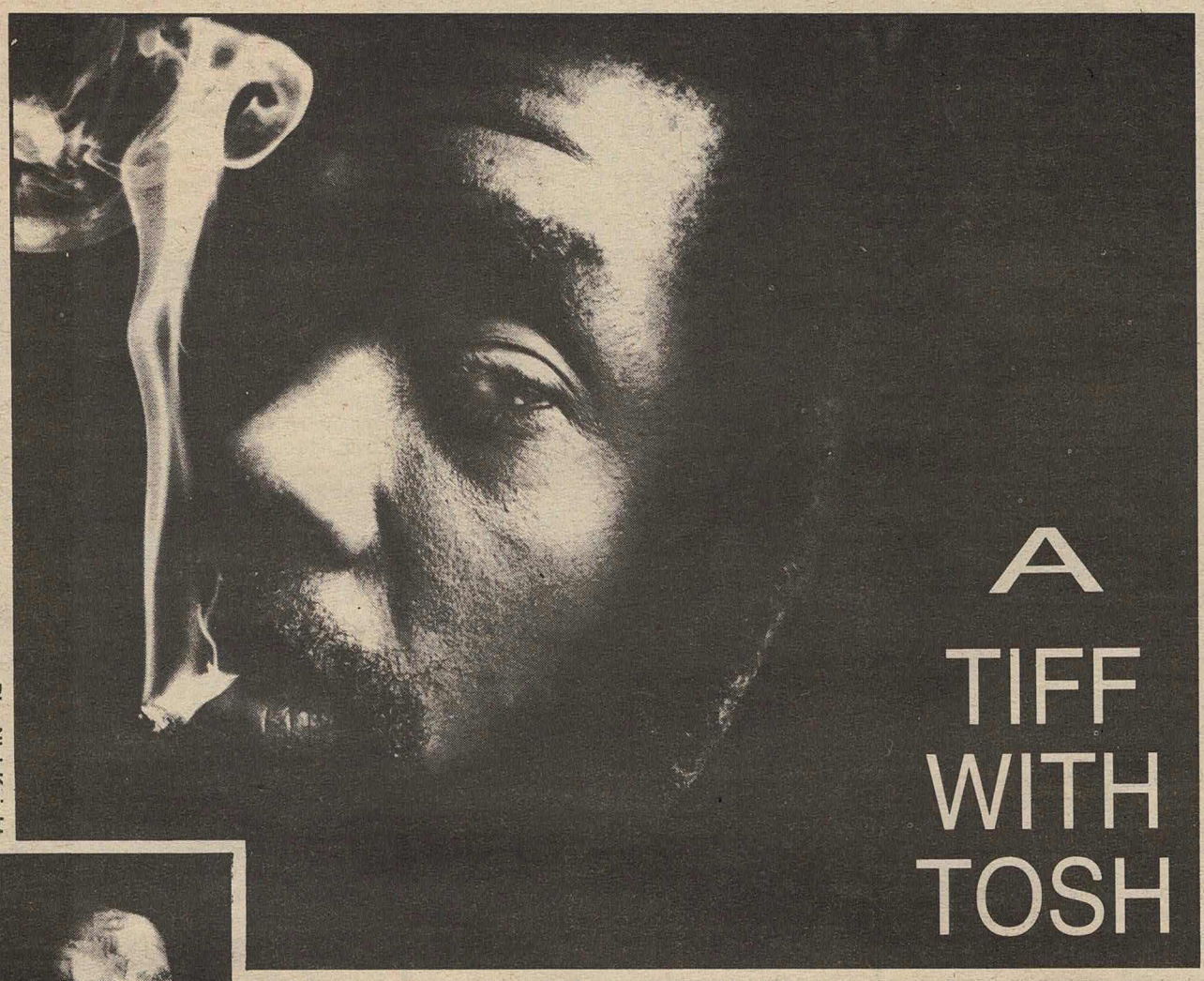
8TH SHEFFIELD, Lead Mill Club
9TH LEEDS, Warehouse
10TH BRADFORD, University
11TH MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
12TH REDCAR, Coatham Bowl
14TH LIVERPOOL, State Rooms
15TH KEELE, University
16TH HULL, Dingwalls
17TH LOUGHBOROUGH, University
18TH CARDIFF, University
19TH BRIGHTON, Pavillion Theatre

HITTING IT OFF WITH PETER TOSH ● DIGGING UP A ROCK SKELETON ●



Pics Nick Knight

A TIFF WITH TOSH

After a wait of nearly a quarter of an hour, I was admitted to the hotel room to find the subject of my journey loudly, verging on violently, denouncing any suggested venue for a photo session. Nothing or nowhere, for a series of ludicrous reasons, was right.

Finally, it is agreed that pictures are to be taken in the flat, and optimistically I imagine that the camera lens will placate Tosh, and he will face the tape recorder with a happier disposition.

Not so. After no more than half-a-dozen clicks:-

Tosh: "Why you take so much blood claat pictures?"

Nick Knight: "Er . . . It's my job."

Tosh: "If you are a true professional then you should only need to take one picture and done!"

Nick manages to finish the roll, packs up his gear and flees, presumably relieved to still be able to hold a camera, as Tosh is a very tall, powerful looking man, and the look in his eye is a long way from the look of love.

From my perch on the end of the settee, I am having difficulty equating such behaviour with anybody whose name is so closely linked with the late Bob Marley, a true gent. Then, perhaps for the first time, Tosh realises I am in the room and enquires, "What are you here for?"

I produce a cassette recorder as proof and Tosh settles back to tell me how he doesn't usually do interviews. The reason, then, for his worldwide press and promo jaunt is neglected, as he brushes aside a curtain of dreadlocks and tells of reporters misunderstanding and misquoting him.

Since Tosh split with The Wailers late in '74, he has issued a slew of solo albums, recorded and toured with The Rolling Stones, also put out an amateurish soul single aimed at the USA, and issued a stream of JA reggae records on his own Intel-Diplo label varying from brilliant to pretty dismal. It's an irregular career that some have said shows true versatility, but more have explained it as a lust for the wealth and acclaim he missed by leaving The Wailers just as they were hitting the big time.

Tosh's own views were unlikely to settle any arguments. On the Stones affair: "Mick Jagger needed help and he came to me."

The funk track: "Every record I release have soul."

Each one of Tosh's declamations — to call his phrases 'replies' would be to imply that we were having a conversation — was followed by a burning-eyed challenge that said "Prove me wrong!".

As one of reggae's early celebrities — or as he told me, "the sole architect of reggae music" — recording with Marley as early as 1964, Tosh's opinions on the music's present face,Culture Club, Eddy Grant, Musical Youth, ought to be interesting. Once more, my hopes of a rational statement were confounded.

Culture Club and Grant were completely ignored, and Musical Youth palmed off as nothing more than a bunch of kids who had enjoyed a limited success with a 12-year-old tune. The news that the group has had three chart hits and a good selling album was met with an astonished "Have they?".

Relating this put down of Musical Youth to Tosh's current hit 'Johnny B. Goode', even older and not nearly so good, I was reminded that he was "the architect of reggae music — the creator!", which apparently makes his cover versions OK.

By way of a good exit line — there is somethig disconcerting about sitting with a man who, when he bothers to listen to you, is hell bent on intimidating you — I asked what his future direction would be, if this album was a hit. I encountered the most passionate reprimand of the session.

"*If* . . . you mean *when!* I have spoken to the album, I have told it to be a hit, and it will be!"

I knew exactly what the album must be going through, and felt sure that it was going to try its damndest.

"Truth and rights. That's what I deal with in the present album, everything before that, and everything that comes after. Truth and rights."

Explaining that I didn't want to become one of the misinterpreters that have proved a perpetual burden for the man, I wondered would he expand on "truth and rights" as readers might be puzzled.

"If a man don't know what truth and rights is, then it is not up to me to tell him! Every man should know!"

With reference to his own future, Tosh told me that he expected to live for a million years, and it would not prove a problem as he was already nearly 400, having been reincarnated three times. Misinterpretation became very understandable.

Taking a leaf out of Nick Knight's book, I packed up my gear and fled.

LLOYD BRADLEY

ASKING A FEW AWKWARD QUESTIONS

"Rock'n'roll," as Frank Sinatra so aptly put it, "is phony and false, and sung, written and played by cretinous goons" — pretty uncompromising stuff for 1957, the year Presley stormed the US charts with 'All Shook Up' and the Devil's music hit the nation's big screens in the form of *Jailhouse Rock*.

When the Devil hisself came out of the army two years later, ABC-TV had themselves a *Welcome Home Elvis* TV special — all backslaps, friendly cracks and "Gud t'have yer back, Elvis" from the presenter, a Mr Frank Sinatra...

New Soul Visionaries The Questions (for they are the subject of this dribble that we have tricked you into reading with gratuitous quotes) ain't none too keen on rock 'n' roll either. (See their recent *Portrait Of The Artist* in *NME.)* The Questions list 'Rock' in their pet-hates above 'Tories', 'Racists' and 'Bigots'.

Edinburgh's hippest soul purists seemed set for a future as rosy as Frank's...seemed, that is, until their first single fell perchance into our hands. Released on Zoom Records in 1978, the record complements the A-side 'Some Other Guy' with (wait for it) 'Rock 'n' Roll Ain't Dead' (Hrrummgphhhh...sorry!) (Supressed laughter — Ed.), the latter sounding not a million miles from hot Stax soulsters Slade and including a *guitar solo.*

Asked at the time how they would sum up their music Paul Barry (16) replied: "Basically what we are is just a bunch of guys saying a few things we feel — like 'Rock 'n' Roll Ain't Dead!' We just play music that we enjoy."

Wiping back the tears and continuing with the press release we stumble upon the definitive question: What kind of music did you guys grow up with?' Paul? "A very big mixture of pop music — it was a bit *daring* to buy a heavy metal album but I did now and then. I think that's where we got a bit of a mixture."

Fred Fact: He who wears his new soul vision on his sleeve, hides a mouldy rockist skeleton in the toilet.

THE SCUZZY CHUMS

YOUNG LIMBS
THE BATCAVE ALBUM
THE SPECIMEN
MEAT OF YOUTH
SEXBEAT
BRILLIANT
TEST DEPT.
THE ALIEN SEXFIEND
PATTI PALLADIN
JAMES T. PURSEY
THE VENOMETTES

SOFT DRINKS

WITH JOHNNY BULLETS

TEASER ONE

THRILLER EXCLUSIVE Coming Soon :
Towards the end of last year nosy Neil Spencer was going through his personal secretary's IN tray, looking for the usual forged notes excusing *NME* hacks from games. He always rings their mothers, and if the facts don't check out he summons the offenders to his office and has their thighs broken. *You'll never look good in shorts again* he chortles. Now looks are important in this business. Let there be no doubt about that. Perhaps for pop stars as much as for music journalists. Of course, in the bad old days the only way you could get an interview with *someone in a name group* was from underneath. Nowadays the position has been reversed and these techniques have gone the way of the Hollywood casting couch.

Nevertheless no normal redblooded newspaperperson wants to miss out on those vital social occasions when music hack and music hero meet for mutual massage — you scratch my back, I'll gouge yours. And he or she simply can't make that Bette Davis entrance down that marvellous curving staircase if he or she has the famous legs encased in plaster thicker than Windscale lead. Even if it is covered with the sigs and sayings of sycophantic celebs. Certainly on the *NME* our ace reporters no longer go in for the town centre troublemaker look — the wrong jeans tucked into polio victim motorcycle boots plus mail offer leather-style jacket with Motorhead (two dots on the wrong O) painstakingly painted on the back. (*Get on with it. — Ed.*)

Keep the dolls and the scag, Pantone 395 features. Johnny Bullets is only interested in Beauty: hand over the *exquisite jade figurines...*

Today the mood is modern. The new look, hip, hep and Hepworth. There is only one style — brutal sophistication: Dangerman and Mrs Peel, Black Magic burglar and Pussy Galore. It is a look modelled on the dedicated, possibly drugged, employees of a gigantic criminal enterprise, one that goes by many names and is protected from public scrutiny by a myriad business fronts and phony institutions. Each one of you will have come across its dirty deeds. For the twisted mastermind behind this conspiracy has openly bragged that his commercial empire has been built on the *exploitation of teenagers*. The *NME* will not stand idly by.

On that fateful day last year, Neil Spencer, the most fearless of crusading editors, stumbled upon proof of the existence of this colossal force for evil. There in Miss Cortina's IN tray was an unexpected letter, elegantly typed on expensive vellum, but phrased in that charming breathless style of one secretary hurriedly writing to another in company time.

THE NOTE-PAPER was distinguished by a letterhead that sent a thrill of apprehension up his shirt. It was the notorious *No Last Request* symbol of SMERSH. His heart thumped. It was a name that often cropped up in the weekly briefings with his opposite number at Interpol. A seemingly respectable company supposedly dealing in harmless stationery products and office supplies. Ha! This was perhaps the best known front for the vicious secret society which men knew simply as the Shadowy Organisation. The innocent friendship of two humble personal secretaries had betrayed the man he knew of only as John "Johnny Bullets" Stallone, a man with 1,000 faces and a different deceitful identity to go with each.

Perhaps there was some way he could unmask this Neapolitan Napoleon of Crime. He thought of the reward and rubbed his hands fearlessly. Tax-free, tee-hee. He buzzed for Miss Cortina, his passionate personal secreatry.

During the next few months, the best brains of the *NME* were put to work, perhaps for the first time. Slowly, cautiously, Spencer spun his web. There must be no mistake. The jaws of the trap were eased open. Upon whom or what would they spring? (*Continued next week*).

h2o
i dream to sleep

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24	*NEWCASTLE*	*City Hall*
25	*DERBY*	*Assembly Rooms*
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27	*POOLE*	*Arts Centre*
28	*CORNWALL*	*Coliseum*
30	*HAMMERSMITH*	*Odeon*
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RCA

robert palmer

■ *you can have it (take my heart)*

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21 — edinburgh playhouse.
22 — glasgow tiffanys.
23 — liverpool royal court.
24 — leeds university.
25 — birmingham odeon.
26 — manchester hacienda.
27 — nottingham royal concert hall.
29 — bristol locarno.
30 — london dominion.
31 — london hammersmith palais.
june
1 — oxford apollo.
2 – london lyceum.
3 — brighton top rank.
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5 — poole arts centre.
7/8 — dublin st. francis xavier hall.

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ISLAND

YOU GOTTA SAY YES TO ANOTHER EXCESS.

YELLO

"This year's most thrillingly exotic and evasive record"
"Such imagination is barely containable on record" NME

"In a word: brilliant" Melody Maker
"The result is annoying, amuzing and distinctly creepy" SOUNDS

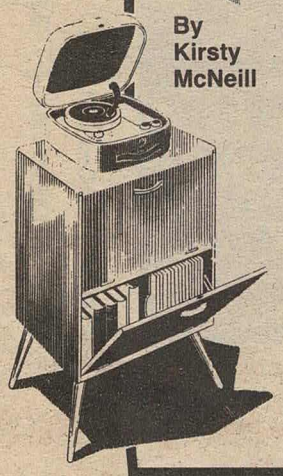
"...packed with murderous dance rhythms, sometimes extremely funny, often tangibly and sweatily erotic... it's a masterpiece" Dieter Meier must be unbelievable in bed". TIME OUT

STIFF RECORDS

Album Seez 48.
Chrom Cassette ZSeez 48
includes two extra tracks
not available on Album.

VINYL

By Kirsty McNeill



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

Pic Phil McHugh

ALTERED IMAGES: Bring Me Closer *(Epic)*
Right stuff combination! With the rare exception of 'Beckoning Strings' and the exhilarating 'I Could Be Happy' dance mix, Altered Images consistently took me nowhere. Eager to plunder (fair enough, for let's face it — who isn't?) but they were always leaving such messy fingerprints. Firm guidance, though necessary, would always knock the flimsy stuffing right out of them; and who could blame them for the logical, absurd extension that was 'Pinky Blue'?

Their last release was clouded with much talk of growing sophistication and little proof of it: with 'Bring Me Closer', Altered Images finally discover the beauty of contrast. Instead of trying to emulate Donna Summer (the dance factor — the disco beat) we are shown the difference.

Somewhere far in the distance Claire's group provide an adequate background — but who's listening anyway? — while under a sleek shrouding of luscious strings and brass, producer Tony Visconti offsets Claire with the full-bodied vocals of girls who can hit, and hold, the high notes. The ludicrously one-dimensional quality of Claire's little voice becomes a feature and not an absurd novelty.

Brilliant — at last Altered Images sound punchy, not pinched.

AZTEC CAMERA: Walk Out To Winter *(Rough Trade)*
Ah, the sweet sound of success oozes from the speakers: I do believe the Boy Wonder's got a hit on his hands here. Is it orthy? Sure is, that guitar's singing. A re-recording of the track on the debut LP 'High Land, Hard Rain', this version highlights the strengths that have become Roddy Frame's hallmark: the soaring chorus and the silver guitar, the spirited melody and even the occasional shiver down the spine. One for the morning when the sun shines in and there's fresh milk in the fridge, money in your pocket....

Over on the B-side there's a real treat, and an eye-opener for anyone who still reckons that Aztec Camera are peddling insipid wimp-rock. The offbeat anthem of 'Set The Killing Free' is a far more definitive positive punk progression than abounding tribal minimalism and pounding rhythms.

THE COCONUTS: Did You Have To Love Me Like You Did? *(EMI America)*
THE B-52's: Future Generation *(Island)*
BLUE ZOO: (I Just Can't.) Forgive And Forget *(Magnet)*
The stale and sickly sound of summers past: these shiny shallow records smart with the forced smiles and glossy gaiety that doesn't suit *any* hour of the day. Nobody loves a manic depressive, but I'd swallow the gloom boom any day in favour of this nonsense.

The least offensive of this lovely bunch is The Coconuts, who obviously shouldn't be allowed out on their own yet; though August (The Former 48 Year Old Retard) Darnell is keeping an eye on things and claiming production credit. These girls are a bit too old to go squeezing into this teenage ditty, but at least they manage to check themselves before tumbling irrevocably into the sad depths of unashamed novelty. More palatable by far is the flipside 'Hats Off To Citizen K', with its mild reggae beat and soft vocals.

What do you want from life? The B-52's? Well if you're an American citizen you're more than welcome to them. In this country we gave them a brief sideways glance a few years ago, then left the beehives and grating vocals to Mari Wilson. The sad depths of unashamed novelty — aren't they whacky, man?

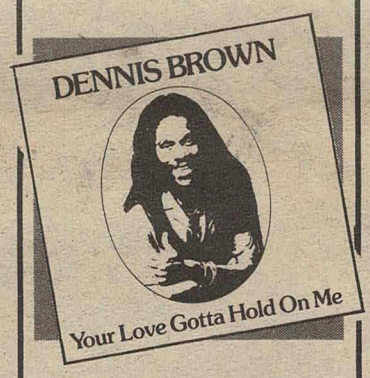
Anyone who missed 'Cry Boy Cry' can catch the hooklines on Blue Zoo's carefully constructed slice of pop pap. Eternally bursting out of colour posters all over the place (and looking somewhere between A Flock Of Seagulls and Kajagoogoo), Blue Zoo are at this very moment being groomed for all you pop kids who can't afford the heartbreak of Duran Duran. Be warned.

JOAN ARMATRADING: (I Love It When You) Call Me Names *(A & M)*
RUBY TURNER: Every Soul *(Sunflower)*
"I can't wait to see you again,
I know you're going to slap my face,
You beat me up and beat me again,
And over and over and over and over...."

Sorry, but I don't think the Sisterhood are going to take too kindly to this sort of sentiment. What's happened to Joan Armatrading anyway? I thought this overpowering masochistic rock, complete with farting bass and painful lead guitar breaks, was the new Saxon single. Hardly the most tactful way for a 'respected' singer-songwriter to break new ground.

Ruby Turner's a winner; her rich warm voice picks out the melody of 'Every Soul', while a pleasant lilting backing — not a million miles from Stevie Wonder's 'Master Blaster' — provides the rhythm. I'll wager we'll be hearing a lot more from this young woman from Wandsworth.

BIG COUNTRY: In A Big Country *(Phonogram)*
A definite step-up from the simple hooklines of 'Fields Of Fire', this record will go a long way to establishing Big Country in their own right. Stuart Adamson has chosen his road, Richard Jobson (as we will shortly witness) has mapped out his: and never the twain shall meet — except,



maybe, in the pub. The soaring chorus, warming lyrics and strained echoes of the Highlands, lend this record the quality of a traditional air — a quiet longing for the hills of home.

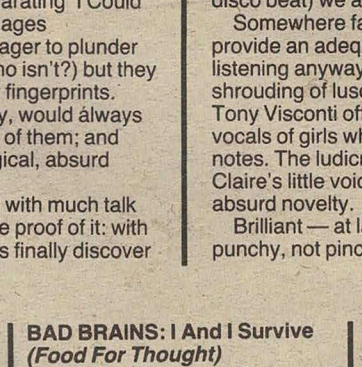
HALL & OATES: Family Man *(RCA)*
THE POLICE: Every Breath You Take *(A & M)*
The Old Brigade. Although they don't deserve to win any awards for their consistently rotten lyrics, Daryl Hall and John Oates write the kind of hypnotic songs that you'll catch everyone singing in the street, in the supermarket or when they think your back's turned. 'Family Man' they didn't write — but you'd never know it (if you see what I mean). Someone commented that Mike Oldfield's original was a better version; but who's going to search that out? Already racing up the charts, it's Hall and Oates in fine form, and on their favourite subject: the monstrous regiment of women.

Sting's no such shrinking violet — he rapes paralysed deaf mutes (on film anyway). Having proved conclusively that he can't act, it's back to what he does best. 'Every Breath You Take', with its moody undercurrents and reserved crooning, is a welcome diversion, and next week I'll be singing it in the street, in the supermarket....

DENNIS BROWN: Your Love Gotta Hold On Me *(Joe Gibbs)*
LAUREL & HARDY: Lots Of Loving (And She Gone) *(CBS)*

BAD BRAINS: I And I Survive *(Food For Thought)*
Some like it hot, some like it cold, natty dread even like it nine days old. Pinnacle Records have just signed distribution with Joe Gibbs music label, which should help lift the 'specialist' stigma, and make the likes of this Dennis Brown 45 far more accessible. Excellent crossover potential on this light, tight track for an audience whetted with Uhuru and Isaacs; and who find Laurel and Hardy's lowest common denominator approach irritating. Is this really necessary in order to popularise the medium?

Here at the Paul Weller Appreciation Society (also known as *NME*), some of us aren't so overawed by The Master's New Single that we confuse the sharp dread beat and dub of Bad Brains 'I And I Survive' for "lame-brained retrogressive punk". Mine's a chianti. Bad — as in Good.



NILE RODGERS: Yum Yum *(Mirage)*
J. WALTER NEGRO/NICKY TESCO: Cost Of Living *(Albion)*
THE FEARLESS FOUR: Rockin' It *(Y)*
SHRIEKBACK: Working On The Ground *(Y)*
Definitive dance beat from Mr. Rodgers, though tainted with the aroma of Playing It Safe, this is hardly likely to match the success of his collaboration on the new 'Has Bowie Gone Bonkers' rock album.

Nicky Tesco could be forgiven a lot of sins for the rather wonderful 'Offshore Banking Business', and J. Walter Negro probably thought so too. Their joint effort 'Cost Of Living' is a decent enough example of another of those disco/funk discs with a message.

No message from The Fearless Four; just paaarty on down y'all! *"We're all rockin' it, you should be rockin' it"* wears a litle thin on 12" extended play, and the constant nine-note tinny synth melody is like Chinese water torture. Actually they sound a bit brain-damaged.

Shriekback, I could never take with anything other than a liberal dose of salt; but after The Fearless Four I'll take just about anything. Really this isn't at all bad, and far more conservative than expected. If you caught their communal 'bang-in' on *Riverside,* you can stop laughing now: 'Working On The Ground' is far less off the wall. Firmly anchored, it wanders without much danger from the spinal chord.

PREFAB SPROUT: Lions In My Own Garden (Exit Someone) *(Kitchenware)*
FANTASTIC SOMETHING: If She Doesn't Smile (It'll Rain) *(Cherry Red)*
JEANETTE: In The Morning *(Survival)*
Let's hear it for the indies and a breath of fresh air to take away the headache of the last three discs. Prefab Sprout, the only one I'm familiar with, come courtesy of Keith Armstrong's Kitchenware label; which tried to offer the country some fresh Newcastle export and got Dave McCulloch in return. Very good at sloganeering, Kitchenware are not yet so hot on record production; but this introduction, with its tinkling insiduous chorus, is exactly the sort of breakout that The Bluebells should have been making. The cover has a picture

of Edie, mid-plié — the Warhol Superstar who couldn't stand the heat and got out of the kitchen brutally faster than most.

Fantastic Something have a velvet-smooth sound: all strumming acoustics and delightful vocals. It's beautifully controlled and not at all overwhemed by its own prettiness, while Jeanette takes a soft drum beat, muted synth and soars her distinctive voice over the top of it all in a most agreeable manner.

What distinguishes these three records from their self-conscious and affected style-partners, is their total lack of crippling preciousness.

RICHARD STRANGE: Next *(Interslam)*
ULTRAVOX: We Came To Dance *(Chrysalis)*
It says here that this is Kid Strange's (the tall, skinny Strange one, not to be confused with the fat socialite of the same name) first release in near on two years. Search me why he bothered. Maybe he was so busily involved in film and performance art that he missed Captain Sensible's 'Wot!' last year, because 'Next' is really very similar, except that the lyrics are more contrived, sorry, profound and so bitingly avant-garde. Could you leave your number in the bin....

Aren't Ultravox so weird and talented?
"We came to dance,
Making moves from a passion play."

Perhaps Richard Strange would understand what that means, but it goes way over my head. This dinky toytown excursion is as thinly clipped as Midge Ure's moustache. File under 'Neds with pretensions far exceeding their obvious station in life'. Or 'Bad Art' for short.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Solidarity *(Anagram)*
VIBRATORS: Guilty *(Anagram)*
THE LONDON COWBOYS: Street Full Of Soul *(Flicknife)*
TV SMITH: War Fever *(Expulsion)*
Old punks die hard. On 'Solidarity', self-styled Defender of the Punk Mensi and his lads find their political awareness, strum acoustic guitars, and go all serious on us. It sounds uncannily like Pink Floyd's 'The Wall', though I doubt if that was intentional.
"Join hands with your brother
And then you can help each other."

Indeed, just what the Polish workers' revolution needs. Closer to home, an anthem, no doubt, for some good old single-minded sectarianism. Go forth and destroy — but be united.

The Vibrators just keep on truckin'....

Wanna shang-alang-along with The London Cowboys? Glen Matlock once wrote songs good enough to grace Iggy Pop's 'Soldier' (just listen to 'Ambition'), but now he's old mutton through and through, and 'Street Full Of Soul' — don't let the title mislead you — is just an ordinary grind.

What we need here is a bit more mustard, pickle and relish....Anything but TV Smith. His mid-'70s Sparks-inspired hogwash is like a smelly old sock, his supposed 'War Fever' is about as moving as rigor mortis.

THE MONOCHROME SET: The Jet Set Junta *(Cherry Red)*
SAL PARADISE: Living In A Dream Boat *(Arista)*
TONES ON TAIL: Burning Skies *(Situation 2)*
A breezy perfect pop song from The Monochrome Set, who could do it when they tried hard enough. Racy, infectious, and flip it for a rare version of 'Eine Syymphonie...' which will be very familiar to those in possession of the 'Lester Leaps In' single. Ah, memories...

Sal Paradise must have some pretty exotic memories if he took the Hippy Trail in his formative youth. (Mind you — Paul Weller was One Of Those before he was a Mod, and no-one seems to hold it against him.) This week's curio, Mr. Paradise is *"living in dream boat while the world goes crazy outside",* and likely to cull a lot of airplay with this repetitive swirl: dreamboat or not.

What do Daniel Ash and his pals do when not making terrible records in Bauhaus? Making even worse ones in Tones On Tail. Now you know.

polydor

The Style Council

◆ LES BEBES AMERICANS QUE NOUS EIDONS METTRE AU MONDE

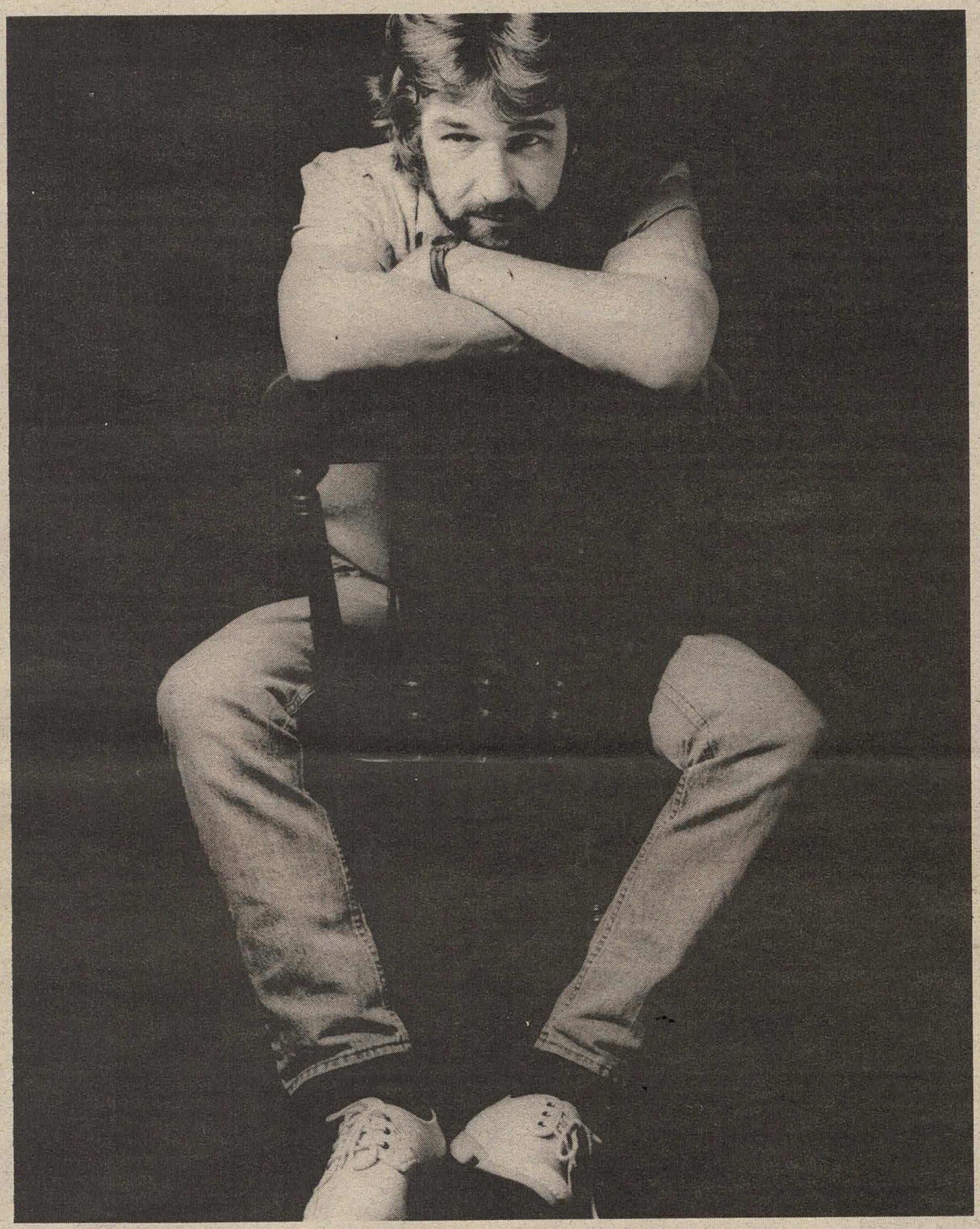
Money-Go-Round
New Single on 7" and 12"

KEEPS ON BURNING

A TOUCH OF CLASS

Or, the Importance of Not Being *Too* Earnest.

Willy Russell, author of *Educating Rita*, talks to Paul Du Noyer. Pic by John Stoddart.



Educating Willy... Next week, how to sit on a chair the right way.

ACCORDING TO Alan Bleasdale, his mate Willy Russell used to get people buying him drinks in pubs for writing *The Boys From The Blackstuff*. But Bleasdale wasn't complaining: the same folks were apt to slap *his* back for writing the stage play *Educating Rita*. Or *Breezeblock Park*. Or the musical *John Paul George Ringo And Bert*.

The confusion was forgivable. I mean, they're both Liverpudlian playwrights with beards, aren't they? What do they expect?

I think things will change now. Willy Russell's *Educating Rita* has transferred from the stage to the screen and become a fine new film starring Michael Caine and Julie Walters. Meanwhile, Russell's got a new musical, called *Blood Brothers*, playing in London's West End. At last, Willy Russell is achieving the same degree of recognition as the other fella, Bleasdale, got last year.

All in all, this seems like A Good Thing. British drama, on stage and TV — and British cinema, come to that — can only be the better for writers like Russell. He can entertain without blanding out, get a laugh without the aid of spotty underpants and all the other trademarks of English theatrical 'humour'; and he can make a point, when he wants to, without poking it into your face (the failing of so much so-called 'alternative' material).

The week before *Educating Rita* went on release, I met Russell in his office in Liverpool — the city whose "self-contained language" he's always found to be an inspiration. "It's a terrific medium to work in," he says of the local dialect. "Very fast and exclusive. I suppose it's like painters who painted in certain areas because of the sunlight... The only time I object to a 'Liverpool' tag being put on me is when it suggests a parochial quality, which I refute completely.

"I always quote Isaac Bashevis Singer (a New York Jewish writer) who says, If you write about any place well, then you write about everywhere."

Russell's been writing well, about everywhere, for over a decade. The first stages he got to know were Merseyside's folk clubs and beat cellars, where he went from playing sub-Shadows music to singing his own Dylanesque stuff. That all faded out, and he made his living as a teacher, although he's continued to write music to put in his plays....like *John Paul George Ringo And Bert*, a humorous reworking of The Beatles legend (in which Bernard 'Yosser Hughes' Hill played John Lennon).

At one time he co-scripted a film for Paul McCartney, based on 'Band On The Run', although the project's still on Macca's shelf, apparently.

As for *Educating Rita*, that's the tale of a working class girl who gets a hankering for culture. She signs up for the Open University, where her world-weary professor watches her — enchanted and a little dismayed — as she throws off her natural character in pursuit of some ideal that's he's long been disillusioned with. Walters and Caine, in the leading roles, turn the film into a beautiful portrait of a developing relationship.

The script was originally picked up by English director Lewis Gilbert, who looked to America for finance. How did the moguls react?

"They said, Oh, we *love* the screenplay but, er, nobody *fucks* in this picture! It's about a man and a woman, and nobody fucks? The audience just won't wear that. You've got to get them into bed, and preferably in scene two! But the whole point of it is it's about two people who love each other but are not 'in love', and the tension comes out of that.

"And the other thing was, they said we wanna make it American. We said, you can't do that, it's not an American subject, it's an English subject."

Finally, *Rita* was made independently, and in Britain (well, filmed in Dublin actually) on a relatively low budget. Russell says he's satisfied with Gilbert's treatment of the work, which was "honourable and accurate".

If *Rita* shares a theme with any of Russell's other plays, then it's the class system, and the process of moving inside it. The current play, *Blood Brothers*,

"I use entertainment as a very noble word. It's dead easy to be un-entertaining."

makes a kind of fable out of it — the story of two twins, separated at birth, one becoming a slumland scalliwag and the other a public school posho. It's brilliantly funny in parts, and very sad in others.

Another play, *Breezeblock Park*, took a long and unsentimental look at life at the top end of the working class, and people's aspirations towards something they imagine to be better.

He agrees that class *is* a recurring theme in his work, although that's not a conscious policy. "But one's a product of one's own life. And having been brought up in a working class situation, and then gone on to be a writer, who inevitably moves more and more in the middle classes, I also see the paucity in that particular lifestyle. And indeed I'm not romantic about the working class either.

"I feel I've got a right to write about the working class in a way that many writers haven't. I think me and Bleasdale must be the only two writers in this country, who write about the working classes, who never went through the university process, and so are still more in touch with our original class roots."

Some would say, though, that class is an outmoded subject, that it just isn't as crucial as it was in our parents' day.

"It was more obviously polarised in our parents' day. The problem with class today is it's still there, but it's more insidious...

"You've got no great Labour movement any more, no radical alternative to what the Tories are doing. You've got a working class that actually admires Margaret Thatcher because she's strong, because she comes along and thumps the tub and smashes the table.

"You come back to this country after a month abroad and Jesus, if you've forgotten that class exists, you've only got to get back and it's as plain as the nose on your face.

"One of the reasons *Rita* is impossible to do, say, as an American movie is that in *this* country your class is defined almost immediately you open your mouth. Now that's not true in America, where you pick up a phone, hear a voice at the other end, and he could be a trucker, a banker, a brain surgeon. In this country, as soon as you hear someone's voice, you unconsciously bracket them in class terms."

Part of the poignancy of the Rita character, like some other figures in your plays, is the way it becomes clear that *neither* class can hold her comfortably. Both the class she's escaping from, and the class she aspires to, will deform her natural personality in some way.

"Yeah. *Rita*'s not a play about someone who rushes to get out of the working class and into the middle class, and so find salvation. She actually gets out of one class, into another, and then thinks, Out of the frying pan into the fire. What I need to do is become an individual, and find my own voice. Which was the object of the play."

Russell goes on to relate how his time served teaching in a no-hoper dockland school gave him an insight into the power of the *spoken* word, as opposed to the written one.

"I made an absolute connection with the way to treat working class culture, because it's still carried by the spoken word. It does not trust the written word. It never has. We might have been so-called literate for 100 years, but in fact there's no basic working class trust in the written word, because they've often been abused by it."

Willy Russell would dearly love to lead English drama away from its genteel traditions of arty elitism and vicars stepping through the French windows. His dream at the moment is to persuade a Blackpool impresario to put on a summer season of a double-bill he's compiled with Alan Bleasdale — so reaching an audience that normally never goes near the 'serious' theatre.

Whatever Russell's social beliefs, they're only incidental to the basic job of giving out some worthwhile enjoyment: "You've got to *engage* the audience. If you don't engage them at a primal magic level, you won't be able to sell them anything."

So the first intention, then, is to entertain?

"Absolutely. But I use entertainment as a very noble word. It's dead easy to be un-entertaining....Anyone can write tragedy. It's comedy that's the real difficult stuff."

FROM ARTHOUSE

ON A BUSY road in London's East End at the peak of the Friday night city exodus Pete Murphy brings his car and the long queue of traffic behind to an abrupt halt.

The road comes to a bend at this point, but there are no traffic lights and no zebra crossings — just a bleak run-down arsehole of the rotting Empire. Graffiti'd walls, barricaded shop fronts, staggering shoeless drunks and kids playing in a roadside park — their faces black with dirt, their lungs inhaling carbon monoxide fumes.

A railroad bridge runs overhead and the trains howl with wrath and scorn as they roll past. Pigeons — filthy vermin-ridden city pigeons — nest in the portals of the bridge and their shite pours onto the pavement below.

In the middle of it all, hobbling in front of the Murphy-mobile, comes an old man bent double and coughing up thick rancid phlegm. He has surely seen much pain, much misery and much madness in his day. He supports himself on two crutches and, as he struggles to the island in the middle of the road, his whole frame comes into view. The left side of his trousers swings loose and empty — his leg lost in some long forgotten battle in the service of a country that now offers him a meagre poverty-line pittance on which to survive.

Pete Murphy, who has recently known his own share of pain and suffering — as he lay writhing in bed with double pneumonia — taps his steering wheel, furtively fingers his crucifix and waits.

It takes the old man a long time to get over the road and as he watches him I wonder if Murphy sees his recent illness mirrored in the wretched figure. Maybe he's thinking of the sudden paroxysmal chills and chattering teeth, the long weeks lying helplessly in bed, his face flushed and his forehead covered in beads of sweat. Perhaps he remembers the crippling sense of dread and fear he felt when doctor's diagnosed certain complications — suspecting he had contracted a hideous spinal infection which works its way down the vertabrae until the whole body has been paralysed.

As it turned out, the diagnoses was wrong, and Murphy recovered. But maybe this figure strikes a chord with him. Then again, maybe he's just watching and waiting like all the city gents and lorry drivers behind, wishing the old boy would get a move on. Maybe he's not even thinking about his recent illness, maybe his mind is somewhere else completely. But I don't think so, you don't forget an ordeal like that too easily.

BAUHAUS ARE a prime example of unmistakably English art rock masquerade and pretension. From their 1978 debut LP 'In The Flat Field' — an angst-filled journey through obscenity, frazzled nerve-ends and the dark recesses and forboding strictures of Catholicism — they have charted out a territory of overwrought lyrics and blundering bombastic music. Bauhaus deal with self-consciously BIG topics — death, despair, greed, desire, loss, insanity...you name it... But they do so in a way that blocks the real searing emotion, the crucial impact at the core of their original idea from coming through.

As a soul-pop formalist I might point them in the direction of a good song and a strong tune to put over whatever it is plagues their diseased minds, but I realise this is probably not their bag. (Though I seem to remember that Arthur Lee, early Doors and Velvets — people who have dealt in the same area as Bauhaus in the past — had good songs and tunes high on their list of priorities.) I not only find words like, *"Oh classic gentlemen/Say your prayers/To the wind of prostitution/To your faces and rex complexes/Riddle my breast full of the oppressed puss."* ('The Three Shadows' from 'The Sky's Gone Out') impenetrable and wilfully oblique, but their own worst enemy in that like so many Bauhaus words they are written as if by schoolboy poets over anxious to impress with vocabulary but without the realisation that mystery, suspense, and fascination are found in a more relaxed, less forced manner.

But that's just what I think. There are a welter of kiddies out there in independent land and, by dint of a widely published Maxell TV advert and a lick by lick chart revival of Bowie's glam rock crowning glory 'Ziggy Stardust', points far beyond, who are enthralled by Bauhaus and their gangling, androgynous frontman Peter Murphy. They love the gaucheness — the elements they draw from glam/teenybop influences; they marvel at the perversity, they feel an impact. To them a Bauhaus show is a spectacular and uplifting piece of theatre. To me it is a vulgar, splattered sham with no wholely persuasive or convincing focus. In short I don't believe them. At all.

I MEET Bauhaus in the South London offices of Beggar's Banquet, their record company and a leading light in the independent field over the past few years. It's hard to strike up an argument with them as behind that menacing thrust of their performance, they are polite, mild mannered and soft spoken.

They are notoriously suspicious of the press — last year they conducted an interview with the *Melody Maker* onstage at the Lyceum and when Paul Morley went talk to them they brought along their own tape recorder, as well as suggesting that a bit of violence was not beyond them — though they hardly seem to be the sort.

Halfway through our chat David Jay breaks off from some wildly interesting explanation or other and says in his serious art-school voice, "This is a very uptight situation, this interview. I feel like a sort of shaking. I'm aware talking to you now that it's so strained, we're not being ourselves and I don't know you, so I don't know if you're being yourself or not, but nobody is being themselves completely. Like when we were on our way over here we were completely different, we were telling jokes. I guess to you we must appear very one-dimensional, very like cardboard cut-outs. But I suppose we have to make the most of these situations."

David shortly releases his first solo album. Beside him is Kevin Haskins who looks and has the manner of a 14 year-old, though he must be almost twice that age. When Kevin begins to explain anything he rarely finishes what he wants to say, at a loss for words his head bows down and the others start to laugh. Still, onstage he's hidden behind a battery of drums, and on LP sleeves he gets to strike a few moody poses from behind a pair of shades, man.

Guitarist Daniel Ash is the clearest and simplest Bauhaus reasoner, though he seldom says anything interesting. He's dressed in mock military jumpsuit and has spiked long hair that seems to be wired up to a small electric transformer. Occasionally he can be seen driving the Bauhaus hearse to gigs.

Opposite me is Pete Murphy — black shirt, dyed black hair and a white face with gaunt high cheekbones. The idea of course had been to do a Pete Murphy interview but the group didn't like that — it's a four man outfit, they said, you need each quarter to get the whole picture and so forth. Murphy is ill at ease answering some questions, his speech seems to have a slight impediment, he stutters and his vowels waver. He often stops in mid-sentence or mid-word to gasp for air — but this could be the after effects of his illness (which I only learned about after the interview).

It transpires through the course of two hours that Murphy recoils urgently from any notions of stardom or the image he seems to have nurtured out of early '70s Bowie. In that case doesn't he think 'Ziggy Stardust' was a retrograde step?

"I can tell you with confidence that it wasn't contrived for any reason. The way I reflect on the single I can see lots of different ways that it worked, lots of different ways that it came across and likewise how people react to it, I thought it was...ahhh...a very controversial single in many ways."

The controversy of it escapes me, it seemed like a very safe thing to do.

THERE ARE apparently two very different sides to Bauhaus: the strident, commercial rock singles like 'Ziggy' and 'Kick In The Eye' (which I must admit holds a certain power even I can't resist); and the loopier unco-ordinated rubbish they put on their albums. But when this is put to them, it's refuted. There are FOUR faces to Bauhaus they say and they have all in their time been responsible for singles and album tracks. So they're *all* pleading guilty, I see.

How do you write songs — they mostly sound like a whole load of suppurative, ugly images put together.

Pete: "Sometimes different images and lines have been put together to create a particular mood or feeling. On 'Mask' that's how the song was put together with the word mask as the basic theme. Maybe that's the sort of thing you're talking about..."

But you deal with such extremes in your words, do you honestly get affected by them?

David: "If you're using imagery at all you should make it volatile."

Pete: "I think it's the way we react most strongly and that's the spark of inspiration if you react to something."

But you seem like such mild mannered people.

Pete: "We are — it's not a case of living what we feel. You've got to temper yourself and understand yourself. I think a lot of our lyrics are delving into ourselves.

"Theatre is a freedom you can concentrate, put things in a more intense terms. You can put across what you'd like to talk about, which would take about a year if you wanted to talk at length about them. But by using music and lyrics you have to use a very concentrated, very abrasive form."

So the things you sing about are welling up inside you in your day to day existence, and they just all come out in your music?

Pete: "Most of my songs work like that, but I imagine David's are different; they come from a different source. But yeah, I work very amazingly like that — reacting off my relationships. When I write I write purely from the gut, then I look at it and think about it and see if it fits what I was thinking about in my writing. I want the best lyric that can evoke what I was feeling at the time."

David: "Mine are life experiences, more so all the time, more personal. When I started jotting silly things on scraps of paper I was just observing from a middle class viewpoint, although now I'd like to think I'm classless. I was looking at things I wasn't involved in, they weren't things I was close or felt close to — looking back I don't think I had a right to write about. Now I just write about things I know inside out, having been there in that situation. I enjoy using words, but using them pertinently."

How do three Artschool students and a Catholic schoolboy from Northampton react when confronted with fame? They hide behind a glam rock masquerade and become more pretentious, more bombastic. *Gavin Martin* brings *Bauhaus* down to earth. Photography *Anton Corbijn.*

We're getting close to the roots of the Bauhaus illness — those wordy schoolboy lyrics which suggest that while we're all living a normal life they inhabit some frightful macabre nether world. How come?

Kevin: "Umm...a lot of the stuff has come from dreams and the subconscious..."

Daniel: "It's not necessarily dreams, like dreaming when your asleep or it's not. . . a lot of things aren't distinct and specified. They don't appear so."

But a Bauhaus LP suggest you are prone to some very weird experiences, so weird that they soon sound false and exaggerated.

Daniel: "It's just really bland and boring to write out specifically what you mean. It's more interesting to sort of . . . ummm . . . I don't know how to explain it . . . just ahhh. To use other ways of explaining certain things but not using the obvious way of explaining them."

"Sometimes the obvious ways can be more potent, if you use words the way The Beatles use words. Like, the early stuff comes across as being almost naive but it's very real. Whereas ours comes across as unreal because I personally haven't grown enough to write literally and well. So the best way I can write is in an abstract way which, I suppose, is related to the way you think and perceive things."

So what influences the songs, do they take a lot of drugs? Pete is shocked, almost hurt.

"Gosh, no — we're really civilised," he says.

THERE ARE two main reasons why Bauhaus see things the way they do: Daniel, David and Kevin freely admit to the decisive influence their years at art-school had, and Peter is a product of one of those hideously inhibiting Catholic boarding schools. It still affects what he writes about.

"With a religion of that nature, it can be very inhibiting and very guilt inducing. Learning how to escape from that and put it into perspective is quite an experience. I still feel guilt, sure I do. I'm only human. When a kid's having a religion like that thrust down his throat, especial Catholicism or most western religions, it warps your understanding of yourself, or what God is. It can be a bad thing if you are aware of a broader reality and you're given this narrow doctrine to hold to or to stick to for the rest of your life. But if you're willing and you need that sort of guidance and rigidity to keep you . . . well, it's OK."

Do you kick against it?

"Not really, just the concepts. I think a lot of basic essence is pure, but you have to dig through the foilage of interpretation of people who have contributed to *that* book. Words can be really misleading when you talk about that sort of thing, so you have to really craft it or you come across as being neutral or reflective. But you often become involved emotionally because it's affected your personality, and that can be a real drag when you realise the way it's held you back.

"So that's the reaction I feel, the anger — to carry on, to exorcise those things."

I've never been to Catholic boarding school or art school, but I think the Bauhaus boys allow their places of learning to have too big an effect on what they do. The Holy Order may apply pressure on the brain, but they aren't the sort of pressures best unravelled on record or stage. Like Pete Hammill and Gabriel circa Genesis, Murphy shows that exposing such personal scars often results in hysterical indulgence. The others describe leaving school to go into art school as "an uplifting and opening experience . . . like going into a different world."

LAST YEAR when Bauhaus charted with 'Ziggy Stardust' and Murphy started to appear in that sharp Maxell telly ad it seemed that he was being groomed for a very definite role in the modern pop gallery alongside Martin Fry, Boy George and Phil Oakey. All the ground work had been laid, the advert — with Murphy's sly sideways glance from the hoardings, or flying into the nation's living rooms — presented a golden opportunity on which to capitalise.

But that wasn't the plan, to paraphrase J. F. Dulles, he stood eyeball to eyeball with the nation's pop kids and then backed down.

"A couple of things like acting opportunities came out of it, but I won't pursue them. I'd like to prove to myself that I am a good actor, but a good actor isn't just someone with a noticeable face. Acting is a very strong profession — it's not dealing with yourself, it's dealing with characters which you have to relate to."

Isn't that what you do onstage?

"A lot of it is just a piss-take of ourselves. It's all taken too bloody seriously. But also there's a lot of imagery — I get a great buzz off the music and I want to project that and represent it in the strongest way possible."

So how did Pete Murphy develop as a character onstage?

Peter: "The imagery came from not being confident with my own skin. The early stage was a real reaction — white! stark! horrific! A lot to do with my own state of mind. Because in the early days it was hard work putting it across and rooting people."

Did you base it around '20s German art? Were you trying to create a sort of horror image?

"Not horror, just something potent and bloody demanding. It was purely coincidental that we were getting compared with the Doctor Caligari image f'rinstance. When I saw that shot . . . well, you can draw comparisons but I'd never even seen the film."

FOLLOWING AN imminent visit to the Far East the group plan to curtail live performances. Like so many, they are beginning to become aware of the routine and stifling nature of endless tours. By the time they return to Britain, David Bowie's new film *The Hunger* will have opened, featuring cameo performance by Bauhaus playing their first ever single 'Bela Lugosi's Dead', which they still reckon to be their finest moment.

Having seen the group on *Riverside* director Tony Scott thought that something "electric, harsh and striking" (as provided by Bauhaus) was just what the plot and subject matter of the film needed. Of course the presence of Himself and Murphy — a bastard offspring — was surely a point of some amusement.

Was he in awe of Bowie?

"I was just looking to see how he was handling the situation because it was interesting after reading about him and knowing him through the press. He's always got this mystique about him so it was good to see him doing something real."

Weren't you reluctant to do the film, in view of the comparisons that are bound to be drawn?

Peter: "Not really, because I think those comparisons come from a negative misunderstanding. It's just someone who in our opinion is a great artist. It's an honest admission of that fact and when we appear with him it's purely a good experience for us. It's not something we're worried about, that stigma."

But you draw a lot from what he did in the '70s.

"Not at all. There's obviously elements there, but there's a lot of what I'm about in there. He offered a very contrived character; if you look at our shows they are very theatrical in a conventional sense but within the confines of a band onstage. And this beautiful creature he was, this Ziggy Stardust the sexual imagery of a male who is very androgynous — that's a link but it's purely a link of genetic accident. (Much laughter from everyone.) Y'know what I mean? *Lovely, lippy and make-up jobs?*"

So what's the difference between you and what he was doing?

"His was crafted and bloody worked out, he used

Continues page 49

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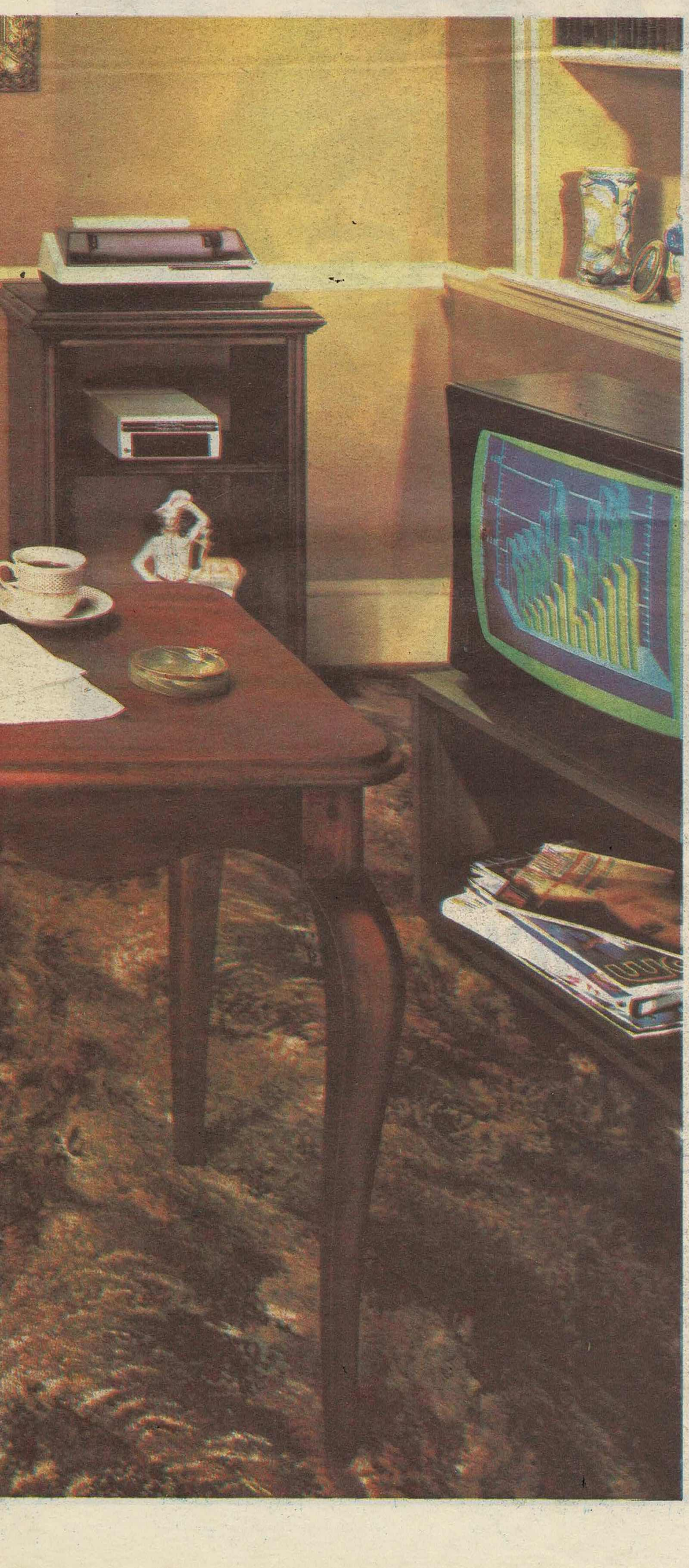

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LPs

LONG PLAYERS FOR ART'S SAKE

GERMAN GOTHIC

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND

Fetisch *(4 AD)*

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND are the mysterious band from Berlin who, largely by word of mouth, attracted and finally entranced several hundred hearts at two recent London shows. They now have a debut LP, 'Fetisch', and the mystery continues...

Xmal are not an 'easy' band, they're not immediately accessible, but then what worthwhile affair ever is? You have to use your imagination with 'Fetisch' but when, maybe on some dusky night, it all 'clicks' then the effects will be shattering.

'Fetisch''s most important asset lies in Anja Huwe's evocative vocals. She tranforms her harsh native German tongue into a sometime soothing and sometime startling form of sensuality. Listen to her whisper and moan on 'Hand In Hand', hear her squeal and screech on 'Indernacht' — this is a voice that matches Siouxsie's in its ability to conjure up a panorama of erotic imagery: from the seedy darkness of 'Qual' to the colourful, vibrant joy of 'Stummes Kind'.

If the passionate side of this album lies in its heady vocals then its intellectual counterbalance comes in the form of a crackling, creaking, somewhat European synthesiser. This is a reasoning, swirling undercurrent on which *feeling* can be, and is, built. It's not often that synthesiser groups can achieve a balance 'twixt instinct and deliberation, between warmth and cold, but 'Fetisch''s glory and power lies in just this. The *tuneful* and captivating whirls of the organ merge exactly with Anya's gutteral exclamations.

'Fetisch' is an LP with its roots based firmly in the vitality of punk; and the expansion within that idiom in terms of its range of feeling and expression move it in roughly the same direction as some of the new post-punk groups. However, its creators, Xmal, just like the Banshees, stand in a field of their own. Simply the creative *class* of this album, surrounded as it is in a veil of mystique, lifts it above categorisation.

If you wish to encounter music that employs and stirs human emotion, music that is powerful without being brutal, music that *excites*...if you want mystery and not history, then here is 'Fetisch'.

Richard North

WAITRESSES

Bruiseology *(Polydor)*

THE WAITRESSES: a case of the right guy in the wrong band. Chris Butler is one of today's most acidly perceptive lyric-writers, but he persists in smothering his talent to amuse. The Waitresses, 1981 debut album 'Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?' contained some of the wryest comments on Miss America and the tail-end of the Me Decade yet enshrined in vinyl. But their sharpness was blunted by inept presentation, and the same goes for 'Bruiseology'.

Take this verse: *"Night spot, nice guy, some nice touching/ Can't say that's just liquor talking/ Tensing, tingling, I'm not teasing."* That's a tenth of a wordy but subtly penetrating song, 'Thinking About Sex Again'. You've got to listen closely just to catch what's been sung, let alone comprehend it. But the lyrics are buried under a ton of jaunty, proficient but ultimately undistinguished rock action.

British producer Hugh Padgham, erstwhile dial-twiddler for The Police and XTC, has attractively rounded off their old abrasiveness, but also put a sock in singer Patty Donahue's petulant kisser. The upshot is a slightly more than averagely diverting 40 minutes of FM radio, spiced with words which might pack a punch if you could be bothered to decipher them.

Though The Waitresses hail from Akron, Ohio, their sound is oddly close to that of Camden Town's favourite sons. However they lack Madness's flair and funkiness — The Waitresses contrive to be both overbusy *and* politely clean-cut. Patty Donahue is the perfect mouthpiece for Butler's expression of lip-curling suburban womanhood, but there's only so much mileage in the true confessions of a Mid-Western female Woody Allen, once the wisecracks of 'A Girl's Gotta Do' or 'Everything's Wrong If My Hair Is Wrong' stop.

What to do? Costello and Squeeze have disciplined their verbal deluge into terse, chiming pop, but they have a grasp of musical drama that Butler lacks. The Waitresses' melodies and arrangements are no more than functional. He should team up with a good tunesmith and break away from the rock format. Until then, Chris Butler will continue to frustrate by mismatching his ironic, literate role-playing talent with the wish to be a new Chris Stein — an acrobat in lead boots.

Mat Snow

ARTERY

One Afternoon In A Hot Air Balloon *(Red Flame)*

IF YOU read other music papers, you'd be forgiven for thinking Artery began last year with 'Oceans', a mini-album of leader Mark Gouldthorpe's eccentric, confessional poetry. In fact, as far back as 1978, Artery's sporadic but almost evangelical live spectacles were being cited as an integral part of Sheffield's world invasion alongside such disparate talents as The Extras, Cabaret Voltaire and The Human League.

Precursors of the likes of Hunters And Collectors, Artery were a percussive riot, with every available hand beating out brilliantly unpalateable rhythms, while Mark Gouldthorpe emerged like some possessed jester to exorcise his suicidal obsessions to the bedlamic soundtrack.

While most of their contemporaries were setting themselves up as practising gurus of post-industrial mysticism, Artery remained unsung. Their reaction was to cocoon themselves into a recluse-like existence and emerge with the hopeless performance/art/Cohen symbolism and grand/Genesis/Gabriel melodrama of 'Oceans'.

'One Afternoon In A Hot Air Balloon' dispenses with the glassy discontent of its predecessor with an exquisite ease. The wild ecstacy of the original Artery has been bottled up into a quieter, more intimate sentiment with airy percussion playing subdued backdrop to Chris Hendrick's Victorian smoke-room piano and Gouldthorpe's occasionally bewitching narrative.

Lyrically, though, Artery still tread decidedly suspect waters simply because of the stress placed on Gouldthorpe's self-exonerating but outmoded poetic symbolism.

"I happened to say to a friend of mine/ That if I was the man/ Who flew jets for the US Airforce/ I would crash them all to the ground/ Just to prove/ They could be crashed/ So with a sardonic smile/ He said I was unbalanced."

When it works, as on 'Unbalanced', the combination of Gouldthorpe's tangled vignettes and the sparse, almost ludicrous carnival lilt of the music creates entrancing atmospheres. The trouble is that it still doesn't work often enough, and when it doesn't, as on 'Potential Silence', Artery crumble with a disconcerting naivete that gives more than a little credibility to the catcalls of "pretentious crap". It's especially embarrassing when they come out with lines like: *"An eagle hovered above my dreams last night/ It's eyesight was an extension of my pain."*

'One Afternoon In A Hot Air Balloon' is a saner development than 'Oceans' but Gouldthorpe needs to stop sounding as if he actually believes what he reads in *Melody Maker,* who insist on heralding him as a Coleridge and a Blake put together, only better.

Amrik Rai

GREG KIHN BAND

Kihnspiracy *(Beserkley)*

I DON'T know about you, but I find this sit-com, moral majority soft-rock as alien and abhorrent as head-hunting or hara-kiri. Rather than let such a big, bland vacuum of sound wash under my carpet I prefer to become enraged.

It is a sad fact that records like this will be around to colour the big moments in the lives of generalised American Youth — the romance, the adventure, the teenage acne — when the perfect soundtracks would be 'Ice Cream For Crow', 'Big Science' and maybe even a small contribution from former golden-boy of Beserkley (until they put the dollar signs before their donkey), Jonathan Richman.

Greg Kihn hails from Baltimore and his pedestrian band came to prominence around eight years ago. After a number of albums they have found a large audience to deserve them, recently touring the US with Journey and Rick Springfield. To much acclaim it says on the press release. That figures. Please rave about this mediocrity it continues, so everyone involved can make wads of money and the band can get a job in *Charlie's Angels* — at the toothpaste party after all the crooks have been locked up.

'Khinspiracy' is the new album from the Greg Kihn Band and it features their (Stateside) smasheroo 'Jeopardy'. It is about as interesting as watching somebody mend a plug.

Bart Bartle

Nick Lowe — *Illustration by Ian Wright*

PUT ANOTHER NICK LOWE IN

NICK LOWE

The Abominable Showman *(F-Beat)*

NICK LOWE had a dream, a long time ago. He was playing bass guitar in a wry post-beat group with country affectations when he had this dream of all the pop music he'd ever heard streaming out of a giant jukebox mouth. Then he put the jukebox where his head should be (it was a dada dream) and was never the same again.

Even more so then his erstwhile drinking buddy Dave Edmunds, Lowe has evolved into the senior curator of rock mythology. While Edmunds eagerly funnels his archivism into a mix that is part hoedown, part discographical footnote, Lowe conjures his pop style with a wit and flair that would be sacrilegious if it weren't for the ingenuous guile. Lowe's lick-stealing bravado is guiltless because *he cannot remember where he heard them before.*

Younger pop literati like Fry, Green and Oakey are obsessively confessional about their inspirations, but Lowe peers through the whole game — pop music? — and cheerfully rattles his skeletons again.

'The Abominable Showman' is Lowe on particularly good form. Roger Bechirian co-produces and lends a certain extra glitter to the artist's customarily tough approach, which pays about as much attention to prevailing trends as the macabre night gallery of 'Jesus Of Cool' did to its own time. There is even, in grotesquely unfashionable manner, a white reggae thump in 'Cool Reaction'.

Otherwise it has Lowe's raspberry sharpness shot all through it, succinct layers of sound calorified by the most melting of voiced harmonies, perky guitars and drums. Few pop recordists hear drums as keenly as Lowe. They surround and massage his boisterously lippy voice as if in heartbeating embrace.

As the songs grow familiar, the detail grows up — the way *"hey hey hey"* becomes a matter of great importance and happiness in 'Mess Around With Love', to cite one — and Nick Lowe himself actually breaks cover. The dashing wordsmith in him (sarcasm? never!) probably achieves some kind of state of grace in '(For Every Woman Who Ever Made A Fool Of A Man There's A Woman Made A) Man Of A Fool', yet neither this nor the debonair hungry man of 'We Want Action' are his true clothes.

You can gauge Lowe's personage by the cut of his tunes — 'Ragin' Eyes', a rollicking country bop, is nearly it, and so is 'Wish You Were Here', a long distance valentine he duets with Paul Carrack.

But Lowe is the last man to wear his heart on his sleeve, and so he saves it to the end: 'How Do You Talk To An Angel' is his 'The Touch Of Your Lips', replete with a waterfall of strings and a Savoy Havana violinist, that grants the old maestro his return ticket. It winds up a record that has the qualities of that giant jukebox still patently aglow.

In fact another NickeLowedeon.

Richard Cook

You're not going to believe this (harumph) but . . .

THESE THREE PRUNES ARE THE FUTURE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

VIOLENT FEMMES

Violent Femmes (*Slash US Import*)

SAY HELLO to a major new voice.

Slightly sour and charged with the confidence of having a lot to say, this voice bursts open from the first line and never falters, never gets the least bit hesitant. *"Let me go on/Like a blister in the sun,"* it announces, and then does.

Gordon Gano writes and sings blasts and ballads of change and pain and this record is a landscape of the heart strewn with barbed wire, even though the songs carry a secret jewel of hope almost hidden within a casing of bitterness, cynicism and fear. Almost. *"They'll hurt me bad...they do it all the time,"* Gano sings, but his voice carries another meaning that points the way he, and we, can get over all that.

The Violent Femmes wrap their haunting messages in a sound as rich, poignant and powerful (in a finely understated way) as Gano's writing, and as original. Rarely have singer and sound been so perfectly matched.

The Femmes have found a brilliant solution to the problem of electric overkill and ears too jaded to find the thrills in rock. Using mostly acoustic instruments, with a judicious touch of electric guitar and bass, they provide the brain and bone rattling charge of the most powerful rock by suggestion, deliberately understating the sonic levels. This is acoustic rock that really *rocks*. The tension, the fever, the propulsion are all there; Echo, U-2 or Black Flag would kill to write songs like these — any smart rock band would.

Though acoustic, this is not some post-punk resurrection of "folk-rock". The sound frames the accustomed impulses of rock in a set of tones and colours that are not part of the usual rock terrain. It also produces some unaccustomed impulses. Rather than the common orchestration and organization of rock arrangements, we get an informed shifting between conflict and co-operation. The containment of tension and its release — i.e. Rock's Great Theme — is transformed from statement to dialogue, with the plot and resolution constantly in doubt.

Because of the acoustic approach, and because of certain quirks in Gano's more conversational vocal passages, there is a superficial reminder of Jonathon Richman here, but Richman rarely wrote with such scathing honesty, never came near to touching the hot irons on which Gano pierces his heart in every song.

In fact, this debut LP by three Milwaukeeans is an emotional *tour de force* that can catch you up in conflicting responses of memory and anticipation, desire and repulsion, and leave you exhilerated.

Take 'Kiss Off': Gano encompasses social dislocation, feelings of betrayal, a high school mockery of authority, suicidal thoughts and the strength to survive them. All this is carried by a rock melody that lurches, lunges and finally barrels ahead with irresistable force.

Or check the brutal honesty of the way Gano attacks the problem of finding love in 'Add It Up' and 'Prove My Love'. These are assaults on the way we think about songs and what they can say and how they dare say it. They strip bare all pretense, let out the raging animal of a young man's fear and depression.

Sometimes the tone is so stutteringly, painfully open it is like a conversation we weren't meant to overhear, but Gano is not above a cathartic scream of frustration, nor too diplomatic to avoid telling the world to get lost. He's not ashamed of being occasionally perverse.

'Confessions' and 'To The Kill' are twisted decompositions of the rock ballad form, desolate beyond reason and funny in the sharpest way, depressed and plaintive but hiding a secret ray of hope that makes them *noble.* That's where Gano finally gets with these songs, and he gets there by facing his feelings, no matter how dark, and riding them long past the point where other songwriters would have jumped ship.

That hidden ray of hope finally gets to shine on the album's closer, 'Good Feeling'. This is where the Femmes make their Velvets' third-album move, with a ballad as wistful and sad as 'Pale Blue Eyes' but carefully, cautiously joyous. It ends with a chorale as sweet as a church choir, a counterpoint to and a validation of everything that went before it. A perfect ending to an extraordinary record.

Richard Grabel

Milwaukee minimalabillies The Violent Femmes l. to r. Gordon Gano, Victor De Lorenzo, Brian Ritchie. *Pic George Lange*

SELLING SPACE

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

Reason Why *(Anagram)*

THIS ALBUM is nearly as good as its intentions, but not quite good enough. The Upstarts have set themselves high standards, yet don't know how quite to reach them.

'Reason Why' sees them continuing their interest in breaking out of punk cliche. Many bands have tried and failed miserably; Stiff Little Fingers, for example, learned that an escape from their particular cage only meant a residency on *Pop Quiz* (Jake Burns having captained a winning team three times now).

The Upstarts of '83 are still angry, still concerned, *"still searching for the truth"*, as Mensi puts it on 'Waiting Hating'. The lyrics are a small part of the problem, frequently cliched — 'The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner', where we are informed, *"Just when you think the spirit has been broken/ Just when you think the feeling's gone inside/ Hell turns the system with its way of thinking/ And all those walls will crash down inside"*. You can't criticise the sentiments, but their expression is all too familiar.

Pic: David Corio

It's alright, Mens, he liked it.

The music itself is an odd combination of occasional excellence and frequent boredom. Too often, identipunk like 'A Young Punk' or 'Where We Started' plods out (funny, seven years ago it would have been hard to imagine a three minute song as fast as these *plodding)*, and sometimes a change of direction simply fails. The title track is a poor attempt at reggae with squeaky vocal by one Terry Sharp. The Upstarts' brand of reggae can work well; 1981's 'I Understand', while hardly roots, achieved its own success but here it's a pain.

What the album could have been is indicated by 'Woman In Disguise', a recent single, and '42nd Street' which are better paced punk racers, the latter distinguished by some toytown keyboards and a ludicrous ending; songs well-constructed to stand out in Rock's Rich Bargain Basement. 'Geordie's Wife' is an unaccompanied lament, Mensi taking the part of a redundant shipyard worker's wife, half-reciting half-singing. Again, the lyrics are weak, but Mensi's delivery is eminently convincing.

'Solidarity' begins as an acoustic anthem. Once again, Mensi's powerful Newcastle tones add a necessary colour to lyrics like *"Give them hope, give them strength, give them life, Like a candle burning in the black of night,"* and the sudden transfer from acoustic guitar to powerchords and keyboards is magic. Such things can only be done by those who know their punk.

David Quantick

THE MEDITATIONS

No More Friend *(Greensleeves)*

'NO MORE Friend' finds The Meditations backed by the Roots Radics and produced by Linval Thompson, two reasons for well founded scepticism. But a few plays allayed any fears and revealed a pretty palatable combination aimed at the cooler end of the dance hall session.

The Meditations cite their main influences as John Holt, Bob Marley (for whom they sung harmonies on 'Blackman Redemption' and 'Rastaman Live Up') and Curtis Mayfield. They are rooted in that harmony tradition that goes back to the US vocal groups of the '50s and, like The Viceroys' 'Brethren and Sistren' album enthusiastically reviewed in these columns by Charlie Murray, there is an inspiring vocal chemistry at work.

Danny Clark and Winston Watson trade complex harmonies with Ansell Creigland's distinctive lead and display both an emotional spontaneity and a versatility which act as the perfect foil for the Radics' minimal rub-a-dub rhythms.

All the tracks are credited to Ansell and, avoiding simple sloganeering, he has invested songs like 'Fuss And Fight' and 'Jack On Top' with a combative optimism, and conjures up a vivid picture of life in Kingston — just check out the cool stepping 'Mother Love'.

'No More Friend' is a mellow slice of '83 style reggae which deserves not to be buried and forgotten beneath the sheer volume of current reggae releases.

Paul Bradshaw

UP & START AGAIN

JONZUN CREW

Lost In Space *(21/Polydor)*

FROM THE stable of Tom Silverman's Tommy Boy label, please welcome Boston four-piece. Jonzun Crew. Their debut LP 'Lost In Space' offers six slices of hip hop *moderne* — the invasion of dance-floor space by video-game blips. This record is to disco what *Tron* was to movies: through blissful reduction to a mindless reflexive machine, you can finally escape humanity's appetites and impulses — ultimate hedonism!

Not that Jonzun Crew or their mentor Silverman have a call-to-arms vision of one nation under a synth, but what they have copped from George Clinton is a spaced-out sense of humour and accompanying comic-book cosmic imagery.

As for their sound, Giorgio Moroder and Donna Summer were pioneering electro-disco back in '77, garnering popular success on a scale as yet only dreamed of by Silverman, Arthur Baker, John Robie, Man Parrish and the rest of the new generation of producers-cum-entrepreneurs. But whereas Moroder and Summer combined sex and robotics to celebrate the era of the zipless fuck, Jonzun Crew know that in the new age of celibacy, the pre-pubescents are where it's at. Libido is out and Atari is in. This may be a sexless record, but it's not cold. 'Lost In Space' is colourful, witty *and* reaches parts other than your feet (though not, I hasten to add, your private ones).

For instance, not all Jonzun Crew tunes are unremittingly jolly. A vague European melancholy tinges 'Electro Boogie Encounter' and 'Ground Control'; the latter draws from 'Spacelab' by Kraftwerk, the most unlikely roots for American dance records you could imagine.

But for the most part 'Lost In Space' fizzes with non-stop novelty. Syndrums thud and clatter, space-bass bubbles, synths squeak, squiggle, bleap and wash, vocoders intone the daftest lines imaginable, Michael Jonzun falsettoes BeeGeeishly. All combine into music of great formality but much inventive sparkle. Dub-style subtractions, detail, variations and subtle shifts — there is always enough going on to keep feet flying and ears flapping.

So get lost in space, walk on sunshine and don't stop 'til you get enough — or at least until you grow up.

Mat Snow

THE FIXX
ReachTheBeach *(MCA)*

ANY BAND that has to advertise vitality in a coyly misspelt name is bound to be too processed to have any — just think of Fingerprintz, Split Endz and New Musik *(or The Beatles? — Ed)*

Like most noo wave artists approaching middle age, The Fixx have huge chips on their shoulders about justifying their delayed adolescent rebellion. It'd be a relief to all concerned if they gave up trying to convince everyone they're entitled to their tantrums and just got on with them. Listening to lame, persistent bleating is one thing, playing psychiatrist is quite another.

Cy Curnin comes on with all the blustery petulance of Simon LeBon denied his own Greek island, and is matched by the self-important lumbering of the instruments. There's also a fair bit of XTC's big boy bluff and The Knack's rot thrown in the vocals, though of course it's inner turmoil and not society or lust that's causing the frustration here. Despair, denial, doubt and desire are all alluded to, but there's none of the searing conviction or chilling finality necessary to carry it off.

Naturally the excruciating whole is over-produced to a glistening finish with no more than a few muted guitar throbs oozing through the slime. You can be sure that if their single crawls into the lower recesses of the top 200 we'll be subjected to equally slick, tasteful and empty videos. This is prat pop at its worst.

Leyla Sanai

MONDO BILLYOUS

LEROI BROTHERS

Check This Action *(Amazing import)*

DIE GOLDENEN VAMPIRE

Hinter Der Grünen Tür *(Zensor import)*

TWO DEBUT discs by a pair of the hottest live acts around, and though neither platter can quite flesh out the heat and techniques which have made these outfits the talk of their respective hometowns (Austin, Texas and West Berlin) it *is* unlikely you're going to see either here yet.

Even more unlikely, perhaps, is the fact that the only language they hold in common is that '50s tongue of the honky-tonk and juke joint: rockabilly. Yessir! That's what both bands play, and either of these LPs will make you want to sack up the Stray Cats boutquerie bop in a designer-label suitcase and sink it to the bottom of the Dismal Swamps where it belongs.

The LeRois I heard only months ago on their home turf, where rockabilly's raw enthusiasms are common not just as affectation, but often as a way of life — and where they were recently voted Top Rockabilly Act of the year. A trio (augmented here by bassist Keith Ferguson), they play the real hoo-doo and hoedown hillbilly article and they play it coarse — particularly the lowdown vocals from Don Leady — and cutting.

Their rep extends to almost anything billy-ous, including a revved-up version of Muddy Waters' 'I Can't Be Satisfied'. There are also a couple of those great nasty novelty numbers for which the genre's always been famed; here, 'Ballad Of A Juvenile Delinquent' and 'Ain't I'm A Dog', all powered by ex-Fabulous Thunderbirds drummer Mike Buck.

Coincidentally, Der Goldenen Vampire's 'Hinter Der Grünen Tür' ('Behind The Green Door') is dedicated to the Legendary Stardust Cowboy, also of Texas fame. And this quartet are apparently *paralysing* Berlin with their sinister, veering towards the Pop-conscious punk, bluesabilly.

Texas' Leroi Brothers: no dismal swamps here.

They've performed quite a novel urban renewal job on their chosen genre, stripping it down to barely-recognisable rockabilly licks (one tingling danger signal of a guitar line quavers throughout their descriptive revision of 'Heartbreak Hotel': 'Hotel Zur Einsamkeit').

The skull, sweat and rosary crowd will love their beyond-the-Cramps vocals — alternately sucked in or spat out on numbers like 'Knochen' ('Bones') and 'Das Unglaubliche Kind Ohne Kopt' ('The Unbelievable Child Without A Head'). Even more sinister sounds emerge from the title cut, miles from its Swing inspiration, and from 'Geächtet' ('Caught Out'), a wail'n'drone instrumental powered by rather plucky percussion. Check *this* action, if you wanna get caught up and not out!

Cynthia Rose

(If your local import specialists don't stock the above, they're available from: (The LeRoi Brothers), Amazing Records, PO Box 26265, Fort Worth, Texas 76116 USA and (Der Goldenen Vampire), Zensor, Belzigerstr. 23, 1000 Berlin 62.

LEGS DANCE!

Pics: Peter Anderson

DAVID THOMAS & HIS LEGS
Winter Comes Home *(Recommended Records)*

ONE PARTICULAR John Peel Show will, if my memory serves me well, prove my point. From across the Atlantic he played: 'Little Johnny Jewel', 'Blank Generation', The Dolls' best, and abrasive/innovative first-offerings from Pere Ubu. So bored with the USA we stubbornly embraced our home-grown Chelsea, Eater, 999, Skrewdriver and Suburban Studs. We were having a party, nay a riot, of our own, and had no time for anything crawling from under a shunned stone, draped in the stars and stripes. As we patted ourselves on the back, they were patting us on the head.

"Is hyperbole man's best rhetorical friend?"

David Thomas — compelling and accurate mouthpiece for the refined, manic-manoeuvres of Ubu — is at once absent-minded professor, inquisitive, excitable schoolboy and slapstick dancer. Forever in a blubbery froth, he utilises every inch of his gargantuan girth to bowl you over. His spoken voice is half Mickey Mouse, half bar-room bore, and when he burst into song it is Mario Lanza squeezed through the eye of a needle.

On 'Winter Comes Home' he is aided and abetted by Lindsay Cooper on reed instruments and Chris Cutler on percussion, who provide sympathetic support to a series of wide-eyed monologues and the occasional snatch of song. A curious, live documentary recorded in a West German restaurant on a souped-up Walkman, it blows quick-fire questions across my canvas, but is not without shortcomings.

Deprived of dramatic gesture, small asides and the physical presence of the singer that would add so much weight (ha ha) to a performance of such an intimate and theatrical nature, the plastic is an incomplete picture. Add to this the frequent, obtrusive background noises and shrill, confused laughter which often over-rides a delivery sometimes verging on the hysterical, and the flaws become piling jackstraws of frustration.

Stripped of the visual, the collection of poems and ad-libs that centre around a brooding version of 'Petrified' come across the best. Angular and articulate, the theme once again is scale — physical, historical, national and universal. David wants everything bigger, brighter and better — and is all the more overwhelming for it.

"On a day such as this,
Insist on more than the truth..."

I have to laugh at the mental picture I get, of a picture-postcard bierhof that may just exist in Erdig, north-east of Munchen, West Germany — you know the sort of thing, leather shorts and silly hats, accordians, massive jugs of Heineken and jolly knee-slapping around the functional benches — being confronted by this blustering, sad-comical alternative arbuckle, trying to make sense of his giddy oration and dinosaur dance-steps.

Most of the songs are on 'The Art of Walking' or 'Song of the Bailing Man', fleshed out with electric and whole: this must remain a shadow-product, for the comprehensive collection, or snatched up at a snip.

Bart Bartle

NAKED EYES
Burning Bridges *(EMI)*

IF YOU thought Tears For Fears were bad, wait till you hear their forgotten relations. This electronic duo used to simper in the same outfit as the Tears and here they come now, trailing out of the powder room.

This album's sole purpose seems to be to demonstrate how eight (count 'em!) keyboards can turn empty ideas into one grossly overblown, lush vacuum.

From a harpsichord to whatever a PPG Wave 2.2 is, eight keyboards played by one man with no tunes — record! A very *dull* record.

Tony D

LIGHTNING STRIKES

DAMBALA
Azania *(Dada)*

Likable enough skank, dedicated to the freedom fighters who lost their lives during the liberation struggle of Angola and Zimbabwe.

The inclusion of a few unexpected colours like fingerpickin' acoustics and ethereal, mock-operatic dub vocals (on the stand-out track 'Lorraine' — a good one for the radio), plus an endearing tendency to rush the rock-steady, ants in the pants of an apathetic pulse, raise it from the run-of-the-mill.

Bert Bertle

THE ENID
Something Wicked This Way Comes *(Enid 3)*

There's not much to be said about this waste of oil apart from the plain fact that it is appalling. An anachronistic mixture of pomp-rock and whimsy. On just one track, 'Evensong', does the method and medium combine to make listenable music, a vague sense of pastoral bliss, but this is a singular exception.

Sean Thomas

Ph.D
Is It Safe? (*WEA*)

Remember 'I Won't Let You Down'? Well, it's not on this LP

Besides the omission of their surprise Number One, the only remarkable thing about one-hit wonders Ph.D is the singers surname (Diamond), his singularly dreadful lyrics and his striking resemblence to a pensive toad.

Kirsty McNeill

THE WHISPERS
Love For Love *(Solar)*

It's three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, and you've pulled up in the marina's carpeted parking lot to 'cool out' on the yacht. White Gucci loafers, cashmere blazer and a shiny peaked cap — you're the epitome of upwardly mobilized chic.

Draped across the deck in a swimsuit that never gets wet, sparkling from a week in the beauty salon, is the reason for all this.

Cheeks brush as she presses an Instant Mix (just add water) Ready Chilled Marguerita into your hand and you tell her how wonderful she looks.

No e-e-ease The Whispers onto the turntable and carry on exchanging compliments.

'Love For Love'? . . . Hey babe, welcome to LA.

Lloyd Bradley

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NME News

THE LAST THAMES-SIDE FESTIVAL?

The crunch for Reading, as Tories gain majority

IT NOW seems almost certain that this year's Reading Festival will be the last — at any rate, as far as its present site is concerned. Okay, so we said the same thing last year — but matters really came to a head on May 5 when the Tories won overall control of the Reading Council in the local elections, so giving them the mandate to implement their long-held desire to develop the festival site.

The 1983 festival was in doubt throughout last autumn, and was not finally given the go-ahead until a full council meeting was held in January — partly because there was then insufficient time to switch to another site, but mainly because the Tories did not then have an overall majority, and Liberal and Labour members were opposed to moving the event. But now they have that majority!

Festival booker Jack Barrie told *NME*: "The Tories have assured us that, if we do have to move, they'll do everything in their power to find us an alternative site in or near the town. But of course, we may not find their choice meets with our approval. After all, although it's now called the Reading Festival, it's really the NJF Festival and we're not obligated to staying in Reading. What I'm saying is that there will definitely be a 1984 festival, but not necessarily in Reading."

●Barrie expects to announce the first list of names for the 1983 event within the next two weeks. By a process of elimination, we expect it to include Black Sabbath (with Ian Gillan) and Uriah Heep.

McGeogh talks!

JOHN McGEOGH has contacted *NME* to set the record straight about the new all-star group of which he's a member. It's called The Armoury Show and the line-up comprises Richard Jobson (vocals), Russell Webb (bass and synthesiser), Evan Charles (keyboards), John Doyle (drums) and McGeogh (guitar). They're at present writing and rehearsing a live set, which they will debut in Scandinavia at the end of June. Early July will see them playing a few selected UK dates, including venues in Glasgow, Aberdeen and London.

Girlschool is out!

GIRLSCHOOL are playing a short series of dates, sandwiched between their two appearances already reported — which are at Leeds Queen's Hall with Saxon (May 28) and in London Marquee Club's 25th birthday season (June 28–30). Highlight of their new bookings is a headliner at Douglas Palace Lido, Isle of Man, on June 5 — it's the main music event of the island's annual T.T. Race Week, and will be broadcast live throughout Europe by Radio Luxembourg. The band's other dates are at Sheffield Dingwalls (June 1), Newcastle Dingwalls (2), St. Neots Riverside Festival (3), Manchester Ashton Metro Theatre (7) and Chippenham Goldiggers (8).

MAJOR ACCIDENT are playing a number of dates, aiding promotion of their current Flicknife single 'Fight To Win' — at Durham Fowlers Yard (May 28), Newcastle Dingwalls (30), Sheffield Dingwalls (June 1), Bradford Palm Cove (2), Manchester Circle (4), Shildon Civic Hall (11) and Peterlee Musicians Collective (19). More are being set.

DAGABAND, now reunited with founder member Sean Piggott, are back on the road after routining material for a new stage act. A six-week club tour kicks off in Scotland at Wishaw Heathery Bar (June 4), Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel (5), Glasgow Night Moves (6), Edinburgh Nite Spot (7), Broxburn Astor Roadhouse (8) and Bannockburn Tamdhu (9). Rest of the dates will be announced shortly.

Meatloaf guests in Donington open-air event

MEATLOAF, currently riding high with his new album 'Midnight At The Lost And Found', returns to the UK in the summer to be special guest in this year's Castle Donington open-air rock festival on Saturday, August 20 — which, as already reported, is headlined by Whitesnake. It's his first-ever outdoor show in the country, and his only festival appearance here this year.

Four more bands have still to be announced to complete the bill, one of which will be another big-name American act, and details will be announced shortly. Advance tickets at £10.50 are already on sale by postal application (this information was printed in *NME* four weeks ago), and they have now gone on sale to personal callers at almost 100 ticket outlets around the country — from Aberdeen to Swansea and Exeter.

●Meatloaf's European visit will also take in a massive peace festival in Sweden, headlined by The Band, who are re-forming with their original line-up (minus Robbie Robertson) seven years after they split. It was first intended as a one-off reunion specially for this festival, but they're now talking about a subsequent world tour, which would include British dates.

Shadows celebrate their 25th, as well

THE SHADOWS, like Cliff Richard, are celebrating their 25th anniversary in the music business this year. And to mark the occasion, they're undertaking an extensive UK tour in the autumn. To coincide, they'll have a new album released by Polydor, plus a 25-track birthday LP which will be available only from Tellydisc (the TV marketing company).

Tour dates are Oxford Apollo (October 11 and 12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Manchester Apollo (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Blackpool Opera House (16), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (17), London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (19 and 20), Portsmouth Guildhall (21 and 22), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (23), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (25 and 26), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Cardiff St. David's Hall (29), Croydon Fairfield Hall (31), Brighton Centre (November 2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Coventry Apollo (5), Derby Assembly Rooms (6), Glasgow Apollo (8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9), Newcastle City Hall (10) and Scarborough Futurist (11) — followed by cabaret engagements at Windsor Blazers (November 13–26) and Purfleet Circus Tavern (28–December 3). Concert ticket prices range from £4 to £7, and they are available from theatre box-offices and usual agents.

●As already reported, Hank Marvin's second solo album 'All Alone With Friends' is issued by Polydor on May 27.

REA GOES ON HIS WAY

CHRIS REA is playing ten dates in support of his new single 'I Can Hear Your Heart Beat'/'From Love To Love', issued by Magnet this weekend — both titles are lifted from his upcoming album 'Water Sign', due out on June 3. He is special guest in the Little River Band's concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon (May 29) and Birmingham Odeon (30) — then plays his own headliners at Derby Assembly Rooms (June 1), Manchester University (3), Aberdeen The Venue (4), Liverpool State Rooms (6), Middlesbrough Town Hall (7), Guildford Civic Hall (9), Southampton Guidhall (10) and London Victoria The Venue (11). The singer-composer will be backed by his regular band of David Burton (guitar), Peter Jackson (drums), Ian Hawkins (bass) and Kevin Leach (keyboards).

WILD WILLY BARRETT is undertaking his first solo tour for eight years, in support of his new single 'Rapping On A Mountain', for June 10 release by Carrere. Backed by Dave James (drums) and Mike Ferris (keyboards), he plays Birmingham Golden Eagle (tomorrow, Friday), Stoke Wagon & Horses (Saturday), Bath Moles (May 23), a home village gig at Mursley Village Hall near Milton Keynes (24), Berkhamsted Civic Centre (25), Leicester Palais (26), Manchester Gallery (31), Sheffield Leadmill (June 2), Coventry General Wolfe (3) and Leeds Fforde Green (4).

RECORD NEWS

RITA COOLIDGE has her single 'All Time High' released by A&M this week — as reported, it's the theme song from the new James Bond film *Octopussy*, which she sings on the soundtrack. Same label also issues a new JOE JACKSON single, 'A Slow Song'/'Real Men'.

CLOCK DVA spent most of last year in Rockfield Studios, and the initial outcome is their third album 'Advantage', released by Polydor on June 3 and comprising eight tracks. The first 10,000 copies will sell at £3.99, after which the price reverts to the standard £4.99.

ZZ TOP's single 'Gimme All Your Lovin', from their Warners album 'Eliminator', will be available in edited 7" and full-length 12" formats. And BLACKFOOT's single 'Send Me An Angel', from their Atco LP 'Siogo', offers a third bonus track on the 12-incher. Both are issued on May 27 through WEA, who are now also putting out the new ERIC CLAPTON single 'Slow Down Linda' in 12" form, with a bonus live version of 'The Shape You're In'.

EDDIE TENPOLE TUDOR has been busy working on new material since the group break-up, and the first result is his new single 'The Hayrick Song', issued by Stiff tomorrow (Friday). On the same day and label, Swiss trio YELLO release their single 'I Love You' in 7" and extended 12" formats, the latter also featuring two extra tracks.

E.L.O. release their tenth album on June 24, and their first for two years, titled 'Secret Messages' — also available on cassette with an extra bonus track. A new single from the LP, 'Rock'n'Roll Is King', will be issued by Jet on June 3.

GRANDMASTER FLASH & The Furious Five's new single, out this weekend on the Sugar Hill label (through PRT), is 'New York, New York' — but unlike Frank Sinatra's song of the same title which praises the city, this unearths its seamy side, and it was written by the same team who penned 'The Message'. Negotiations are under way for the rap specialists to tour Britain again this summer.

ULTRAVOX have a new single called 'We Came To Dance' issued by Chrysalis on May 27. It's taken from their hit album 'Quartet', though the B-side 'Overlook' is a new track. It's available in both 7" and extended 12" formats, and there's a limited edition in clear vinyl which has been specially remixed.

SAD CAFE, who were previously with Polydor, have now switched to Charisma. Their debut single for the label is out this weekend, coupling 'Keep Us Together' and 'Hold Out'. There's also a 12-inch format with two extra live tracks, 'Love Will Survive' and 'My Oh My', recorded at one of the 125 UK dates they've played in the last 18 months.

CABARET VOLTAIRE will have their new single 'Just Fascination' issued early next month, followed by their album 'The Crack Down' later in June. As reported two weeks ago, the group recently signed to Some Bizzare, and that company has now licensed them to Virgin in what's described as "easily the biggest deal Some Bizzare has put together".

TONY BANKS, Genesis pianist and composer, marks his debut as a vocalist with the release of his new solo single on Charisma this week. It is 'This Is Love'/'Charm', also available as an extended 12-inch. Other musicians involved include Daryl Stuermer (guitars), Mo Foster (bass) and Tony Beard (drums).

THE KINKS have a new single out on Arista this week, 'Don't Forget To Dance'/'Bernadette', both titles written and produced by lead singer Ray Davies. They'll also have a new album out next month, details to follow.

CHARLIE'S BACK — AFTER LUNCH!

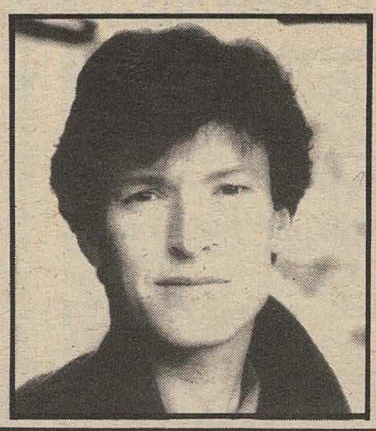
CHARLIE DORE, who's been conspicuous by her absence for some time, re-emerged last week at the Cannes Film Festival for the premier of her big screen debut — she co-stars with Jonathan Pryce in *The Ploughman's Lunch*, which opens in London on May 26 and has a simultaneous video release. Charlie is probably best known for her two near-hit singles 'Pilots Of The Airwaves' and 'Fear Of Flying', and she now intends to devote more time to the musical side of her career, hopefully to run parallel with her acting aspirations.

NOW, TEN YEARS AFTER RE-FORM

TEN YEARS AFTER are the latest group from a bygone era to be reunited, specially for a one-off appearance in London Marquee's 25th birthday season. Fronted by Alvin Lee, they play the club on Friday, July 1.

Rock Goddess, who were forced to pull out of their Marquee gigs this month, have now re-arranged them for July 5 and 6. And other new bookings for the special season include Praying Mantis (June 11), Stray (14) and Kevin Coyne (16).

Winwood's first solo outing



DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the July concert series by Stevie Winwood, his first ever as a solo artist. As reported two weeks ago, the dates come at the end of a European tour, which opens in Oslo next weekend and takes in seven countries before arriving in the UK.

The schedule comprises Oxford Apollo (July 3), Bristol Hippodrome (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Birmingham Odeon (10) and London Hammersmith Odeon (11 and 12). Ticket prices are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Hammersmith) and £6.50, £6 and £5.50 (all other venues), and they are available now from box-offices and usual agencies. Promoters are Alec Leslie Entertainments, who may add more dates.

Winwood's tour band features James Hooker (piano), Fernando Saunders (bass), Bobby Messano (guitar), Eric Parker (drums), Carol Steele (persussion) and Godfrey Wang (keyboards). Winwood himself will be playing guitar and keyboards.

MIDNIGHT OIL BURNING BRIGHT FOR UK DEBUT

MIDNIGHT OIL may not have had the same international impact as their compatriots Men At Work, but they are held in equal esteem in their native Australia, where their current album has achieved triple platinum status. They've also earned a reputation as an exciting live act, which Londoners will be able to see for themselves when they play the Lyceum Ballroom on May 31 — it's a CND benefit, which the group are personally sponsoring to the tune of £15,000, to express how the Australian public feel about nuclear disarmament. A 15-date June tour is currently being finalised for the group — whose lead singer Peter Garrett, by the way, is seven-feet tall. Their smash hit Aussie album '10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 . . .' is being issued here by CBS on June 3, and a single from the LP titled 'U.S. Forces' is on release.

RUSH: ENFORCED VENUE SWITCH

RUSH have had to switch their concert planned for Deeside Leisure Centre next Monday (23) to Birmingham National Exhibition Centre this Sunday (22). This sort-notice change is due to the fact that the Deeside venue, recently damaged by fire, won't be fully restored in time to stage the show — and promoter Danny Betesh is said to be 'very angry' about the let-down.

Deeside £5.50 tickets will be valid at the NEC, and free coaches will run from the Leisure Centre to the NEC (leaving at 4pm), though cash refunds may be obtained if desired. And as the NEC is a larger venue, additional tickets are available at the box-office.

Liverpool hit by venue closures

LIVERPOOL faces a dearth of live music, due to the closure of a number of the city's rock venues. Latest blow is the news that the Royal Court Theatre — which has recently been used more extensively for rock concerts than the Empire Theatre — is to close in September, prior to conversion to the inevitable bingo. This follows the recent burning down of the city's most active and successful club venue, The Warehouse, which was totally gutted in a £100,000 blaze.

On top of that, Dingwalls — part of the provincial chain which opened in the autumn with considerable ballyhoo — has already quietly closed its doors. And one of the leading pub-rock venues, The Masonic Arms, is no longer functioning. So although the Empire Theatre, Pickwick's and the State Room are now likely to become more active, it seems that Liverpool — which has arguably produced more rock stars thany any other city — will be short-changed in terms of future live entertainment.

AL JARREAU

JARREAU AND ZEVON SHOWS

AL JARREAU, who's recently been figuring in the charts with his album 'Jarreau', flies into the UK to play two concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 19 and 20 — tickets are on sale now from the theatre box-office and usual agents, priced £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (plus booking fee where applicable). The shows are promoted by Marshall Arts in association with Capital Radio, who'll be recording them for subsequent broadcast — though they're not part of the Capital Music Festival, which doesn't start until the end of June.

WARREN ZEVON interrupts his rounds of European festivals to play a one-off date in this country — at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 29 (tickets priced £5.50 and £4.50 on sale now at the box-office and usual agencies). It's thought he'll be appearing as a solo artist, though this is still unconfirmed at present. An unorthodox and highly individual artist, he has a considerable cult following in the UK, and his last album to be released here was 'The Envoy' — his fifth for Asylum. Concert promoter is Derek Block.

SCHEDULE ADDITIONS

SUPERTRAMP, already set to play London Earls Court Stadium on June 29 and 30, will now also appear there on July 1. Tickets at £10.30 and £9.30 (including 30p booking fee) are available by post from Supertramp Box Office, P.O. Box 141, London S.W.6 — make cheques and POs payable to 'Andrew Miller Concerts Ltd.' and enclose SAE. They are also available over the counter at all Keith Prowse branches — plus the various provincial outlets listed at the time when their first two shows were announced.

ROBERT PALMER, whose UK tour opens this week (see *Gig Guide*), has sold out his two London shows at the Dominion Theatre and Hammersmith Palais — so he's now added a third date in the capital at the Lyceum Ballroom on June 2, and tickets are on sale now priced £4.50. In order to accommodate this, his concert at Poole Arts Centre moves from June 2 to 5.

MEZZOFORTE have added another six dates to their already extensive UK schedule, which means they'll now be playing no less than 45 shows here. The extra gigs are at Edinburgh Coasters (June 8), Ipswich Gaumont (21), Bristol Dingwalls (23), Oxford Apollo (29), Manchester Apollo (July 3) and Liverpool Pickwicks (5). Their date in Glasgow on June 6 has been switched from the Pavilion to the Cardinal Folley, and on June 9 they now play Sheffield Dingwalls instead of Liverpool.

KISSING THE PINK have slotted two more dates into their tour itinerary, announced last week — at Fort William The Milton (June 3) and Hull Dingwalls (16). And their Portsmouth show next Tuesday (24) will now be at the Locarno instead of the Polytechnic.

THE RESIDENTS, whose debut UK dates were reported last week, have added another concert to their schedule at Leicester University on July 1 . . . and **THE BATCAVE TOUR** featuring The Specimen, also announced last week, has been extended by three further dates — Lancaster University (May 27), Coventry Busters (31) and Brighton New Regent (June 7).

TOUR NEWS EXTRA: PAGE 40

DAVID SYLVIAN next week releases his first recording since the Japan split. It's his latest collaboration with Riuichi Sakamoto, a single titled 'Forbidden Colours' (Virgin) — which is a vocal version of the main theme from the film *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence*, in which Sakamoto stars alongside David Bowie. Sakamoto also wrote and performed the film's score, and Virgin will soon be releasing a soundtrack album. Meanwhile, Sylvian will shortly be starting work on his first solo album, for autumn release.

ROD STEWART precedes his upcoming UK dates with the release of a new single by Warners on May 27, produced in California by Stewart and Tom Dowd. It features 'Baby Jane' and 'Ready Now', both tracks taken from his upcoming album 'Body Wishes'. The 12-inch also features a bonus track, a live version of 'If Loving You Is Wrong (I Don't Want To Be Right)'.

MISTY IN ROOTS have a double A-sided single 'Follow Fashion'/'Poor And Needy' released this weekend on their own People Unite label (through Rough Trade, Ruff Lion and Jet Star), both titles being remixed tracks from their current album 'Earth'. The 12-inch format also includes dub versions.

ORANGE JUICE release a new single titled 'Flesh Of My Flesh' on May 27 on the Polydor label (with their own new logo) — written by lead singer Edwyn Collins, it's a new recording of a song on their 'Rip It Up' album. The B-side 'Lord John White And The Bottleneck Train' was written by the other three band members, and it's an instrumental with a monologue by drummer Zeke Manyika. There's also a 12-inch format with extended versions of both titles. The band are hoping to play a handful of selected dates in the near future.

KAJAGOOGOO's new single 'Hang On Now' is a track from their debut album 'White Feathers', and the 12- inch format features an extended version plus a bonus surprise track. And the latest PETER TOSH single is 'Where You Gonna Run', from his current LP 'Stop That Train'. Both are released by EMI next Monday (23).

THE MAIN T (also known as Vaughn Toulouse, currently appearing in the Respond Posse package) has his new single 'Fickle Public Speaking' issued on May 27 in both 7" and 12" formats, with Paul Weller featured both on track and as producer. It's on the Respond label, whose latest signing is three-piece group CRAZE, and they are being added to the remaining dates in the package tour.

AZTEC CAMERA, who've recently been making their presence felt in the charts with their album 'High Land, Hard Rain', release their third single on Rough Trade Records this weekend. It is 'Walk Out To Winter', also available as a 12-inch.

RECORD NEWS EXTRA: PAGE 50

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD., OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

BACK BY POP·U·LAR DEMAND
HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
GARY GLITTER
and the GLITTER BAND
TENPOLE TUDOR
and the hayrick band
THE DEFECTS
THE CASE
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
SUNDAY 29th MAY at 7·30
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812;
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD., OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

Phil Jones
This Mirror
NEW SINGLE OUT NOW ON 7&12"

IMPORTANT NOTICE
CHANGE OF VENUE
RUSH
in concert
Due to the recent fire at Deeside Leisure Centre, the original concert at Deeside Leisure Centre (May 23) has been changed. RUSH will now appear at the N.E.C. Birmingham on May 22 at 7.30pm. All tickets £5.50 are available from:-
N.E.C. BOX OFFICE, BIRMINGHAM
CYCLOPS SOUND, BIRMINGHAM — PICCADILLY RECORDS, MANCHESTER.
PENNY LANE RECORDS — LIVERPOOL & CHESTER.
SPECTRUM, WARRINGTON — PHASE ONE, WREXHAM.
All tickets purchased for the Deeside concert will be valid for May 22 at the N.E.C. Birmingham. Special Transport to and from Birmingham will be provided, leaving Deeside Leisure Centre from 4 pm.
If you do not wish to go to the N.E.C. Birmingham, refunds are available from points of sale until Saturday May 21.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

SILVER JUBILEE marquee 1958 1983

90 WARDOUR ST W1 | 01-4376603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7.00pm – 11.00pm

REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 19th May (Adm £3.50)
From Canada
MARTHA & THE MUFFINS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Friday 20th & Saturday 21st May (Adm £3.50)
Special Anniversary Show
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
The Lost Loved Ones & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 22nd May (Adm £2.50)
Return by Public Demand!
VIBRATORS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 23th May (Adm £2.50)
From Australia
THE DIVINYLS
Plus Guests & Nick Henbrey

Tuesday 24th May (Adm £2.50)
May Residency
ZAINE GRIFF
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 25th May (Adm £2.50)
TERRAPLANE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 26th May (Adm £2.50)
From Australia
THE DIVINYLS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

TICKETS FOR CERTAIN SHOWS ARE ON SALE IN ADVANCE TO *MEMBERS ONLY!*

READING ROCK '83

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

ACE BRIXTON

Tel 274 4663
100 yds — Brixton Tube
(Next to Town Hall)
Brixton Hill SW2

Wednesday 18th May	JIMMY CLIFF	£5.00
Thursday 19th May	BRILLIANT + JAMES KING & THE LONE WOLVES + LOOK BACK IN ANGER	£2.50*
Friday 20th May	52nd STREET SWAMP CHILDREN + THE JOURNEYS THROUGH	£2.50*
Monday 23rd May	CHRIS & COSEY + PORTION CONTROL	£3.00
Thursday 26th May	CONFLICT, SUBHUMANS DESTRUCTORS, ANNIE ANXIETY ANTHRAX, IKONS OF FILTH HAGAR THE WORD + Surprise Guests	£1.50
Friday 27th May	A CERTAIN RATIO	£3.00

COMING SOON

30th May	SUGAR MINOTT	£3.00
8th June	THE COCTEAU TWINS	£2.50
11th June	SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS	£3.50
16th June	EIN STURZENDE NEYBAUTEN	£3.00
23rd June	X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND	£2.50

All Gigs marked * ½ price to Ace Cardholders.

Tickets on Sale Now — at Red Records + Premier Box Office London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market (Punk Gigs only) — Kings Road — ALL SHOWS DOORS 7.30 pm

MCP presents CHINA CRISIS

LONDON LYCEUM BALLROOM
TUES 7th JUNE 7.30 p.m.
PLUS SUPPORT
Tickets £3.50 (inc VAT) available from
Lyceum, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse and Albermarle. No U18's will be admitted.

HEAVEN

VILLIERS STREET, LONDON WC2

OUTLAW PRESENTS

KISSING THE PINK

PLUS SUPPORT
MONDAY 23rd MAY 9.30pm
All Tickets £3.00

CLOCK DVA

PLUS SUPPORT
MONDAY 30th MAY
9.30 pm All Tickets £3.00
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441
Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.
Tickets only available from Virgin Megastore 14 Oxford St, W1 Tel: 631 1234

Friday 20th May £3.70
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT
Saturday 21st May £4.70 Advance, £5.20 On Door
Return By Public Demand of 'The Greatest Motherfunka In The World'
PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND + LEONARD K. SEELEY'S HERITAGE
Wednesday 25th & Thursday 26th May £4.20
MINK DEVILLE
Thursday 9th June £3.70
CHRIS REA
Friday 10th June £4.70
STEVE HARLEY
+ THE BLOOMSBURY SET + CINDY & THE SAFFRONS
Open every weekend till 3.

WILF A. WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

RIP RIG + PANIC

SAT 4 JUNE/7.30
COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE HIGH ST. KEN

OLIVER LAKE JUMP UP

DBC

TICKETS £4.00 FROM: ADVANCE BOX OFFICE (229 7483) / 802-3063/803 4535 Ex226) / PREMIER BOX OFFICE (240 2245) / DUB VENDOR / RYTHMN RECORDS / KEITH PROWSE (836 2184) / LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (439 3371) / ROUGH TRADE

FLICKS

Kent Road, Dartford, Kent

Thursday 19th May
PRAXIS

Thursday 26th May
The New
RED LIPSTIQUE

Admission £2.00 before 10.00pm
Tel: DARTFORD 25520

THE HALF MOON

93 LOWER RICHMOND ROAD, PUTNEY SW15. Tel: 01-788 2387

Thursday 19th May
STOCKTON'S WING'S
Friday 20th May
THE 45's
Saturday 21st May
CAROL GRIMES BAND
Sunday 22nd May
DARTS in Concert
Monday 23rd May
BERT JANSCH BAND
Tuesday 24th May
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Wednesday 25th May
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Thursday 26th May
SAMMY MITCHELL'S BLUES BAND
Saturday 28th May
CHRIS FARLOWE & GONZALEZ

BEN WATT & TRACEY THORN

(EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL)
appear on DESOLATION ROW
at **SPIDERS**
Cleveland Street, Hull
on Thursday 26th May
9.00pm — 1.30am
Lagers 52p pint, Bitters 49p pint, Spirits 33p a tot.
Members £2.00,
Bonafida guests £2.50
Further details
Tel: Hull (0482) 26698

FORUM THEATRE

Lemsford Rd, Hatfield
Tel: Hatfield 71217

Don't be 'OUT OF TIME'
see CHRIS FARLOWE
Saturday 4th June 8.00 p.m.
with GONZALEZ
Tickets £3 Seated Standing
Saturday 18th June at 8.00 p.m.

INCANTATION

in concert
Tickets £3.50, £3.25
Advance Box Office As Above.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MAY
21 The Fall
21 Rush
21,22 London Blues Festival
22 Respond Package
23 Kissing the Pink
23 Uli Roth
25,26 Mink DeVille
26,27,28 Iron Maiden
27 Certain Ratio
28 Aswad
29 Little River Band
29 Gary Glitter
29 The Undertones
30 Clock DVA
30 Sugar Minott
30,31 Kajagoogoo
30,31 Robert Palmer
31 Midnight Oil

JUNE
2,3 Weather Report
3 Steve Harley
4 Rip, Rig & Panic
4,5 Motorhead
7 China Crisis
7 Magnum
11 Shriekback
12 Anti-Nowhere League
17-19 Glastonbury Festival
19 Elvis Costello
19 Eddie Grant
19,20 Al Jerome
24,25 Curtis Mayfield
27 Rod Stewart
27 Big Country
27,28 King Sunny Ade
28 Residents
30 Mezzaforte

JULY
1,2,3,4 George Benson
4,5 Bauhuas
9,10 Men at Work
11 The Damned
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
31 Killing Joke

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME
SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

5 Shaftesbury Avenue W.1 Phone 439 3371
Open Sundays 11.00 a.m.-5.00 p.m. for Telephone Credit Card Bookings

THE BEAT ROUTE

WEDS. Don't blink! or you'll miss 25p a drink! all night! £5 Boys £4 Girls

TUES. Swamp Club meets Le Beat Route to bring you the Raw-ESS alternative music- with Gaz, Carlo, Lassell, & Ron.

MON LIVE BANDS

THURSDAY Ladies Night. Free admission for girls. Drinks 50p all night!

FRIDAY Friday night at Le Beat Route with Steve. Dean. Carlo.

EVERY SAT. is NEW YEAR'S EVE! Drinks 50p with Free Bubbly at midnight! Plus live cabaret! Entrance £5.00. Open 9.00 p.m. to 3.30 a.m. Licensed until 3.00 a.m.

17 Greek St., London. W1. Tel: 437-5782 night

Right of admission reserved

MONDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE

LIVE BANDS
23rd May
FONTANA MIX
Forthcoming attractions
EAGLE'S NIGHT OFF
open 7.00pm till 3.30am
bands on at 9.00pm & 12.00
Admission £2.00 till 10.00pm
£3.00 Afterwards
All Drinks 50p all night including mixers.

17 Greek St., London. W1. Tel: 437-5782 night

Right of admission reserved

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Derek Block presents
Weather Report
Thursday 2nd & Friday 3rd June
7.30pm
TICKETS £6 £5 £4
FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE AND USUAL AGENTS

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 19th May
KING

Thursday 26th May
SWAMP CHILDREN
+ 52nd Street

Monday 30th May
'BATCAVE'
featuring
SPECIMEN
+ ALIEN SEX FIEND
+ D.J.

LATE BAR 9-2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

ELECTRIC BALLROOM

OUTLAW + BALLROOM BLITZ.
01-485-9006
SAT 21st MAY. THE FALL + THE SMITHS 8.pm after £3=
SAT 11th JUNE SHRIEKBACK + MAXIMUM JOY + URBAN SHAKEDOWN
Tickets - 184 CAMDEN High St. Post only [SAE + P.O.] + Rock On + Premier + LT.B + Rough Trade + THE CAGE.

TEARS FOR FEARS

GREAT YARMOUTH EXTRAVAGANZA
on Great Yarmouth Racecourse in the Mighty Marquee!
+ SCREEN 3
Friday 27th May 7.00pm
Tickets £4.00 from branches of Andys Records at Norwich (Tel 617047), Bury St Edmunds (Tel 67502), and Ipswich (Tel 58933)

APOLOGIES if you've taken the trouble to send in gig details, only to find that they've not been printed. The reason is a dispute in the postal sorting office covering the London W.1 area — where, we understand, there is a backing of over 500,000 letters awaiting delivery. If your gig isn't included this week, chances are your letter is one of them! We hope the problem will soon be resolved..

nationwide GIG GUIDE

ANOTHER hectic week with a number of important tours getting under way, not least the delayed outing by CHINA CRISIS, who originally intended to go on the road earlier in the year but were prevented by recording commitments — but they finally get around to playing live at Lancaster (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Dundee (Saturday), Aberdeen (Sunday and Newcastle (Wednesday).

Rather surprisingly, ROBERT PALMER has not previously undertaken a full UK tour as a soloist, but now he's about to rectify that omission — and undoubtedly with a considerable degree of 'Pride'. His non-stop opening week takes him to Newcastle (Thursday), Aberdeen (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Leeds (Wednesday).

KISSING THE PINK have shot to the forefront recently, mainly on the strength of their 'Last Film' him — and they're striking while the iron is hot by setting out on a major tour, opening at Hitchin (Friday), Oxford (Saturday), Norwich (Sunday), London Heaven (Monday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday).

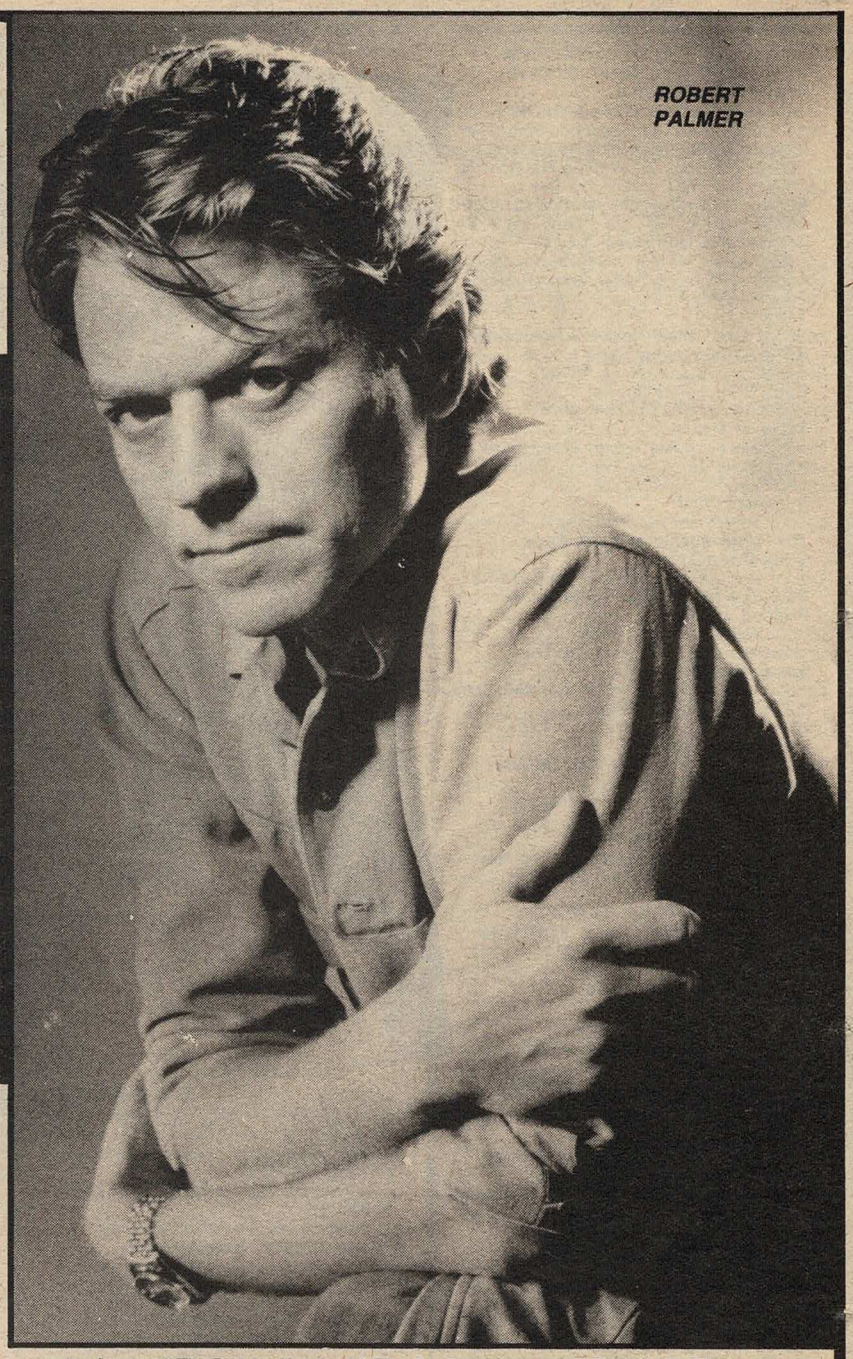
It's pleasing to welcome back LINDA LEWIS to the UK circuit after a three-year absence, and she hits the comeback trail at Tolworth (Friday) and Slough (Sunday), followed by a cabaret week in Watford from Monday.

It's a good week for hard-rock and metal freaks, with ex-Scorpions guitarist ULI ROTH playing a string of concerts with his electric Sun band at Birmingham (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Dunstable (Sunday) and London Hammersmith (Monday) — and MAGNUM kicking off their biggest tour to date in Retford on Thursday. And, of course, both RUSH and IRON MAIDEN are already in action, and intensifying the cocophony that's reverberating around the country.

As usual, most of the special events are confined to the capital, and our pick of the bunch is the London Blues Festival — once again, it's attracted some of of the giants of idiom to Hammersmith Odeon, where on Saturday and Sunday there's a veritable feast for blues enthusiasts. The line-up features BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS, JOHN LEE HOOKER and ALBERT KING, all appearing with their own bands.

As reported on the news pages last week, MEN AT WORK will be touring here in July — but, prior to this, the hugely successful Aussie band are dropping in to play two nights at the Lyceum on Tuesday and Wednesday. And with the Marquee's 25th birthday season now in full swing, this week's highlight must be the re-apearance of the original EDDIE & THE HOT RODS on Friday and Saturday — they've specially re-formed for the occasion.

MINK DeVILLE are the week's other visitors, and they fly in to play the first of two nights at The Venue on Wednesday, with the prospect of a full tour later in the year...And finally, THE FALL headline a rare London date on Saturday at the recently re-opened Electric Ballroom.



ROBERT PALMER

thursday 19th

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **JoBoxers**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Soldier**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Centre: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Birmingham The Grapes: **The Man Upstairs/Active Restraint**
Birmingham University Union: **Ruby Turner Band/Kakuma/Caliche/The Joeys**
Bournemouth Academy: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Bradford Benson's Videotheque: **The Skeletal Family**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove: **The Vibrators**
Bradford University: **Clock DVA**
Brighton Dome: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Diz & The Doormen**
Brighton Sussex University: **Decent Assault**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Monochrome Set**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Frank Ifield**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Wow And Flutter/Moira Mouse**
Chesterfirld Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chorley White Heart: **The Membranes/A Desire**
Croydon The Cartoon: **En Route**
Dartford Flicks: **Praxis**
Dunoon E.M. Club: **Chasar**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **A.P.B.**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Hanoi Rocks**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Woden Forge**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Fugitive**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Misty**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Dancing Did**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Rednite**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **The Alarm**
Lancaster University: **China Crisis**
Leamington Spa Regents Hotel: **Okko Sirocco**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **New Model Army/Joolz**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Fourteen Karat Soul (until Saturday)**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Directors**
London Brixton The Ace: **Brilliant/James King/Look Back In Anger**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Prediction/Fontana Mix**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cobras/Wipeout**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Central Polytechnic: **Roy Hutchins/John Hegley/Podomoffski/The Popticians**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Three Johns**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Marilyn Maye & Trio (until Saturday)**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **Reggae Style**
London E.C.2 Old Brewery: **The Nashville Teens**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Pamplona Night**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers/Workshop**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Eric Clapton Band**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **Here & Now/Soldiers Of Fortune**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Prisoners**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dimpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Marquee Club: **Martha & The Muffins**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **UK Subs**
London Putney Half Moon: **Stocktons Wings**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Tim Bat/Some Like It Hot/Marsha Prescod/EEC**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Spanky Davis**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Eggsperts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **John Mizarolli/Exposure**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Xcel/Egosigo**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Come Dancing**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Blueberries**
Luton Blockers Arms: **Fractured Nerve**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Kajagoogoo**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Both Hands Free**
Manchester University Union: **Line-Up**
Newbiggin Sports & Community Centre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Dionne Warwick**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Robert Palmer**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Outer Limits**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Norwich Jacquards: **King Kurt**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham The Asylum: **Artery**
Oswestry Victoria Rooms: **The Tremeloes**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Twelfth Night**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Preston Clouds: **Wrathchild**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Reading Target Club: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **Magnum**
Scarborough Taboo: **The Winter Quarters**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Rip Rig Panic**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **Pleasure & The Beast**
Stockport Dovecot Centre: **The Guest Stars**
Stockport The Smugglers: **The Xpozez/Xtract**
Swansea Pavilion: **Spider/Raven**
Washington Arts Centre: **Neil Innes**
Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco: **Solstice**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
York The I.N.L.: **10,000 Pairs Of Hands/The Vaselene Symphonia**

friday 20th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Robert Palmer**
Aberdeen Station Hotel: **Nervous Choir**
Ashford Wye College: **Tokyo Olympics**
Bath Moles Club: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Biggleswade Old Warden Park: **Mud/John Otway/The Imitations**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Laughing Clowns**
Birmingham Mermaid Hotel: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Odeon: **Uli Roth/Electric Sun/Pallas**
Brighton The Kensington: **The Roosters**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Red Eye**
Brighton Royal Escape: **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson**
Brighton Zap Club: **Joe & The Moondogs/The Mivvys**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Wild Beasts**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Frank Ifield**
Cambridge Man In The Moon: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Cardiff Boogies: **Spider/Raven**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Mike Harries**
Chelmsford YMCA: **UK Subs**
Cirencester Corn Hall: **Sub Zero**
Colchester Tartan House: **Pleasure & The Beast**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Solstice/Pendragon**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Magnum**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Vibrators**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Enid/Gothique**
Edinburgh Art College: **Pop Wallpaper**
Edinburgh Le Metro: **First Priority/Boogie Disease**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Kajagoogoo**
Edinburgh University: **JoBoxers**
Farnworth Blighty's: **The Tremeloes**
Feltham Football Club: **Rubella Ballet/The Screaming Bongos**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Frontiers/Alone Again Or**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **China Crisis**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Urge**
Hanley The Place: **Raw Material**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Cruize**
Hitchin The Regal: **Kissing The Pink**
Hull Dingwalls: **Moselle**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Neil Innes**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Chasar**
Kingston The Swan: **The Trudy/Dodgy Weasels**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Sinatras**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Ha! Fatto**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre (Garage Club): **The Shakers**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Tim Bat/Some Like It Hot/Marsha Prescod/EEC**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Swamp Children/The Journey Through**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Le Mat/Any Anxious Colour**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden The Palace: **Pleasure And The Beast**
London City Polytechnic: **Podomoffski/John Hegley/Roy Hutchins/The Popticians**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chevalier Brothers/The Jazz TV's**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The London Band (until Sunday)**
London East Dulwich Cherry Tree: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Nightmares**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Jackie Lynton Band/Major Setback Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Swerve/The Modern Dance Band**
London Islington Streets: **Omega Tribe/Mouat The Poet**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Gonzalez**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Barbara Jay/Neville Dickie**
London Lambeth Town Hall: **Design For Living/Chevalier Bros/Big Combo/Go Fundamental/The Rhythm Men/Match Me Sidney/1000 Mexicans**
London Marquee Club: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **High Roller**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Joe Firth/Country Days**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Savage Progress/Kinder/Underworld**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Terry Lightfoot**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Dixiesand Cafe: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London Strand King's College: **The Dancing Did/Ritual**
London Victoria The Venue: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**
London Woolwich Clockhouse Community Centre: **Little Brother/Belinda Blanchard/Chris Cardale/Pete Murry/The Morris Minors & The Austin Sevens**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Vex**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Bone Structure/Strange Persuasion**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Red Beans & Rice**
Luton Strathmore Hotel: **One Blood/Crucial Music**
Maidenhead The Bell: **Larry Miller Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Divine Inspiration**
Manchester University Union: **Personal Column**
Newbury Arts Workshop: **The Joeys**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **King**
Newcastle Polytechnic Campus: **Rules Of Croquet**
Newcastle University: **Hanoi Rocks**
Newmarket Cabaret Club: **Del Shannon**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Dionne Warwick**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Alarm**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Redditch White Hart: **Twist**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Sisters Of Mercy**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Stafford College of Further Education: **Wrathchild**
Stamford The Scott Gate: **The Mr. Rons**
St. Helens Theatre Royal: **The Houghton Weavers**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Black Rose**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Linda Lewis**
Uxbridge Unit One: **The Mystery Girls/Dancing In The Ruins**
Wokingham Angie's: **The London Apaches**

saturday 21st

Aylesbury Friars: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
Banbury Arts Centre: **Gordon Giltrap**
Bedford College: **Ju Ju/Shake The Nation**
Birmingham Fantasy Club: **Pleasure & The Beast**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Farmlife/Virago**
Birmingham Odeon: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Birmingham Summerfield Park: **Weapon Of Peace**
Birmingham Triangle Arts Centre: **The Copy**
Bournemouth Maison Royal: **Morrokko**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Pete Bond**
Brighton The Kensington: **Rhythm Fringe**
Brighton Zap Club: **Birds With Ears/Mark Miwurdz/Roy Hutchins**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Spider/Raven**
Burton-on-Kendal Crowthorpe Hall: **Del Shannon**
Cambridge Isle Of Ely College: **The Nashville Teens**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **The Vibrators/Action Pact/Vicious Hamsters**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Diamond Back Rattlesnakes**
Cardiff Nero's: **Vicious Pink Phenomena**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Gypsy Roadhog**
Colne Francs: **The Laughing Clowns**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Monochrome Set**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Kind**
Dundee University: **China Crisis**
Durham Fowlers Yard Youth Project: **Redundants/No Label/UXB**
Edinburgh Moray House College: **Combo Vitto**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Robert Palmer**
Farnworth Blighty's: **The Tremeloes**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion: **Martha & The Muffins**
Gateshead Caedmon Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **JoBoxers**
Grimsby The Ice House: **Ralph McTell**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Miragi**
Hanley The Place: **Winston**
Henley-on-Thames Jolly Waterman: **Warm Snorkel**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Mystic Revelation**
Hull Dingwalls: **Roman Holliday**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **The Guest Stars**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Fugitive**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dale Hargreaves & The Flamingos**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Silent Routine**
Leven Golf Tavern: **Chaser**
London Blackheath Kidbrooke House: **Winter Trees/Peter Out/Malvinas Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **No Witnesses/Innerpropriates**
London Brixton The Ace: **Tokyo Olympics/Decent Assault**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Garage**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Limehouse**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dave Kelly Band/The D.T.'s**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose & Guests**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Fall/The Smiths**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **The Scene**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Stray/The Illusionz**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Electric Bluebirds/Time Dance/The Great Mistakes**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Larry Miller Band/Fugitive**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Buddy Guy-Junior Wells Blues Band/John Lee Hooker Band/Albert King Blues Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Kensington Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Barbara Jay/Neville Dickie**

CONTINUES OVER

London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Ray Warley/Dave Cliff/Steve Arguelles/Mick Hutton**
London Marquee Club: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
London Meanwhile Gardens (noon-6pm): **The Impossible Dreamers/The Nomadics**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Tim Bat/Some Like It Hot/Marsha Prescod/EEC**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bobby Fox & His Climax Band/Gulf Tides Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Sam Mitchell**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **June Tabor**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Stan Greig All-Star Swing Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Willie Cook/Brian Leake Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Franklin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Strand Dixiesand Cafe: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **The Popticians/John Agard/Anne Clark/Owen O'Neil**
London University Union: **Rose Collis/Chris Ransome/Bona Vista/Pink Noise/Eric Preland**
London Wembley Arena: **Rush**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Sexagisma/The Czechs**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Musawa & The Bush Masters/Idrah**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Hollywood Killers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Eric Clapton Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Dagarti**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Mr. Rons**
Manchester UMIST: **The Enid**
Manchester University Union: **Electric Jam**
Newcastle City Hall: **Uli Roth & Electric Sun/Pallas**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Natural Roots**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Max Boyce**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Saracen/Strange Brew**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Moontier**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Joshua**
Oxford The Original Swan: **The Directors**
Preston Guildhall: **Dionne Warwick**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Villains Four**
Retford Porterhouse: **Solstice/Pendragon**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Talisman/Stylee**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Sinatras**
St. Albans City Hall: **Magnum**
St. Helens Theatre Royal: **The Houghton Weavers**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Wrathchild**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Heritage Hall Stompers (lunchtime)/Tony Rose (evening)**
Whivenhaven Sir Nicholas Sokers Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Short Stories**

sunday 22nd

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Kajagoogoo**
Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **China Crisis**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rush**
Birmingham Odeon: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton The Richmond (lunchtime): **The Sleaze Team**
Brighton Sallis Bingley Hall: **Rick Mayall & Nigel Planer**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Cilla Black**
Chester Gateway Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The London Apaches (lunchtime)/Short Stories (evening)**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Uli Roth & Electric Sun/Twelfth Night**
Edinburgh Claremont Hotel: **The Story So Far/The Hedgehogs**
Fordsham Merseyview: **Del Shannon**
Glasgow Henry Afrika'a: **Combo Vitto**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park (open-air, free): **Chaser/China White/Glasgow/H20/The Dolphins/The Kissing Bandits/The Royal Family**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **JoBoxers**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Robert Palmer**
Harrogate The Centre: **The Tremeloes**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Kendal Leisure Centre: **The Drifters**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **Hanoi Rocks**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Eric Clapton Band**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Dionne Warwick**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Swamp Creatures**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Bossy Novas/Tebbits Bicycle**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Warm Front/Banned From Uncle**
London Finchley Torrington: **Cayenne**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **D'Rango Slang/The Shakers**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Alex Coborn Quintet**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Lemming Glass Co./Dancing In The Ruins**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Buddy Guy-Junior Wells Blues Band/John Lee Hooker Band/Albert King Blues Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **First Blood (lunchtime)/Jazz Sluts (evening)**
London Marquee Club: **The Vibrators**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Ken Barton Band (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Darts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Brass Impact Big Band (lunchtime)/Fred Hunt's All Stars (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jerry & Peter Sheppard**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Questions/Tracie/Vaughn Toulouse**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **June Tabor/Martin Simpson/Nigel Chippendale**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Tim Bat/Some Like It Hot/Marsha Prescod/EEC**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Eggy's Hot Shots**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Alarm/The Daze**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Kissing The Pink**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Witney Palace: **Spider/Raven**
Paisley Town Hall: **Twisted Nerve/Learning Italian/Friends Again/Shoot The Moon/Dear Me/Big George/The Recognitions/Man At The Window**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Legend (lunchtime)/Helen Shapiro (evening)**
Peterlee New Town Football Club: **The Reptiles**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Chartists**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Frank Ifield**
Reading Fives Bar (lunchtime): **The Directors**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Gordon Giltrap**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Linda Lewis**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Alexei Sayle**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Little Sister**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Nashville Teens**

monday 23rd

Accrington Lar De Dars: **Del Shannon**
Bangor Theatre Gwynedd: **Neil Innes**
Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **The Tremeloes**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **Dionne Warwick**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Hannibal Marvin Peterson Quintet**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Barflies**
Hull Dingwalls: **Jelly Fish Kiss/Cold Dance**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Robert Palmer**
London Acton Town Hall: **Soldiers Of Fortune**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Finish The Story**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton The Ace: **Chris & Cosey/Portion Control**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Reckless Pedestrians/Beasts In Suits/Peking Opera**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Kissing The Pink**
London Charing Cross The Invisibles: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Re-Set/Splash**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny Hartman/Brian Dee Trio (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Blow Monkeys/Ghost**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Aquilla/Scaramouche**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Throwing Stones/The Academic Hamiltons**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Uli Roth & Electric Sun/Pallas**
London Highgate Earth Exchange: **Culture Shock**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Slipstream**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Adelaide Hall with Michael Garrick & Guests (until Saturday)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **L'Age D'Or**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pete Brown-Ian Lynn Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bert Jansch Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London Stratford Green Man: **Damage/Vin Ordinaire**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Journey Through**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **The Mystery Girls**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **T.34**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Club 204**
Mansfield Folk House: **Riot Squad**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Alarm**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Peneridge 4 C's Club: **Sub Zero**
Plymouth The Roxy: **The Works**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Improvised Music Ensemble**
Scunthorpe The Berkeley: **Hanoi Rocks**
Southend Zero Six: **Spider/Raven**
Spennymoor Recreation Centre: **Black Rose**
Stockport Red Lion: **Matrix**
Stroud Strode Theatre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Sunderland Annabel's: **Rules Of Croquet**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Tamworth Polesworth W.M.C.: **Marche**
Thatcham Silks: **Solstice**
Watford Bailey's: **Linda Lewis (until Saturday)**
Wolverhampton The Arches: **Two Fingered Approach**

tuesday 24th

Belfast Maysfield Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Birmingham Odeon: **Robert Palmer**
Bolton Jubilee Centre: **The Houghton Weavers**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Bristol Locarno: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Bristol New Vic: **Ekome**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Radio Sweat Band**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Hanoi Rocks**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Reactors**
Edinburgh Ingliston Royal Highland Exhibition Centre: **Rush**
Hull Dingwalls: **Magnum**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Roy Hutchins/John Hegley/Podomoffski/The Popticians**
Leamington Spa Centre: **Twist**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pickwick's: **Now Is The Time To Forget The Whimpering/Child Become The Warrior/Islands Of Dance?/Club 204**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Jamie Rowan**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Moving Hearts**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Poorboys**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tontons Macoute**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Amazing Aunt May Dance Band/TNT**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Stax Bodene & The Horizontals/The Walkie Talkies**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Mob and Guests (upstairs)/Small World and Boobies (downstairs)**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Warm Front/Modern Dance Band**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Danny & The NoGoodniks**
London Leicester-Square The Tribe: **Bone Orchard**
London Marquee Club: **Zaine Griff**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Limehouse**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Spain**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **King Kurt**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Jools Holland & His Big Pianists**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Strand Dixiesand Cafe: **Brian White's Magna Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Men At Work**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Soldiers Of Fortune/Dormannu**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Atazoa**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Dislocation Dance**
Newcastle City Hall: **Kajagoogoo**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **UK Subs**
Nottingham Rock City: **JoBoxers**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Generator**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Harlem Spirit**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
York Oscar's Wine Bar: **Le Lu-Lu's**

wednesday 25th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Segue**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford "1 in 12" Club at Tickles: **The Word/Age Of Change/Ricky**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Alarm**
Bristol University: **Kissing The Pink**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Socialites**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **The Drifters**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Bromley Blues Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Kajagoogoo**
Dublin Frances Xavier Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: **I.Q.**
Edinburgh Ingliston Royal Highland Exhibition Centre: **Rush**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Dionne Warwick**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **Hot Quisine**
Glenrothes YMCA: **The Active**
Hanley The Vine: **Riot Squad**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Roger Wood**
Hull Dingwalls: **Martha & The Vandellas**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Adrian Mitchell/Nick Toczek**
Kingston The Grove: **The Nashville Teens**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds University: **Robert Palmer**
Leicester The Horsefair: **The Gymslips**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **The Remarkable Family**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Moving Hearts**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Fake Club**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Blue Cats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Remipeds/Square Department**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Flying Pigs**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wild About Harry**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Iron Maiden/Grand Prix**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Poorboys**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Terraplane**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E-Types**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pete Corrigan's Band Of Hope**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Willie Cook/Bill Greenow/Brian Leake Trio (until Saturday)**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Southern Comfort**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Men At Work**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Mink DeVille**
Loughborough University: **JoBoxers**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Neil Innes**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson**
Minehead Butlins: **Del Shannon**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **China Crisis**
New Romney Seahorse: **Beatles For Sale**
Nottingham Rock City: **Hanoi Rocks**
Nottingham The Asylum: **Cloud Nine**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Perranporth Ponsmere Hotel: **The Works**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Rochdale Nell Rackley: **Pressure**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Magnum**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Guest Stars**
Southampton Park Hotel: **Unicorn**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockport Red Lion: **Italian Shoes**
Stockport The Smugglers: **UK Subs**
Sutton Secombe Centre: **Julie Felix**
Swindon Solitaire: **The Calling**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

Tour News CONTINUED

CHRIS & COSEY play their first UK date in over two years next Monday (23) when they headline at London Brixton Ace, supported by Portion Control. This ties in with the release of the duo's first single on Rough Trade, 'October (Love Song)'/'Little Houses' — the A-side relates their own story of how they first met, and there are two extra alternative versions of it on the 12-inch format.

CLOCK DVA have set three dates to coincide with the release of their new album 'Advantage' — at Nottinghem Asylum (May 27), Norwich East Anglia University (29) and London Charing Cross Heaven (30) — and more will follow shortly.

GLENN BRANCA, the American guitarist and composer, plays his first London dates for five years at Hammersmith Riverside Studio on May 27, 28 and 29. This coincides with the release of his new album by Les Disques du Crepuscule — titled 'Symphony No. 3', it features an orchestra of 14 guitars.

SHRIEKBACK, whose new single 'Working On The Ground' is released by Y Records this weekend, will now have both Maximum Joy and Urban Shakedown in their previously reported show at London Camden Electric Ballroom on June 11. The date was originally intended to co-star Jah Wobble, but he's had to withdraw owing to commitments in the States — and anyone who has bought tickets specially to see Wobble can obtain a cash refund, if desired.

CHAS & DAVE are to play a special charity concert at London Victoria Palace on Sunday, June 5, from which all proceeds will go to the Save The Children Fund for Ethiopian Relief. Others who've agreed to join them in the show include Richard Digance, Mike Berry and Jim Davidson. Tickets are priced £10, £8 and £6.

DAVID BOWIE fans who haven't been able to get tickets for his UK concerts may like to know that Mead Gould Promotions, the Essex company, still have tickets for his Cologne gig on June 15. It's a package deal involving travel, concert tickets and hotel accommodation, costing £68 — which is less than the black market prices some touts are asking for his British shows. Phone Deborah McCabe on 0702 353533 for more details.

LARRY MILLER — the new name for the trio now that the word 'Band' has been dropped — add more dates to their early summer tour at Reading Target Club (June 16), Wokingham Angie's (19), Guildford Wooden Bridge (30), St. Ives Manchester Arms (July 1), Cambridge Burleigh Arms (2) and Gt. Chesterford Station Club (3).

HEY! ELASTICA play Bannockburn Tamdhu (June 1), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (2), Ayr Darlington Hotel (3), Edinburgh Moray House College (4), Arbroath Smokies (5), Sheffield Limit (7), Manchester Hacienda (9) and Retford Porterhouse (10). This is the first leg of a June tour by the outfit, the second leg to be announced shortly. They've just completed work on their debut Virgin album, tenatively titled 'In On The Off Beat'.

RESPOND POSSE tour — featuring Tracie, The Questions and Vaughn Toulouse, and now joined on the last few days by latest Respond signing Craze — has added a further two dates to its schedule. They are at Belfast Queen's University (May 28) and Exeter University (30).

PAUL BRADY, the noted Irish singer and composer, has been added to Eric Clapton's current British dates as special guest. He'll be appearing completely solo, and featuring material from his new album 'True For You', released by 21 Records (through Polydor) on May 27.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH's concert at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on July 9, for which postal booking details were given last week, now has a number of ticket outlets for personal callers — NEC Box-Office and Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Records (Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme), HMV (Wolverhampton and Leicester), Way Ahead (Nottingham and Derby) and Coventry Apollo Theatre.

GEORGE MELLY continues promoting his new PRT album 'Makin' Whopee' at Sheffield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Gateshead Caedmon Hall (Saturday), Chester Gateway Theatre (Sunday), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (May 25), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (29) and Dudley Town Hall (30).

SEVEN BANDS feture in event called 'The Magnificent 7 Showdown' at London Lambeth Town Hall tomorrow (Friday) from 8.30pm to 3am — they are Design For Living, The Chevalier Brothers, The Big Combo, Go Fundamental, The Rhythm Men, Match Me Sidney and 1000 Mexicans. Tickets for £2 from Lambeth Amenity Services or any Lambeth library.

THE TREMELOES celebrate their 20th anniversary this year, and still maintain their original line-up of Alan Blakley, Dave Munden, Chip Hawkes and Rick West. They'll have a new single out next month, prior to which they play Oswestry Victoria Rooms (tonight, Thursday), Farnworth Blighty's (Friday and Saturday), Harrogate Centre (Sunday), Birmingham Tower Ballroom (May 23), London Strand Lyceum (26), Nottingham Commodore (27), Leicester Coasters (28) and Warrington Parr Hall (29). The Lyceum date, in which Del Shannon also appears, is a charity show in aid of Stuart Henry's Multiple Sclerosis Society Appeal.

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plus support
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WILD WILLY BARRETT

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PRECIOUS LITTLE IDOLS
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FULL BAR £2.00
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FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Wednesday 18th May
SECRET SEVEN
Friday 20th May
FIRST YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY
Saturday 21st May
SURPRISE SATURDAY
Tuesday 24th & Wednesday 25th May
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Thursday 26th May
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Sunday 22nd May	DANCE HALL STYLE	£1.00
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The Rockgarden entertainment

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THE THREE JOHNS
Thu 19: "One of the best bands in Leeds today," reported NME. Comparisons," the paper went on, "range from The Doors to The Mekons, PIL and early Skids."

A night of jazz & jump jive with:
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TV's are would-be Dukes in tux and bow ties four-handedly promoting the 'Rebirth of the Cool'. Said Sounds: "dig it!"

Doo-wop and gospel harmonies from:
14 KARAT SOUL
Sat 21 "Excellent American black acappella gospel-soul troupe," said Time Out ....

Sun 22: Warm Front + Banned From Uncle

Mon 23: Re-Set + Splash

Modern street pop with:
TONIONS MACOUTE
Tue 24 Behind what is to some a disagreeable name, this Sheffield act blend different styles with a texture all its own & manage to be hard & rhythmic without loss of melody.

The FAKE CLUB
Wed 25: Music & events. From 10pm to 3am. Admission £3.00

Poetry & fiery verses from:
Joolz & NEW MODEL ARMY
Thu 26: Joolz delivers her own-wave poetry, a "potent mix of humour, politics & aggression" Time Out. NMA are "the fizz & intelligence of The Buzzcocks, the cascading pop of the Skids or Banshees." NME.

music venue:- IS OPEN 8-00P.M. till about 2-00A.M. MON. THRU. THURSDAY - 8-00P.M. till 3-00A.M. FRIDAY & SATURDAY AND 7-30P.M. till 12.MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY. SET TIMES ARE USUALLY 10P.M. & 11P.M. - WEEKENDS IT'S 30mins. LATER - IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO PHONE BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFIRM THE ABOVE INFO! THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OVER - **restaurant:-** OPENS 12-00 MIDDAY till 2-00A.M. MON to WEDNESDAY - TILL 3-30A.M. ON THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND UNTIL MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY **note:-** YOU GET UP TO **60% off** ADMISSION TO DOWN-STAIRS IF YOU EAT FIRST IN OUR RESTAURANT - WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING AND JAMES STs. OLD COVENT GARDEN. WC2.

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SAT 21	DAVE KELLY BAND
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TUES 24	FALSE IDOLS. THE EXCITERS. PLUS..
WED 25	JAZZ FUNK NIGHT STICKY STUFF
THUR 26	HERE & NOW
WED 1	MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
THUR 2 FRI 3	SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET
WED 8	Dr. FEELGOOD

NEWCASTLE
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THUR 19	★ JOHN ★ COOPER ~CLARKE
FRI 20	KING
SAT 21	NATURAL ROOTS
MON 23	THE ALARM
TUES 24	U.K. SUBS
WED 25	EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
THUR 26	MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
FRI 27	THE TRUTH

HULL
38 46 George St. Hull Tel. 0482 20048

THUR 19	The DANCING DID
FRI 20	MOSSELLE
SAT 21	ROMAN HOLIDAY
TUES 24	MAGNUM

HULL

WED 25	MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
THUR 26	THE TRUTH
SAT 28	SERIOUS DRINKING
THUR 2	★ JOHN ★ COOPER ~CLARKE

BRISTOL
The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol. Tel. 0272 294312

THUR 19	MONOCHROME SET
FRI 20	THE WILD BEASTS
SAT 21	SPIDER
WED 25	THE ALARM
THUR 26	CLINT EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT
FRI 27	JUICE ON THE LOOSE
	— COMING SOON —
WED 1	SUGAR MINOTT
THUR 2	MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS

SHEFFIELD
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FRI 20	SISTERS OF MERCY
SAT 21	TALISMAN
WED 25	MAGNUM
THUR 26	LONDON COWBOYS THE GYMSLIPS
FRI 27	SERIOUS DRINKING
WED 1	GIRLSCHOOL
THUR 2	Dr. FEELGOOD

GLASTONBURY C.N.D FESTIVAL 1983

17th.18th.19th. JUNE. WORTHY FARM, PILTON, SHEPTON MALLET, SOMERSET.

CURTIS MAYFIELD: THE BEAT: JAMES BROWN: MARILLION: JIMMY CLIFF: TOM PAXTON: UB40: FUN BOY THREE: DR. JOHN: KING SUNNY ADE: INCANTATION: MOVING HEARTS: MELANIE: ASWAD: DENIS BROWN: THE ENID: ALEXEI SAYLE: ALEXIS KORNER: JEAN-PHILLIPE RYKIEL: A CERTAIN RATIO: THE CHIEFTAINS: BLACK ROOTS: THE FARM BAND: KEVIN BROWN:

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Three-day advance tickets at **£12.00** each are available by post from: **C.N.D. 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ**. Please make cheques payable to: **Glastonbury C.N.D. Festival** and please enclose an S.A.E. For credit card bookings ring Keith Prowse on **01 836 2184**.
Tickets are also available to personal callers from the following outlets:-

London: C.N.D. Bookshop, 227 Seven Sisters Rd.
London: Branches of London Theatre Bookings.
London: Branches of Kieth Prowse.
Birmingham: Cyclops Sounds, 8 Picadilly Arcade.
Bristol: Revolver Records, Berkeley Cres. 299105.
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Glastonbury: Gothic Image, 7 High St. 31453.
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Bath: Music Market, 4 Barton Street.
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TUESDAY 28th JUNE
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FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

POETRY OLYMPICS

Adrian Mitchell, Heathcote Williams, Benjamin Zephaniah, R D Laing, Michael Horovitz, Liliane Lijn and many more.
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Bubble Theatre Tent
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PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE
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PLUS THE SANTERS PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS Stampede

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cash buffet bar to 11.00
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New Malden roundabout
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FAMILY RICO

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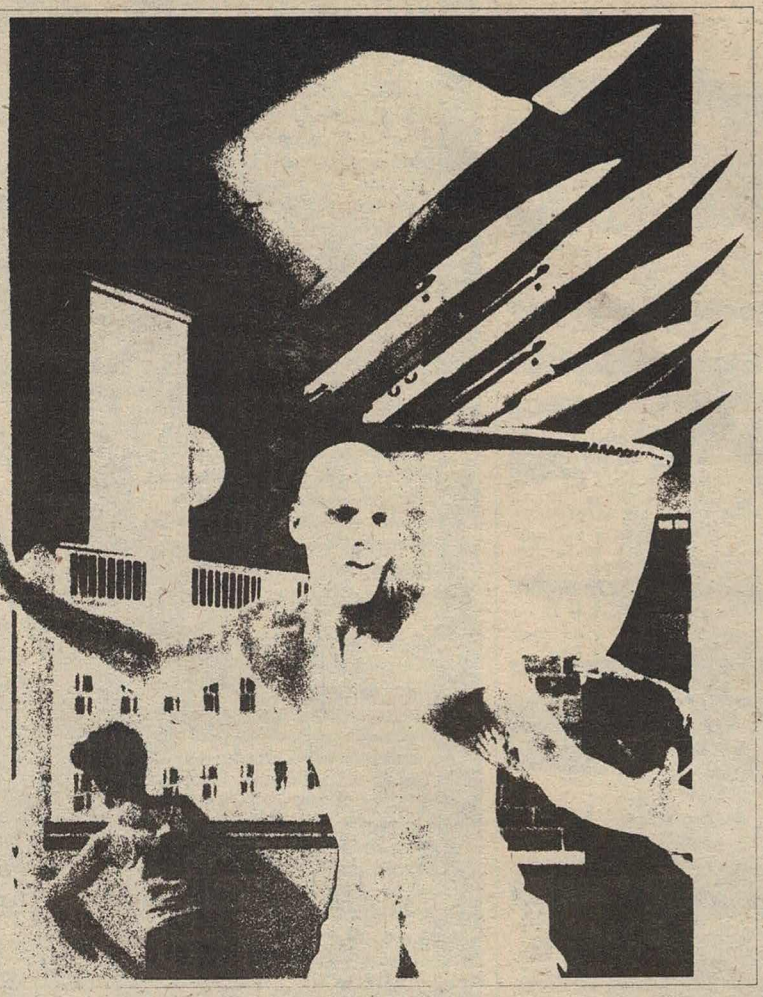
Tel: 01-836 7132

A CND BENEFIT

MIDNIGHT OIL



LYCEUM, STRAND

TUES. 31st MAY at 7.30 pm.

SPECIAL GUESTS *THE EUROPEANS*

TICKETS: £3.50 (Inc.VAT) from Lyceum Box Office, Tel: 836 3715 LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse, Albermarle (Subject to booking fee) (NO UNDER-18's ADMITTED)

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175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD. W.6

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+ The Illusions
Sunday 22nd May
D'RANGO SLANG
+ Steve Hooker's Shakers
Monday 23rd May £1.25
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+ TNT
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KAHUNA DREAM (The Remipeds)
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Trent Poly S.U. with Nottm C.C.

Leisure Services Presents
A PEACE CONCERT
Featuring
CURTIS MAYFIELD
Plus Special Guests
NO TIGERS
Friday 17th June
Starting 7.30pm
At The
ROYAL CONCERT HALL
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Tickets available from the Victoria Box office and The Royal Center Box office, price £3.00, £4.00 + £5.00 for further information phone Nottm 46725

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Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

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BARNEY'S 50'S DISCO
Friday 20th May £1.50
SWERVE
+ The Modern Dance Band
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LARRY MILLER BAND
+ Fugitive
Sunday 22nd May £1.00
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+ Dancing In The Ruins
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THROWING STONES
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+ Boobies
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WILD ABOUT HARRY
+ Support
Real Ale Served 7.30pm — 11.00pm

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Of Students presents
PAUL WELLER'S RESPOND PACKAGE
with TRACIE
THE QUESTIONS
VAUGHN TOULOUSE
THE CRAZE
EXETER UNIVERSITY GREAT HALL
Monday 30th May 7.30pm. Tickets £2.75 or £3.25 on the door from usual outlets or by cheque with SAE. From Exeter University, Devonshire House, Stocker Road, Exeter.
BANK HOLIDAY SPECIAL

Kennedy Street Enterprises Ltd.
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RUSH

in concert

Wembley Arena

MAY 17, 18, 20, 21 at 7.30pm.

Tickets £6.00, £5.00

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INGLISTON, EDINBURGH

May 24th & 25th at 7.30pm. All tickets £5.00

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TWO THOUSAND AND ONE, AYR
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LITTLE RIVER BAND

Plus Special Guests CHRIS REA

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MCP presents

Robert Palmer

Plus Guests **Silent Running**

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MCP presents

motorhead
ANOTHER PERFECT TOUR

Plus Special Guests **ANVIL**

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Tickets £5.00 £4.50 £4.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081 LTB Keith Prowse Premier & Albermarle

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HEAVY METAL ROCK EXTRAVAGANZA
Sherwood Rooms — Nottingham
Friday 3rd June (7.30pm—2.00am)
Late Bar

BUDGIE
LIMELIGHT
SHYWOLFE : HELL
Graham Neale's Radio Trent Castle Rock Show
Tickets £3 (or pay at door) available from SELECTA DISC — REVOLVER — WAY AHEAD — VIC BOX — SHERWOOD ROOMS

THE IDIOT BALLROOM COMMITTEE
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THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS
+ **THE NOMADICS**
Saturday 21st May
12 Mid-Day — 6.00pm
Free Concert
at Meanwhile Gardens, W9

Metro
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE
MANCHESTER
061-330 1993

Monday 30th May — Tickets £3.00
MAGNUM
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JoBOXERS
Tuesday 7th June — £3.00 Adv
GIRLSCHOOL
Monday 30th May — £3.00 Adv
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ROCK CITY
Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm—2am

Tuesday 24th May — £3.00 Adv
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Wednesday 25th May — £2.50 Adv
HANOI ROCKS
Tuesday 31st May — £3.00 Adv
MAGNUM
Wednesday 1st June — £3.00 Adv
CHINA CRISIS
Monday 13th June — £2.00 Adv
MIDNIGHT OIL
+ THE EUROPEANS
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Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office. Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords & Way Ahead Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Mirage, Leicester. The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

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Thursday May 19th
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT
Friday May 20th
THE ENID
+ GOTHIQUE
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ULI ROTH'S
(Of Scorpions)
ELECTRIC SUN
+ TWELFTH NIGHT
Tickets from Box Office, F.L. Moores, Record City, Luton, Classical Rock, Harpenden, Record Room, St Albans, E.G.E. Watford 42493 or on door (Cheques South Beds District Council with SAE.)

CITY HALL ST ALBANS
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MAGNUM
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Respond Posse
FEATURING
THE QUESTIONS
TRACIE
PLUS
D.J. VAUGHN TOULOUSE
and GUEST APPEARANCE of **Chris Free and Lucy Barron**
SUNDAY
22nd MAY 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 FROM BOX OFFICE (01 836 3715) & USUAL AGENTS

WHITSUN COPY DATES

ALL ADVERTS FOR 4th JUNE ISSUE, MUST BE RECEIVED BY 12.00, FRIDAY 27th MAY.

F □ R □ I □ D □ G □ E

THURS 19th May
Mems £1.50
Guests £2.00
Doors 8 — 12
PREDICTION
+ FONTANA MIX

FRI 20th May
Mems £2.00
Guests £3.00
Doors 9 — 2am
U . S
DJ 'J'

SAT 21st May
Mems £2.00
Guests £3.00
Doors 9 — 2am
GARAGE
DJ ROCK A CHA JAY

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Harvey Goldsmith in Association with Capital Radio
presents at
Wembley Arena

An evening with
CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
Monday 11th, Tuesday 12th & Wednesday 13th July
8.00 pm

	£8.80	£7.80	No. of tickets
Crosby Stills & Nash			
July 11th			
12th			
13th			

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOTAL £ _____
Prices include 30p booking fee

Application for tickets by post to CSN Box Office, R.S. Tickets, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Cheques/PO's payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd. Enclose SAE. Write date and price preferred on reverse of application envelope.
New Crosby Stills & Nash album ALLIES out soon on WEA.

Celebrate the 10th anniversary of 'Tubular Bells' with
Mike Oldfield
& Guests
Friday 22nd July
8.00 pm

	£6.80	£5.80	No. of tickets
Mike Oldfield			
July 22nd			

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOTAL £ _____
Prices include 30p booking fee

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New Mike Oldfield album CRISES out on Virgin.

NEW For a special concert/travel package, giving extra discounts on British Rail throughout the UK, ring St Albans (0727) 34475.

SILVER SCREEN

THE

The central trilogy of the nine-part *Star Wars* cycle is now complete. As the world prepares for the release of *Return Of The Jedi* and George Lucas starts to think about the first three parts, Richard Cook talks to Richard Marquand and finds out how a comparative unknown landed the cinema industry's plum directing job.

Jedi pix, left to right: rebel military leader Ackbar the Mon Calamari; baddie Boba Sett battling with Luke Skywalker on board the skiff; director Richard Marquand beside the Panaflex; Salacious Crumb, observer at the court of Jabba The Hutt (the villain of the piece); a Gamorrean guard outside the throne room of Jabba The Hutt.

CODENAME: THE SPLATTER

Codename: The Soldier
DIRECTOR: James Glickenhaus
STARRING: Ken Wahl, Alberta Watson, Klaus Kinski (Rank)

Tenebrae
DIRECTOR: Dario Argenta
STARRING: Tony Franciosa (Anglo American)

Xtro
DIRECTOR: Harry Bromley Davenport
STARRING: Nobody in particular (New Realm)

THE POOR old splatter movie's been having a hard time of things recently, what with the bigoted pronouncements of self-elected moral guardians and sundry other "interested" parties.

Most of these parties' interests only lie in using splatter as part of some political equation of their own devising, which is why precious few of them bother to actually *watch* what they condemn. When one reads, for instance, an article in last week's *Time Out* saying that "Anyone who has even a passing acquaintance with the peculiarly nasty videos like *Driller Killer*, which blatantly associate sex with the mutilation of women, must have some sympathy with the argument that such glorification of violence should be legally controlled", one can only assume that by "passing acquaintance", the author of the piece means that she once passed by a video club which stocked the film.

(For the record, *Driller Killer* is a fairly innocuous, mildly amusing piece of pulp whose main offense lies in that it is possibly the worst *made* movie of all time. It does NOT "associate sex with the mutilation of women" Okay?)

Given such travails, it's a pity the makers of splatter movies don't strengthen their case by making better pictures; for every Romero, Carpenter, Cronenberg or Craven there are at least a dozen lesser lights pouring fake blood over fake wounds and calling the result a movie.

James Glickenhaus is a case in point. His first feature, *The Exterminator,* was dross, but big-gross dross, especially over the video counter. His second, *Codename: The Soldier,* is even worse, and will probably make even more money. Glickenhaus is a man who likes blowing things up in slow motion, despite lacking the instinctive poetic sensibility or sheer cinematic skill of a George Miller, not to mention the budget; and if he can't find any trucks to dynamite, he'll bide his time with a torso or two, though even in this department, he has an uncanny knack of making his effects look like effects rather than wounds.

It's quite impossible to follow the stupidly convoluted plot — which seems to lie somewhere in the tried and trussed-up area of 007/SAS/Imminent Nuclear Holocaust shenanigans — largely because Glickenhaus prefers to spend his time with a series of set-pieces (bomb preparations, ski chases, car chases, things blowing up) than with sorting out incidentals like coherence and continuity. Such things he leaves to the dialogue, which consists mostly of characters telling each other — but mainly the audience — what's happening. Except, of course, when they're saying things like "The world as we know it could end!" (Honest injun!)

One of several skin diseases encountered in Xtro.

The best thing about *Codename: The Soldier* is the Tangerine Dream soundtrack. I think that says a lot about the picture.

Talking of soundtracks, one of Dario Argento's few claims to fame is the music to Romero's *Dawn Of The Dead*, the aptheosis of splatter. Apart from that, he's best known as the director of *Suspiria,* something of a cult classic amongst fans of Gothic Splatter Italian Style.

***Tenebrae*, it's safe to say, will not echo that success. A tired knife-maniac flick set in modern-day Rome, it demonstrates what can happen when outlandish Italian style — so dazzling in the hands of Bertolucci, Rosi or the Tavianis — falls into the hands of an inept, unimaginative director. Here are silly sets, wobbly point-of-view camerawork, and absurd, utterly pointless crane shots up the side of buildings, onto the roof, and back down the side into a window.**

Here also are some of the worst actors ever to grace the screen with their presence; I mean, we know Italian movies generally favour techniques over acting, but that's no excuse for letting Tony Franciosa star in your movie, is it now?

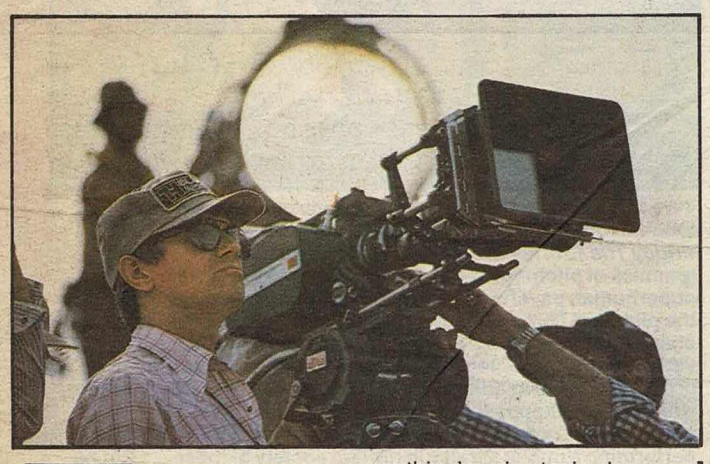
Let's not forget, though, that the British can do this kind of thing just as badly as anyone else. *Xtro*, a little charmer publicised on the highly original premise that "Not all Extra-Terrestrials are friendly", flaunts its low-budget origins like some kind of seal of splatter quality, dispensing, like Glickenhaus, with outmoded concepts like continuity, and using actors that, for all I know, are already signed to do the next Argento flick.

The effects — which are the only things that matter here — kick off with the birth of a full-grown adult "human", and go on to include an interesting range of lumpy skin diseases.

Cult status is probably assured...

Andy Gill

MYTH OF IT ALL!



THE FIRST thing that strikes you about Richard Marquand, the director of *Return Of The Jedi*, is his uncanny resemblance to...Harrison Ford!

I didn't question him about any possible embarrassment over being a ringer for your star performer (we Richards stick together), but the youngish Welsh-born director proved a friendly and talkative host for a discussion on the latest episode of what is a movie industry on its own, the *Star Wars* cycle.

As the business limbers up for a summer of megabusters — including *Superman III* and two helpings of Bondage — nothing's going to ring box office registers louder than the third part of Lucasfilm's supercharged epic; and here's a largely unknown man (responsible only for *The Legacy* and *Eye Of The Needle* in the cinema) at the helm of '83's most prestigious celluloid. What gives?

"It's partly down to that modest track record that I got the job", he suggests. "I don't think George (Lucas) wanted to go the route of using an older and experienced man. I'd shown that I could get a lot of films made on a tight budget with my TV work, and costs can get away from you so easily on a big budget. In the end we brought it in for $32½ million, which is pretty well what it was budgeted at.

"Still an awful lot of money, but I think that your ticket money really will give you a good time at the movies!"

Marquand can't disguise the enthusiastic pride in his film. Producer Lucas picked him from an enormous list of possibles, partly because of his genuine enthusiasm for the previous space shoot-outs and partly for an inbuilt skill at interpreting scripts. Marquand likes a clean, prepared screenplay, and that must have suited the basically terse and orderly themes of Lucas' project vert smartly.

"My attitude was to interpret and put it on the screen as best as I can. Producers always risk hiring *murderers* as directors! I'ts significant that I'm the one real change for George. We have the same composer, writer, same actors...

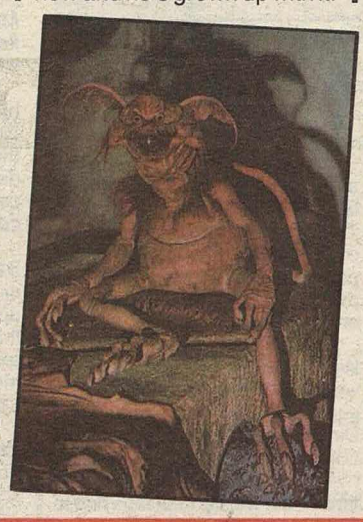
"What's good about working with George is he understands a director's needs but recognises that he has to be left alone too — which is something that not many producers can do. He's always available but he stands back."

One of the intentions was to bring a deeper emotional quality to the *'Wars* troupe — a problematic task, given the somewhat unShakespearean characteristics of Messrs Skywalker and Solo. How did that work out?

"It wasn't easy. You can do more than in, say, *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, where there isn't *time* for character. I think there is a whole element of *Star Wars* that is about the relationship of characters. The generation who've grown up with it must have been overwhelmed by the myth of it all at first, and I think that those young people will be at an age now where they will start to care more about relationships. And we've tried to put as much of that in *Jedi* as possible."

Truly, the stuff of movie grandeur — a series of films that charts the age cycle of an entire generation!

"Very much so. My son's 18 now and he's grown up with it.



There's a whole audience *waiting to find out what happens next*. People do write constantly to ask, was Darth Vader lying? Is Princess Leia going to fall for Luke or Han Solo?"

So he wasn't worried that a third instalment might prove too much?

"Oh yes, I was worried," he admits. "And I am expecting that from critics. But having put the film together I think, objectively, that people will be surprised. I think it does have an incredible richness."

Did he find his extensive TV work (*Cameron's Country, Search For The Nile*) a useful primer or a hindrance?

"I was lucky. I got to travel doing documentaries and I could observe how ordinary people worked and behaved, and I wasn't stuck to static television drama. I got the good bits from television."

Then how did he cope with the experience of such a vast project as *Jedi*?

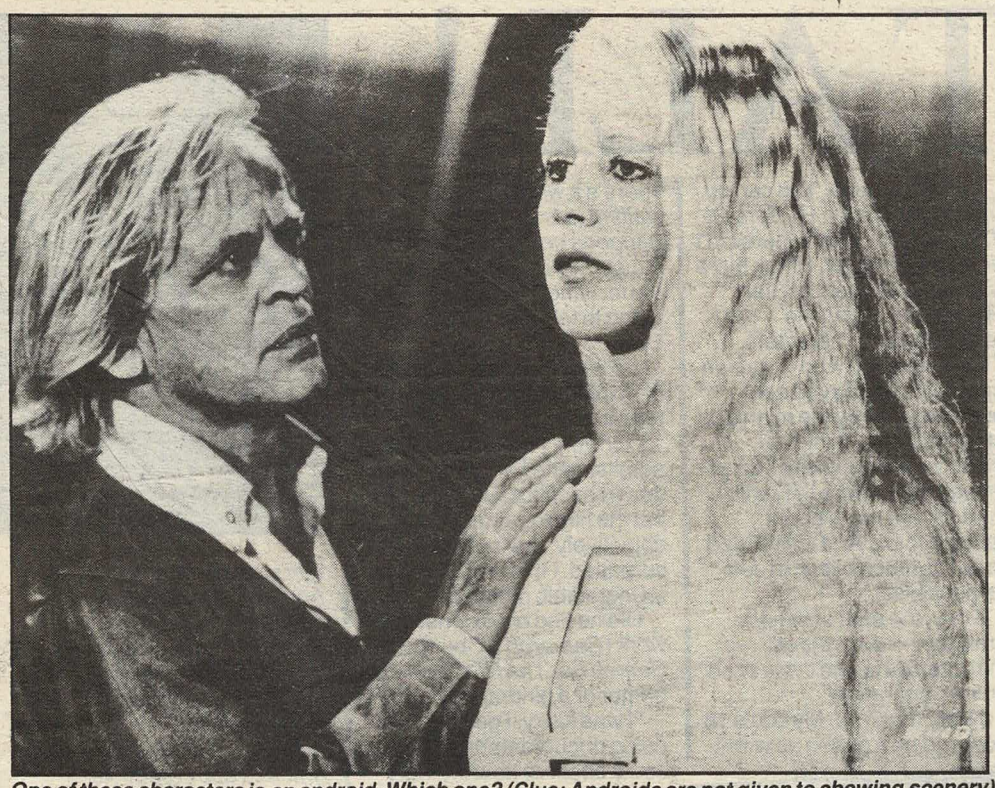
"The work load was enormous," he grins. "Even before you've stepped on to the sutdio floor and spoken to an actor. Then you've got problems like R2-D2 blowing up and throwing schizophrenic storms...but actually, when it boils down to it, you're still looking through a square hole and photographing people who

feel strongly about something. And you hope to do it as well as you can. You're still just making a movie. You don't tend to get lost, because everything is ingrained in pain on your retina!"

Although we share a mutual grumble about sequels, Marquand has optimistic words for the future.

"We'll see a very exciting time ahead. A lot of films are going to be made cheaply and fast as the major studios crumble and there'll be opportunities for many new, young film-makers who are able to work on tight budgets."

His own next picture? A love story, *Until September*, with Karen Allen from *Raiders*. "Very small, very economical!" Meantime, on your



One of these characters is an android. Which one? (Clue: Androids are not given to chewing scenery).

HAMS IN SPACE!

Android

DIRECTOR: Aaron Lipstadt
STARRING: Don Opper, Klaus Kinski, Brie Howard (Miracle)

LAST WEEK Andy Warhol achieved one of his art's greatest ambitions: he posed for the Andy-roid, a $400,000 lookalike robot executed by electro-technician Alvaro Villa for a Hollywood producer's stage play.

Andy's techno-twin ate up 1,000 feet of pneumatic tubing and polyurethane skin, and it looks uncannily like the original which inspired it . . . the guy who took in spaghetti cans, Jackie O and The Ronettes, then gave them lovingly back as icons of plentiful meaning.

Andy has a lot in common with Max — the innocent, indentured android of this film's title. Max may be stuck out in space as the servant of born-again blonde fascist Dr Daniel (Klaus Kinski), but during those long hours out there in Ultima Thule, he studies the images of things he'd like to fully understand: supermarkets, sex movies, Donna Reed's physiognomy, Sergio Leone scores (courtesy Fibonacci) and James Brown singing 'It's A Man's Man's Man's World'.

Then, one day, it seems as if a conduit for his dreams has finally materialised when a maverick spacecraft docks for repairs. Especially as it's piloted by three space hoods — including Maggie, the first woman Max has ever set eyes on.

Max can't see Maggie as the straight screen descendant of *Alien's* heroine, but she's endowed with sufficient humanity to spark off romance amid the mechanical when he manages to pop the vital question 'Have you ever been to Chicago?'. The way Don Opper packs that phrase with all the pent-up wistfulness of a lifetime spent stranded Out There, looking and listening to only echoes of Earth's Pop, is just part of the entirely winning performance which grounds this enjoyable epic.

Another masterpiece of New World modesty, it was shot in four weeks under the production supervision of Roger Corman. Director Aaron Lipstadt started out to make a rock and roll movie ("all of a sudden we had this thriller, but we still kept referring to it as 'the rock and roll movie'; music was central to its development") which would deal, behind the scenes, with themes of power and control.

These are the cables through which *Android* is charged: it studies the power dealt out by sexuality, by physical strength and by knowledge. ("Everyone on the production team," says Lipstadt, "had a vaguely liberal or left-wing point of view, but we tried to make a genre movie, not an abstract political statement.")

Upfront, all is gentle jokes and references galore — they range from *Dark Star* and *Metropolis* to *It's a Wonderful Life* and *Assault On Precinct 13* — as Daniels' plot to create the inevitable super-Aryan cybernaut mistress is unmasked. Son of *TRON* maybe, but delightful video-age viewing, spearheaded by Kinski's concise cartoon portrait of the evil which walketh in polyester scientist suits. Don't miss it.

Cynthia Rose

Confidence

DIRECTOR: Istvan Szabo
STARRING: Ildiko Bansagi, Peter Andorai (Cinegate)

AS 1944 draws to a close, the Russians advance towards Budapest. The Gestapo and Hungary's own fascists intensify their efforts to extirpate the Resistance, forcing many into hiding under assumed identities. *Confidence* recounts how a man and a woman, previously unknown to each other, are flung together and adopt the guise of a married couple just arrived in the capital after fleeing from the front.

Confidence was made in Hungary in 1980, but only now gets release in Britain on the strength of its successor in the Szabo canon, *Mephisto*. The latter became a major art-house hit, re-interpreting the Faust legend as the tale of a hack actor who rises to prominence with Nazi patronage in the early years of the Third Reich. Its deliciously decadent milieu and Klaus Maria Brandauer's brilliant central performance blinded many to *Mephisto's* faults; much of it was flat, heavy-handed and self-indulgent.

Szabo had overreached himself there, but not with *Confidence*. Under tight control throughout and subtle in every detail, it is an altogether more persuasive film than its celebrated successor.

Directing from his own script, Szabo once more deals with the dilemmas facing flotsam caught up in momentous events. Though they present extremes of experience, his dramas serve as metaphors for everyday life; *Confidence* is no exception.

Janos (Peter Andorai) has a lifelong instinct for dissembling. The one time he put his trust in someone else, he was betrayed. And now, though circumstances force him into intimacy with a perfect stranger, he cannot let his defences down, cannot bring himself to trust the person to whom fate has linked him and upon whom he must depend for his safety.

Sharing the spare room in the house of an old couple, whose kindly stoicism has seen them through much turmoil, is Kata. Ildiko Bansagi's delicate performance conveys exactly the right degree of vulnerability, anxiety and need for love. Kata's real husband went underground while she was at the cinema, and their child's safety with country relatives cannot be assured. She must not even *attempt* to make contact with them; she just plays her role until further notice.

The monotony of their confinement is only broken by visits from Janos' Resistance friends and the occasional foray into the city, always fraught with the danger of being exposed. The need for warmth and true communication drives them together eventually, but then one layer of mistrust is replaced by others.

The film's fascination derives from the tortuous development of their relationship; *Confidence* is hardly overplotted. The scenario, though unlikely, is always believable, and the film's credibility is heightened by Szabo's low-key, naturalistic direction, which produces fitting images of subdued, wintry beauty.

By avoiding grand melodramatic effects, Szabo makes his point far more acutely than in *Mephisto*: the crisis of war may force us to confront in ourselves what we would seek to suppress in quieter times. Message received and understood.

Mat Snow

TWENTY-SEVEN, 28, 29 . . . and the body count is still rising. The longest running dumb joke in the history of bad cinema, the *Friday The 13th* series follows the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* gimmick of pitching a gang of teen jerks into the cutting line of a superhuman psycho, who methodically works his way through the pile. *Part Three,* directed by Stephen Miner and starring a few sharp blades and some crude 3D effects, adds the singular variation of introducing three hell's punks into the pit. These prove as adept and unlikeable as the other victims. Really, faced with such an unappealing and unsympathetic bunch of youngsters, one is almost lured into applauding the monster for performing a public service in ridding society of these . . . But he dispatches them all so unimaginatively, one quickly wearies of him, too. Forget the trash aesthetic, this is hack cinema in all senses of the term. (UIP).

Chris Bohn

THE NATIONAL Film Theatre turns up a very rare treat for animation connoisseurs next week with a short season under the title *Animated Treasures From The Soviet Archives.* Russian film-makers have produced some of the most magical of all cartoon and puppet films over the years, and this comprehensive selection begins with fascinating primitive shorts like the 1924 *Soviet Toys,* Vano's bizarre and chilling *Black And White* and Plushko's amazing puppet world, before coming up to date with charming folk-tales like Ida Garanina's shimmering *Crane Feathers* and the fantastical SF of Petrov's *Polygon.* Above all, take this chance to see three extraordinary films by Norstein — the iconic *Battle At Kerzhenets, The Heron and The Crane* and most especially *The Tale Of Tales,* an utterly spellbinding masterpiece that will haunt you for weeks. NFT, May 23 through 27. (Above: a still from Pashchenko's *Dzhabzha,* from 1938).

Richard Cook

He learns to love, he learns to kill
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IN THE CAN

Fanny and Alexander (Directed by Ingmar Bergman). Bergman's last film is focused in his favorite orb of hazy semi-realism but the viewpoint of ten-year-old Alexander ensures that the roots lie in magical dreamland rather than any more macabre medium. Good and evil — lucidly distinguished but never naively exaggerated — are grasped with a child's simple perception, and the rich photography dazzles with lingering gazes at lush decors and charged close-ups of majestic exteriors. Obsession with detail stretches the length to three hours but as a night out it's a gourmet feast for the senses. ***(Artificial Eye)***

Tootsie (Sidney Pollack). Gently comic moments and two deft cameos by Dustin Hoffman fail to enliven a surprisingly soggy script. Tootsie's finest flashes are its least self-conscious ones — pert, spontaneous and affectionate — but when it tries being profound by diluting token social statements into a suitably inoffensive commercial context it trips over its own stilettos. ***(Columbia)***

Local Hero (Bill Forsyth). Forsyth's follow-up to *Gregory's Girl* is milder than overt anticipation led me to expect, but its quiet charm probes a lot deeper than its predecessor's lively vigour. The location work drinks in hypnotic seascapes and the surface warmth hides a more elusive glow. ***(20th Century Fox)***

The Missionary (Richard Loncraine). The tongue-in-cheek story of Palin's scrupleless but gold-hearted missionary paints a fond picture of turn-of-the-century England but its ambling gait seems a little lax for a full-length feature. ***(Handmade)***

Gandhi (His Divine Highness Richard Attenborough). You can air your conscience more constructively by sending your three quid to Oxfam. ***(Columbia)***

Best Friends (Norman Jewison). Sparkling bubblegum banter between Hollywood's most expensive cuties with comfortable sitcom laffs from kooky in-laws. Vaguely presumptuous to imagine that doe-eyed tiffs can *teach* us anything, tho'. ***(Warners)***

Alone In The Dark (Jack Sholder). Probably breaks new ground in unwitting self-parody. How Sholder managed to combine an axe-wielding asylum owner, a world-wide blackout, a gig by The Sic F*cks and a 370lb giant maniac who devours devil dogs and little girls (yes, really) without admitting it's all a colossal piss-take is beyond me. *(Sounds great to me — Ed.)* ***(Rank)***

Leyla Sanai

Alone In The Dark

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY MAY 19

Car 54 Where Are You? This, the latest ghost from C4's seemingly cavernous lumber room of '60s comedy, represents some kind of peak in the annals of calculated stupidity. Fred Gwynne and Joe E. Ross are the two muddlehead cops who are the despair of their superiors and still (like all great naifs) wind up with citations and arrests by the cellful. Very funny in its day/way and will probably show up all the toothless pap that is current sitcom for what it is (again)...but truthfully all this archive ho-ho is growing tiresome. When a channel makes its greatest plays with its reruns, something has got to be wrong. **(C4)**

Ill Fares The Land (Bill Bryden 1982). Bryden's parched and resolutely unsentimental chronicle of the reluctant evacuation of St Kilda in 1930 was rather lost among the more demonstrative entries at last year's LFF. This showing should rectify matters — good to see an antidote to the bounteous whimsy Forsyth is spreading all over Scottish cinema. **(C4)**

Nicolas Roeg At The National Film Theatre. Our favourite iconoclast looks puzzled and ambles through question time with an audience of 'cineastes'. Expect the expected. **(BBC2)**

FRIDAY MAY 20

Cagney And Lacey. Because we don't get too many US cop reruns, it's not always clear how far the genre has advanced since, say, *Ironside*. The novelty aspect of *Cagney And Lacey* is in having two women doubling as Starsky and Hutch but the terse and appealingly uncool splintering of the two characters by Sharon Gless and Tyne Daly erodes this set-up over the course of a series in a way that the compressed format never used to allow and which took key series like *Rockford* to undermine. This episode looks a strong one, with Lacey on the verge of breakdown through overwork. **(BBC1)**

In pop music land, you can take your pick from the early evening **Switch** on **C4** which includes The B-52s, Maze and Prince Charles, or the late night **OGWT** on **BBC2,** with Wah! and (ahem) Marillion.

Dr X (Michael Curtiz 1932). The first of Curtiz's two horror classics (*Mystery Of The Wax Museum* is the other) looks a bit crusty today, but there's some superb laboratorial atmospherics with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray after a crazed murderer. *Synthetic flesssssshh!* **(C4)**

SATURDAY MAY 21

Tired of cup final fever? Here are some alternative movies:
The Hunchback Of Notre Dame (Jean Delannoy 1957). Anthony Quinn an improbable Quasimodo in third version of beauty and beast fable. **(BBC2)**

Accident (Joseph Losey 1967). A tremendously powerful study of sexual paranoia and social taboos by the most neglected director of the last twenty years. Losey teased a performance of great tragic strength out of Dirk Bogarde as the college don self-destructively involving himself in the little league realpolitik of a community of whispers. Film of the week. **(BBC1)**

The Witness (Peter Basco 1969). Reputedly strong and withering Hungarian satire on bureaucratic mores, in the World Cinema slot. **(BBC2)**

SUNDAY MAY 22

Counsellor At Law (William Wyler 1933). Very early and obscure Wyler about a lawyer who can't shake off his past life — worth a look just to see the terrific cast of John Barrymore, Thelma Todd, Melvyn Douglas and Bebe Daniels. **(C4)**

The Great Lover (Alexander Hall 1949). Usual Bob Hope vehicle but well up to form with our man as a scout troop leader and Rhonda Fleming as the femme. **(BBC1)**

The Great Fred C. Gwynne and Joe E. Ross (aka Herman Munster and Rupert Ritzik) in *Car 54 Where Are You?* (Thursday, C4)

Alfred Hitchcock Presents. Stay up (or get up) to catch this witching hour cameo of murderer Joseph Cotten stuck in an apartment block — it was directed by young hopeful Robert Altman. **(C4)**

MONDAY MAY 23

Fuzz (Richard Colla 1972). Ed McBain played for laughs, but Burt Reynolds and Raquel Welch cut out witty and pleasingly acid stereotypes as PD members troubled by Yul Brynner's deaf man. And the sight of Reynolds racing through the park dressed as a nun is still pretty funny. **(BBC1)**

TUESDAY MAY 24

Some Like It Hot (Billy Wilder 1959). Only the over-familiarity of Wilder's classic can be grudged at here. This is too sentimental nowadays too — with Monroe at her best and a cast that reads like a roll-call of American vaudeville giants it relies heavily on the inspired mugging of Lemmon and Curtis to pull it off. But, sure, a great movie. I just wish they'd screen Wilder's 24-carat masterpiece *Kiss Me Stupid* again. **(BBC1)**

WEDNESDAY MAY 25

The Munsters. A must for teen culture students: this week Herman gets challenged to a hot rod race! **(C4)**

Visions. Some opinions on Edward Bennett's rather dull *Ascendancy*, and a report on the Cannes Film Festival. **(C4)**

Richard Cook

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who believes Mick O'Brien can make it... Mick O'Brien.
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TONY BACON WRESTLES WITH THE PROBLEMS OF FITTING FIVE DIFFERENT CAR STEREOS IN A BID TO FIND OUT WHICH IS THE BEST BUY FOR AROUND THE £100 MARK.

don't touch that D·I·A·L

BY TONY BACON

Illustration by Catherine Denvir

WHAT'S YOUR idea of in-car entertainment? Shouting at appalling drivers? Playing I-Spy? Steaming along surrounded by sensual stereo sound? If it's the latter, might I start by suggesting that you get someone to fix the cassette-radio of your choice into your car for you?

I thought this was going to be an easy one. After the runaway success of the last multiple review I did with a roomful of portable cassette-radios, I thought I'd do a similar round-up of in-car thingys. Simple — get the gear, bung each one in my conveniently wires-there-ready-for-the-unit-of-your-choice Citroën Visa, and see which came out best.

Getting the units was relatively easy — I asked six principal makers to lend me their best cassette-radio retailing at around the £100 mark, and ended up with a Blaupunkt Madrid 23 (French), a Clarion M622 (Malaysian), a Philips AC720 (German), a Pioneer KE1300 (Japanese), and a Sharp RG7250E (Japanese). Unfortunately Sparkomatic (great name), a new face in the UK in-car game, couldn't get their units through customs in time for the review.

Soon as I opened the door of my motor and took the panel off the empty cassette-radio housing, the major problem loomed — connections. Matching the makers' wiring-and-plugs system to any existing system is going to pose problems. Multiply the variables — power, earth and speakers — by five and you are assured frustration, resentment, anger and so on in fairly equal proportions.

To give you an idea of the different connecting standards you'll encounter should you take the foolish course of fixing one of these in yourself, the line-up ran as follows: the Blaupunkt needed a large banana plug for power, had an internal fuse, a bare tag for earth connection, and 'flat-and-pin' speaker sockets; the Clarion had a bare power lead attached with in-line fuse incorporated, a connected earth lead, and a three-way speaker connector with a mixture of female and male plugs and adaptors.

The Philips needed a large banana plug for power, had an internal fuse, an earth tag, and flat-and-pin speaker sockets; the Pioneer had *two* connected power leads each with an in-line fuse, a supplied earth lead, and three-way bare speaker leads; and the Sharp needed a small banana power plug, had an in-line fuse, an earth tag and flat-and-pin speaker sockets. See what I mean?

My conclusion from this first round of in-car wrestling (not what I'd call entertainment at the best of times) is therefore clear: car stereo makers should agree on a standard connection system. This of course is highly unlikely if the general level of non-cooperation among audio makers is anything to go by. They've all managed it for the standard aerial female-plug or socket that each of the famous five comes with, so why not for power and speaker connectors too? Some hope.

Eventually I did manage to get all the units individually in and working, though not without further problems. Principle confusion arose for me when the Pioneer's radio section wouldn't come on — after a few worried calls to Pioneer HQ it became obvious that *both* power cables need to be connected, a fact by no means clear from the contradictory instructions in the manual and on the sticky tapes attached to each lead. So that was OK.

A more lengthy confusion came about with the Clarion. No matter how I connected the three-way speaker leads (one each for left and right positive, and a common negative) the sound continued to be empty and out-of-phase-like. Strange. My last option was to open up and peer inside — and sure enough, Malaysian solder is obviously in short supply. The common negative lead hung loose. Soldering iron out, problem solved.

Oh yes, the music. I remember. All the units performed competently in terms of the sound of the cassette and radio sections, with the main areas of choice at this price being the facilities offered.

The **Blaupunkt Madrid 23** had FM, medium wave and long wave bands but no presets in its radio section. Its tape player received the cassette in an unusual 'upside-down' configuration, and the only associated control is an eject/fast-forward switch. The left hand knob covers tone, on/off, volume and balance; the right hand knob tunes in stations on the radio. There's no mono-ing switch, and to get the balance function of the left hand knob you need to keep the knob pulled out while adjusting — tricky. The Blaupunkt's manual was clear on operation but not on installation, and the knobs and switches come attached, without the usual fascia to sortout.

The **Clarion M622** breaks with layout tradition by putting both control knobs to the left side of the unit, attached and fascia-less like the Blaupunkt. The radio offers FM, medium wave and long wave, witout presets. Cassette offers a single eject/fast-forward button, and the control knobs cover tuning, and on/off, volume, balance and tone. There's a tape-end indicator, a loudness button which seemed to boost all frequencies pleasantly, and a mono-stereo button. The manual is brief, with some fixing instructions.

The **Philips AC720** comes with unfixed knobs and a fascia panel; the radio section has FM, medium wave and long wave, with four FM presets, and a preset each for long and medium waves. The cassette has rewind and fast-forward switches which eject the tape when pressed together. There's a mono-stereo switch, and the two knobs cover tuning, and on/off, tone, volume, and balance (which needs to be held in place). The manual is clear on operation and good on installation.

The **Pioneer KE1300** has a fascia to fix, and the radio offers plenty of presets (five *each* for FM, medium wave and long wave) with an LED type tuning band. The tape section has a rewind and fast-forward switch, and an eject knob. There's a loudness and a mono-stereo switch; the two knobs cover tuning and band select, plus on/off, balance, volume and tone. The manual is quite clear, despite the confusion mentioned earlier.

The **Sharp RG7250E** comes with a fascia, and boasts a lot of features. The radio has two FM presets, two for medium wave and one for long wave — more for FM would have been handy. Tape facilities are plentiful: primarily auto-reverse (actually useful on the road), and 'APSS' (which finds tracks by looking for the gaps between them, usually landing on the fade of the previous track), combined with rewind and fast-forward switches. There's a mono-stereo button, and the knobs cover the usual tuning, and on/off, volume, tone and balance. The manual has a couple of translation bugs, but is otherwise clear.

So, if I were looking for facilities at this price I'd go for the Sharp for tape and the Pioneer for radio. But the Blaupunkt sounded like it had the best FM stereo quality, and a dealer I spoke to pointed out that you should bear in mind that (cliche) you get what you pay for. It might well be that what you lose in facilities on some units you gain on reliability. The specialist in-car dealer told me of a 40% failure rate with one well-kmown Japanese brand, along with stories of cracked circuit boards and faulty solenoids. Still, 15 presets are tempting. Whatever you do, though, get someone to fix the thing in for you.

BAUHAUS

From page 29

it as a definite vehicle for whatever he wanted. I think in the end he wanted to be a fuckin' popstar, y'know, and he was, but he did it in an excellent way.

"I'm not questioning his integrity, but what I'm doing isn't like that. If we were thinking along those lines I'd be willing to promote myself much more than I am. You don't believe me?"

Still the fact remains — and I have a friend whose 14 year-old daughter will verify this — that in certain circles Peter Murphy is looked upon as an, uggh *Alien Sex God*. Just like darling Davey was when he used to rub thighs with Mick Ronson.

Imparting this information causes much mirth in the Bauhaus ranks.

Daniel: "An alien sex God! Ha ha ha ha . . . Somebody called me 'razor sharp' the other day and thought that was pretty good. But an Alien Sex God...

"I like that idea a lot. I can understand that mentality, the mentality of a 14 year-old girl who wants some wild imagery — it's just an interpretation from that age group, that sex. I find it really funny to hear. But I'm not like, whoooah, I don't see myself like that in any way at all."

Ask him about the star system and his role in it and he gets serious again.

"I don't think I could handle it. You've got to have a really strong love of your personality because it's totally for other people. It's nothing to do with yourself unless you want it, and I don't want it. I want some sort of security financially, but through what I enjoy doing not through being a massive star. Because you lose a lot of personal freedom. It's so old hat, it reminds me of the Hollywood '30s thing — it's a manufactured personality to allow people to escape, the industry has an interest in keeping them alive, it's a very commercial creation. The stars in the '30s were created for a purpose and now people really should be over that sort of thing."

Is it not possible to stand back and watch it, to play with the absurdity of the situation?

"No, because you're playing with yourself and that's a bloody dangerous game. Bowie tried that — he bullshitted about it all the time, but he got fucked up. He admits it now because he's come out of it."

THERE SEEMS to be a wind of change blowing through the Bauhaus camp. Indeed, their forthcoming LP they say, bears this out. Peter describes it as a very inward looking record with a much wider contribution from the rest of the group, which centres on a certain madness that exists between the different members of the group. Daniel sees it as carrying on from the mellower type of music on the second side of their last album and draws comparisons with The Velvet Underground in that it's the product of a very straight approach, no overdubs or FX — at times an almost acoustic sound. And it carries on what he sees as the "very real" and "very honest" aspects of the Velvets lyrics.

Peter talks earnestly about change and progress: "I think music must change. There's been this whole lyrical thing since the '50s and everything has been said. I don't think people have achieved what they wanted through lyrics. The Beatles touch on it in a way, but I find instrumentalists like Brian Eno much more important because lyrics can misdirect you and stop you from really appreciating the music.

"It's a very narrow form and it must end soon because it has become so limited. There's got to be a new awareness again, a new approach that has got to follow. What I'm talking about is that formulas are more important and that's brought a real stagnation. Pop music is a norm, a bland accepted norm. What we're trying to do is to react against that, but it's hard, using the same formulae again."

Like myself, Bauhaus see a lot of mediocrity and blandness in the music we live with day to day; but we differ in that I think they are *contributing* rather than reacting against it. I found little in their muddled abstractions and half-baked ideas to change my mind.

PETE MURPHY sits in a car on a busy road in London's East End and he waits for an old, one legged man to hobble past. He looks up and sees the pigeons in the portals overhead. Sometimes he wonders what it would be like to be reincarnated as a pigeon — he'd be full of shit, but he'd be able to soar far above the sadness and confusion that surrounds him.

Looking around, maybe he tries to make sense of it all and find out where he fits in. Perhaps someday he'll wake up from a troubled sleep. This time he won't be coughing — he'll be fired with a clarity and understanding, an ability to express . . . to put into words . . .

Someday . . . But for now Peter Murphy just taps his steering wheel and waits.

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RECORD NEWS EXTRA

● Liverpool group **Cook Da Books**, who were recently at No. 1 in France with their single 'Your Eyes', now attempt to emulate that feat here at home — it's issued by Carrere this weekend. Reason for its early release across the Channel is that the band performed it in the French film *La Boum 2*. B-side of the single is 'Rockin' At The Hop'.

● **Kitty Grant**, whose debut single last year 'Benjie' received favourable reviews, has a new single out this week on the Loe label. Titled 'Glad To Know You', it was written by Ian Dury and Chas Jankel, and produced by the latter.

● **Annette Peacock** has a new album out this month called 'Been In The Streets Too Long', her second on her own Ironic label, distributed by IMS and The Cartel. It features recordings made between 1974 and 1983, with contributions from such musicians as Bill Bruford and Chris Spedding.

● London poet **Anne Clark**, who recently released her debut mini-LP 'The Sitting Room', has now completed a full-length album titled 'Changing Places' for release by Red Flame on June 1. On one side she's accompanied by keyboards player David Harrow, who works with her on live dates, and on the flip the backing is provided by guitarist Vini Reilly.

● **Brilliant**, who headline in concert at London Brixton Ace tonight (Thursday), appear on three different records out this month. Their second single 'Colours' is issued on May 27 in 12-inch form on their own Risk label (through Rough Trade), and they also feature on two compilation albums — 'The Batcave' (London Records) and 'The Whip' (Kamera Records).

● The new single by **David Thomas** (ex-Pere Ubu) is released by Recommended Records next week — titled 'I Didn't Have A Very Good Time', it's pressed as a florescent pink picture disc. Another single from the same source is the live 'Limoges' by **Fred Frith & Chris Cutler**. The label also issues the second 12-inch EP by the group **Unrest, Work And Play**, titled 'Sound Every Day'.

● New York trio **Comateens**, whose single 'The Late Mistake' is currently picking up airplay, have their debut UK album released by Virgin on May 27. Titled 'Pictures On A String', it was produced in Britain by Norman Meighall.

● Polydor have completed a deal for the worldwide distribution (outside North America) of Mirage Records. First release under the agreement will be the debut album from New York duo **The System**, titled 'Sweat'. Coming up shortly is the label debut of established British band **Charlie**, by way of an LP with their name as its title.

● Independent label Focus Records have picked up the single 'Walkman' by French group **Kasso**, which has already sold over 250,000 in their own country. It's being rush released in the UK.

● **Tik & Tok** — who, like Pleasure & The Beast, graduated from Shock — are now exponents of the form of mime known as robotics. But it's their human element to the fore on their first release for Survival Records (distributed by Pinnacle) — an up-date of the Lovin' Spoonful classic 'Summer In The City', available in 7", 12" and picture disc formats.

● **Mike Berry**, whose last hit was 'The Sunshine Of Your Smile' in 1980, has a new single out this weekend titled 'Every Little While'. It's on Chas & Dave's Rockney label.

● **Chris Sievey** has a new single titled 'Camouflage' on Random Records, which he claims is a revolution in home entertainment. According to him, if you play the record into a *One Million* home computer, the A-side produces a computer promo on the screen, while the flip side provides the lyrics and graphics on screen.

● Magnum Force are reissuing the only album ever recorded by **Tractor** in July, on their subsidiary Thunderbolt label. The duo of Jim Milne and Steve Clayton originally had the LP released on Clive Selwood's Dandelion label and, in recent years, it has become something of a collector's item.

● **Midnite**, the five-piece British band fronted by Carla McLaine, are releasing the follow-up to their 'Paradise Drive' which climbed high in the disco charts. The new single is called 'Never Gonna Stop', and it's issued this weekend on the new Tivoli Records label in both 7" and 12" formats.

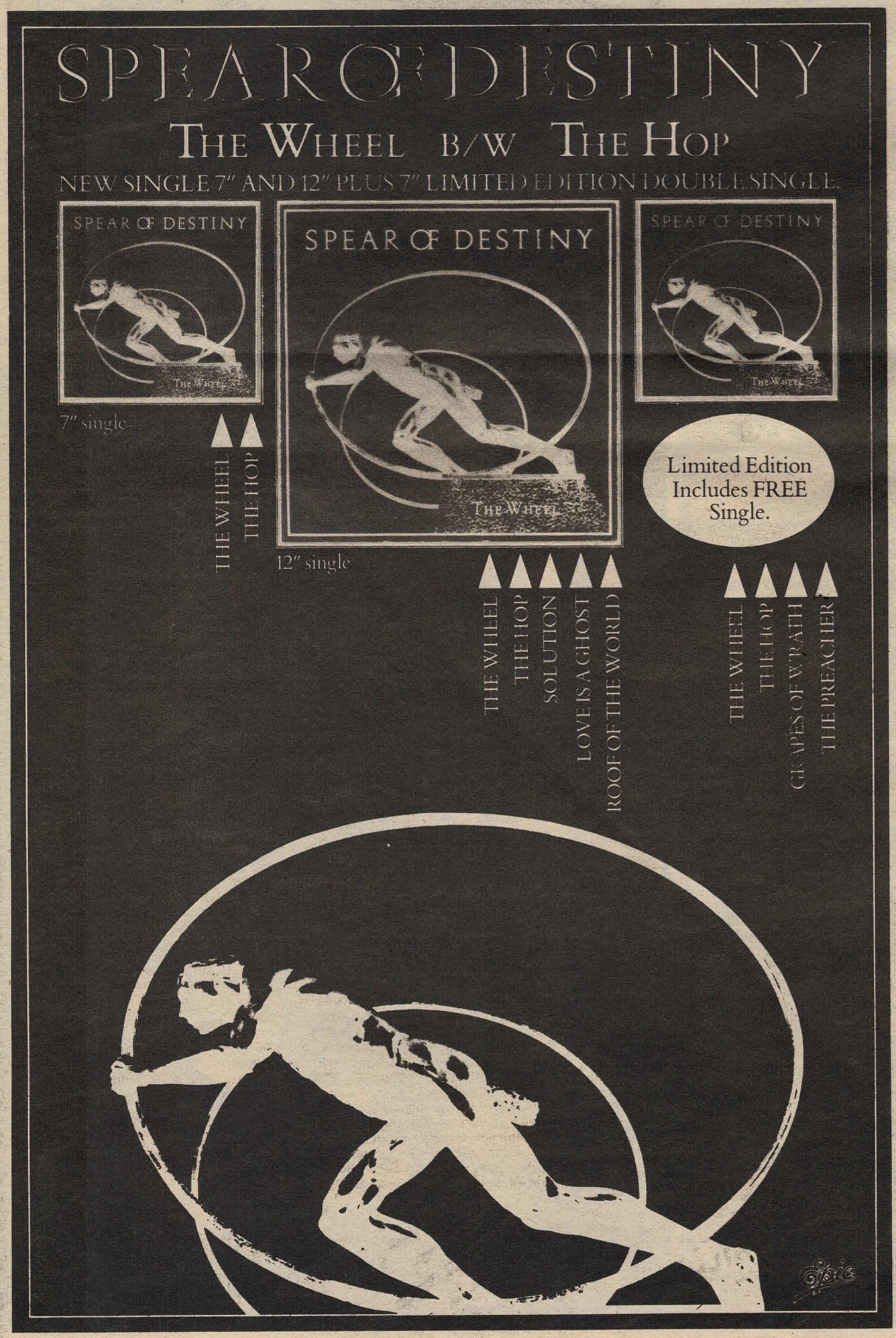
● Sonet are releasing the fourth album in their 'Flashbacks' compilation series on May 27. It features tracks by **Dionne Warwick, Little Richard, The Beach Boys** and **Gene Pitney**, among others. Also available on the same label is the album 'Walk Don't Scream' by **Oreo Moon**, the new name for Jukka Tolonen's band.

● Alternative Tentacles are releasing the long-awaited nine-track **Fartz** EP, with distribution by Rough Trade and Stage One. It seems the delay was caused by efforts to find a printer who could creat a scratch 'n' sniff sleeve, applicable to their name — but fortunately they had to abandon the project because it was too expensive.

● **Van Morrison's** previously announced new single 'Celtic Swing', originally intended for release two weeks ago, is now being issued by Phonogram tomorrow (Friday).

● **Taka Boom** is the sister of Chaka Kahn, and she's worked with such groups as Parliament, Funkadelic, Brothers Johnson and The Gap Band. Now she comes up with her own single 'To Hell With Him'/'Love's Party', issued this weekend on the Calibre label (through PRT).

● **King Sporty** — who wrote the Bob Marley song 'Buffalo Soldier' and is leader of the group The Ex Tras — has his own single 'Meet Me At The Disco' released on the Dancefloor label tomorrow (Friday). He also produced the single 'I Am In The Mood, I Want Your Love Right Now' for **Charles Rousseau**, out on the same day and label.



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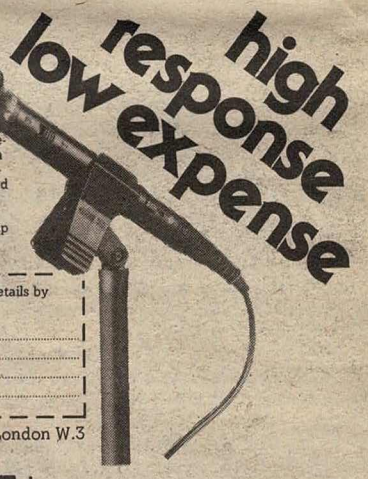

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LIVE

CHARLES
FLAUNTISM!

PRINCE CHARLES
London The Venue

1) Can the funk be faked?
Most certainly, and in part by Prince Charles himself. Part of the problem lies in New York's current trend of mixing up funk with rock, an awkward balance between the subtle and the garish which renders both sources impotent. This trend, best exemplified by Michael Jackson's 'Beat It', is an attempt to garner a far wider audience but naturally falls between two fences as it fails to do justice to either side of the coin. Also Charles can't dance like Michael Jackson. So there.

2) Why couldn't you wait to leave the show, Saturday night?
See above. Also, Prince Charles's City Beat Band were hardly the crème de la crème. They seemed to be playing at all the wrong speeds, lacked bite and caused chaos where order was demanded. Charles himself was under suspicion. His image as a 'street hustler' seems to have gone to his many badgered beret. As the holder of a university degree, he should know all too well that most 'street' people can't wait to get out of there. Like he did. Thus to tout his image with a 'serious' approach is both misguided and immoral. It needs humour to fully work. He also lacks stage presence. If taking off your shirt and bearing pectorals gets you off, then fine. But it suggests little imagination on his behalf coupled with a boring traditionalist approach.

3) Why all the fuss anyway?
Because on his records, most pertinently 'In The Streets' and 'Cash', Charles has proved himself capable of writing exciting and invigorating music that rises above his Clinton/Prince/Rick James/James Brown influences and creates a space all of his own. He undoubtedly has a feel and a skill for the intricacies of populist funk music but either laziness or a limited ability renders him more a contender (promising potential) than a defender.

4) What did most people think of him?
"The best Jethro Tull concert this year."

5) Why?
Because if Ian Anderson ever played dance music this is how it would sound. Shabby shades of rock set to flute solos backed by a heavy handed drilling rhythm section. Their names aren't dissimilar either.

6) Did Coati Mundi make a guest
I don't know. I left before the encore.

7) Who is making all the money?
Judging by the size of the guest list and the cost of bringing in a Stateside group, I shouldn't think Prince Charles is. The tax man and the privileged few for sure, but not you, me or Charles I suspect. To be fair, though, Charles's onstage demeanour would suggest that his percentage of *life* is quite high. Yours too? I hope so.

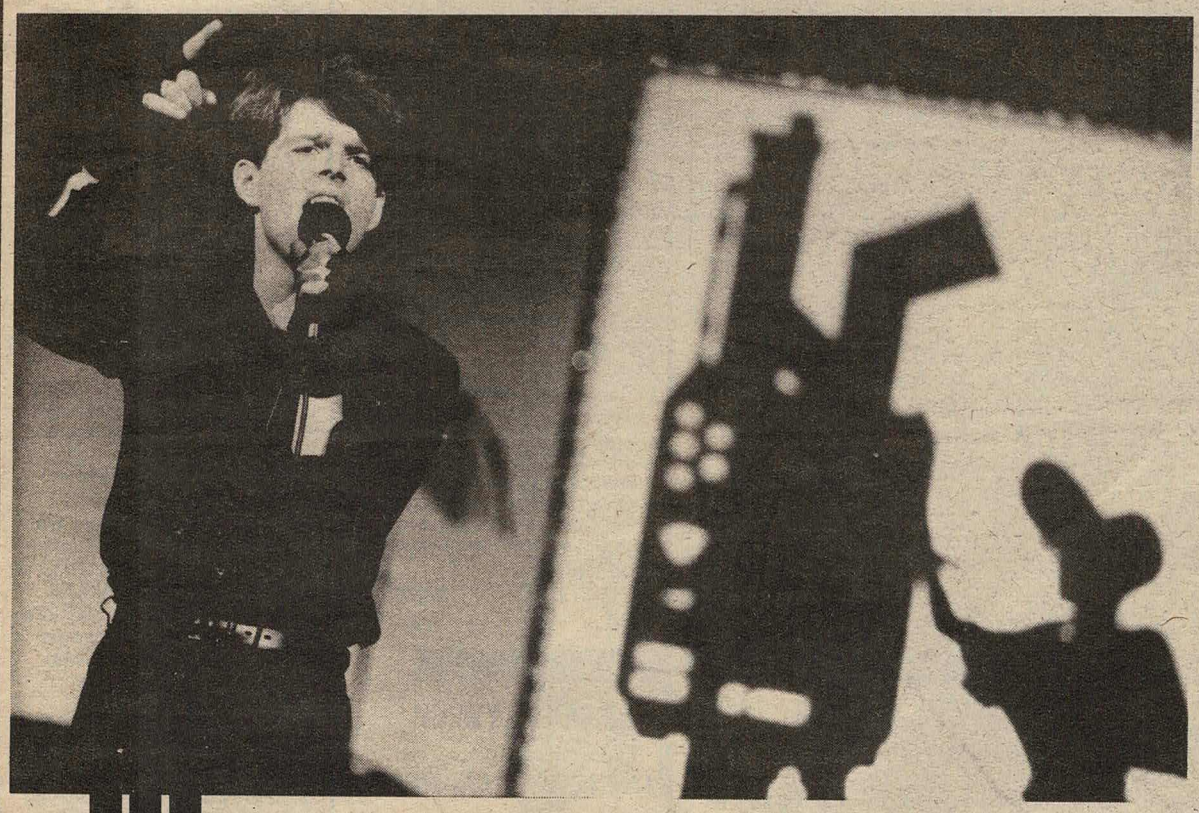
8) What annoyed you most about Saturday night?
Being tricked yet again into believing that something potentially great was just my imagination running away again, the emotionless direction of his live set and the run-of-the-mill Venue atmosphere that pervaded everywhere.

9) Anything else of interest?
Not really.

10) How will the review end?
Like this.

Paolo Hewitt

FUNK OR FAKE?
YOUR QUESTIONS
ANSWERED BY
PAOLO HEWITT



THOMPSONS
YOUNG GUNS

RAP-BOY-RAP BY ADRIAN THRILLS

THOMPSON TWINS
Hammersmith Odeon

THREE WEEKS ago in Manhattan's Savoy Theatre I watched the Thompson Twins complete a successful American tour with a tired performance in front of a few hundred polite pop-picking New Yorkers, most of whom would have been in their late twenties.

Last week I saw the same group in London and the difference was astonishing. The crowd — half the average age of their American counterparts but twice as enthusiastic — created a sense of *event*, the band punched with an impressive physicality and the show quickly became the proverbial end-of-tour triumph.

The Thompson Twins have come a long way since they were delivering musical manifestos for social workers and student types at the Marquee, although the contradictions between that and their current pop stance are irrelevant to their new legion of young fans, who know only singles like 'In The Name Of Love', 'Lies' and 'Love On Your Side'.

But one sometimes wonders if mainman Tom Bailey is wholly satisfied in the centre of his new plastic pop palace: he often seems ill at ease up on the stage, his Bowie-esque mime routines awkward and the total lack of any rap-boy-rap with the crowd between the songs betraying a sense of uncertainty.

His two sidekicks Allanah Currie and Joe Leeway appear more comfortable and their active, lively presence helps to shift the focus of attention around the stage to paint a perfect picture of health and efficiency. It is the very energy and vigour of their presentation that sets the Thompson Twins aside from the likes of ostensibly more credible chart bands like Culture Club. They really do *play* live.

With seven people constantly on the stage, there remains a danger of the band becoming as cluttered as the eight-piece cast of a couple of years ago who always drowned in their own unwieldly percussive arrangements. Now, thankfully, the musical roles are more well defined with a quartet of backing instrumentalists — two synths, bass guitar and drums — providing unfussy, forceful support behind the mock theatrics of Bailey, Currie and Leeway.

They infuse their songs with an insidious, almost irritating catchiness, the hooklines all couched by what were once called terrace harmonies and the rhythms robust enough to sustain the extended versions of all the hit singles. They are also frank about their influences, the regular cops from reggae and calypso being honest and obviously affectionate. Nothing, unsurprisingly, comes up to the standard of their crowning moment 'Love On Our Side', least of all the limp and corny current single 'We Are Detective', but in the context of chart pop the songs reveal a rare wit and intelligence.

The Thompson Twins might appear to be a soft option and their current path certainly contains fewer pratfalls (if just as many contradictions) than the one they used to travel, but at least they are making things interesting for themselves and their live audience. All these things are relative and when the competition is Blancmange and Boy George, the Twins are in a class of their own. They do it clean and keep it catchy and for that alone they make it worthwhile.

Adrian Thrills

PRINCE CHARLES PIC BY KEVIN CUMMINS

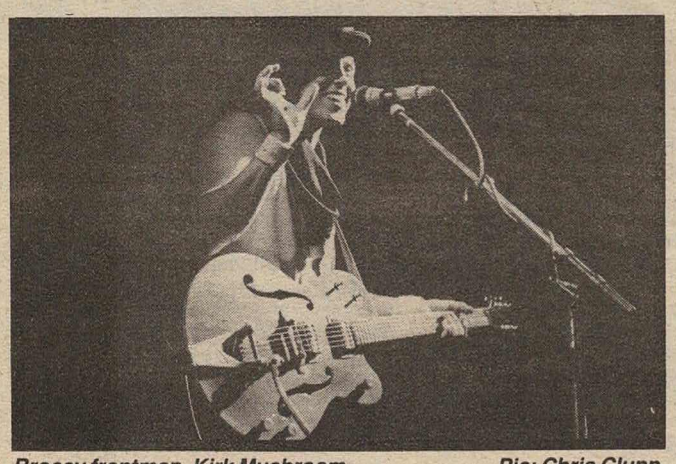
THOMPSON TWINS PIC BY KEVIN CUMMINS

LIVE

Spear's saxman, '14 Carrot Soul' Lascelle *Pic: Chris Clunn*

LIVE

SPEAR OF BROCCOLI
YESTERDAY'S VEG



Broccy frontman, Kirk Mushroom *Pic: Chris Clunn*

KOWALSKI
SPEAR OF DESTINY

London Lyceum

SO PERCUSSIVE profusion returns after a Charles Atlas course, bulging with muscles, tensing its sinews and threatening to severely bruise sensitive sensibilities. This time round it speaks in harsher tones and wields a heavier weapon.

Beercan bashing has made way for a crasser crashing, heavy metal litters the stage to be given a ritualistic beating — industrial heavy labour is the vision, but the presentation varies between the poles of archaic deification and subtle vilification. Test Department indulge in a redefined socialist realism while Neubauten play the sophisticated Cadbury's Smash robots, glorying in the ridiculousness of an institution that is presumed to be outdated, giving a manic human edge to their mechanical laughter. In between, The Ex work atmospheric magic with their tumult and Kowalski...well Kowalski just batter away.

In a music pared down to its essential embers, burning with an often deceptive hateful fire, the distinction between significance and sensationalism can blur in the heat haze. Kowalski only make things more difficult by escaping from the matrix altogether. The sparks that fly onstage are pure showbiz, but there's an emotion in that music which the cynicism their theatrics evoke just can't beat down.

Their slower material starts with a shimmer and ends with a grind and their Wagnerian operatics grate from the start. In the wild pop of their conclusion, though, there is a manic spirit that pushes forward, with a wonderful randomness.

Direction, after all, can be a dangerous thing. Pushing a limited manifesto brings an initial return but, as Kirk Brandon is beginning to discover, all it gets you in the end is a mess of potage. No one wants last year's crusader as his strength begins to sap.

Theatre Of Hate had a certain ritualistic glory in the uni-dimensional power they could invoke; Spear Of Destiny openly stand as yesterday's warriors amongst the tatters. The once fanatical Billy audience has fragmented, the peroxide is growi[illegible]ut and the stamping hordes of yesterday are turning to pleasures with more of an element of the unknown. If they came tonight it was only out of habit, if they cheered it was with a certain sadness.

Spear Of Destiny are a sorry sight indeed, a band stricken with musical tunnel-vision, fumbling their way through the best they can and stumbling back on a lukewarm beat, a guitar without sufficient edge to excite and a sax sound that might once have passed for rawness but now sounds just downright 'orrible.

Kirk stands in front of the Stonehenge backdrop and howls like a lumberjack who's just hacked his own foot off. He strives to call up a primitive spirit but the essence of his invocation remains unknown to him. There is no strength in his cultural well, just tortured predictability.

No demon flowers here, just rotting mushrooms.

Don Watson

THE MARCH VIOLETS

Birmingham Golden Eagle

FAR FROM the picture they paint, or the ideas they invite us to imagine, the March Violets' art is no harsh, hoarse theatre of doom but rather a blunt, brutal bluff — their pretence of rage is little more than a frantic, forced display of histrionic gestures, dull panic and extravagent energy set to a black, blank layer of noise that fails to make any impression. It's all sorely lacking in range, depth or clarity.

Stuck firmly in the stodge of the death cult's gloomy circle of evils, the Violets were intent, fiercesome and decidedly 'desperate', but without the raw ritual of The Death Cult or the tribal style of the Danse Society, there's nothing grand or spectacular in the scale of their darkness, and all that remains is the stodge — the mess and the mud.

Throughout, the focus falls on their two vocal players, the other two being faceless supporting actors, but the format (beauty and the beast) never wins. Rosie Garland, the beauty, for all her fake faces of hate, is no more than a rock goddess leather doll, while Simon D, for all his vulgar bursts of energy (the beast!) is a truly monstrous creation too grotesque to compare with even a Meatloaf or an Anti-Nowhere specimen.

Of course, the two of them rant and rage and pace, giving their all for that worn caged-beast look, but with any trace of dancebeat battered away by the lethal lashing guitar and the crashing thud of a drum machine suitably lacking in heart, their barren dynamism tires quickly and soon becomes little more than a deathly combination of bombastic bluster and empty, painful slap.

D's gruff, grim grumbling grows more and more repetitive, and with no wild terrors, sad torment or blazing pain, only 'Crow Baby' and 'Radiant Boys' emerge through the din, and they end up lost and completely harmless.

All shaking fists and baring of teeth, but without bite or blood, The March Violets took great pains to shove their energy in our faces without ever finding anything to get worked up about. For those who came looking for real dirt, The March Violets were just black dust and with no sign of a roaring, mighty violence, all that was left was plain, tame, pale violets.

Jim Shelley

IPSO FACTO

Nottingham Asylum

THE BOUNCERS on the door use Dulux brilliant white on their smiles and they could kick you in the teeth without spilling a single drop. Nottingham is renowned for violent crime and pro-fascist clubs (not to mention Paper Lace and Pinski Zoo) and The Asylum endorses neither but pays for it by enforcing a disconcerting discipline. The lunatics will inevitably breach these doors too (and sooner rather than later) but, until such time, The Asylum is a cultural h(e)aven by default: a Belisha beacon in the East Midlands' tart redundancy.

DECORATIVE EXCESS

Downstairs, beneath the Peter 'Hacienda' Saville style decorative excess, a band called Ipso Facto are competing with a ridiculously cheap bar for the attentions of myself and five hundred other wasters. And surprisingly enough, they're winning.

The first impression is that they're another crew of those positive young things that everybody keeps telling me about: a touch of glam/a dash of ham/and dashing haircuts/slowed down with religion/and spiced up with sex/but never without affiliation forms to the Black Sabbath appreciation society. But that impression is wrong.

SUPERFLUOUS EXCESS

The ostensibly gothic thread weaving through Ipso Facto might threaten to blanket them with adjectives of doom if it weren't for the mischievous humour, the panache with which they carry the whole thing off. And if you're thinking parody, forget it! Ipso Facto shred the clammy mystique of Bauhaus and the Sex Gangs with a brusque spontaneity, an earthy tonicity. There's no overworked stage presentation here, no sound ideas being smothered in magnificent but totally superfluous excess.

PYJAMA BOTTOMS

In fact, the stage seems almost deserted despite the presence of four people and a drum machine. A tall blond boy in pyjama bottoms toys with a subliminal bass, beside him another boy shoulders the musical muscle by pitching in a simplistic but meticulously drilled buzz saw guitar. The drum machine juggles with the unconventional: a variegated mesh of congas and castanets coaxing maximum effect from minimum flash. Cuddling the drum machine is a girl with a hairstyle modelled on a Yucca plant. Her half of the dual vocals is a delirious, high-pitch, operatic wail: like the Lebanese mountain singer on Byrne and Eno's 'Bush Of Ghosts' or like Diamanda Galas without the mescaline. And right at the front is a dead ringer for Jim Morrison, an anarchic dancer/singer/teaser who slips on the broken glass and introduces the new single, 'Mannequin', with a spirited incantation: all upturned vowels and seditious affront.

Given half a chance, Ipso Facto could set the Batcave on fire. And God knows how that place needs to be burnt down!

Amrik Rai

TAO TAO BAY BEEP

Liverpool Mr Pickwicks

TAO TAO Bay Beep would have been called New Romantics once. So tonight Mr Pickwicks, a clean and relaxing sort of joint, is heaving with the subterranean cool of Liverpool's existential darlings. It is the night of the cosmic ego-feel — all tits and hair-do's.

Lots of anxious record company beezers have travelled the length of a motorway to see Liverpool's answer to Japan Duran, and Tao Tao just can't wait to start pumping away behind the throbbing organ of the mega-buck music world. So keen, in fact, that they hired the PA from a company called Rig-A-Gig; an expression that gained new meaning by the end of the night when the DJ pleaded with the audience to shout for more.

Tao Tao are five males, joined periodically onstage by three females whose function is pseudo-specific — somewhere between vocal harmony and vaginal assertion.

Their music is neither New nor Romantic, they concentrate on oppressive juggernaut effects rather than the simple musical fundament — the tune. They pander to downbeat melancholia with nasal wails, spooky chants and rolling drums. Tao Tao's music seeks to embrace itself in a self-sucking neurosis — the pain of glamour. It feeds ritually on that fossilized myth. It wallows indulgently in the teeming pool of poly-vinyl lifeforms and leaves you with no doubt that one day it will be given away free in cornflakes packets.

When cultural regression starts to unfold in front of you, your sense of fairplay snaps — it's a time to take sides and fight.

Billy Mann

DAMNED
DOLLY MIXTURE
BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS

Fulham Greyhound

SUCH A strange assortment could only mean a benefit gig. Artists For Animals was the cause, and a well filled Greyhound (how apt) gawped at *The Animals Film* on video during lulls in the action. Mildly surreal, but there was much to enjoy.

A Popular History Of Signs hail from North London, but this trio's spiritual home is located even closer to the Pole. APHOS play atmospheric yet dramatically charged music of a style usually associated with Yorkshire and the North West. The Gang Of Four's agit-prop is welded to the Factory sound, but APHOS transcend their evident influences to resonantly addictive effect.

Benjamin Zephaniah has allowed himself to be adopted as a token by righteous whites hungry for the sound of suffering in Babylon. Feted by the first few rows of upturned, all-white faces at events like tonight's, he's selling himself short, not least artistically. His poetic rhythms are strong and lilting, hence lending themselves naturally to song. Linton Kwesi Johnson realised *his* potential by switching from bard to maestro — remember the power of 'Sonny's Lettah'? Benjamin Zephaniah should be doing the same with 'Margaret Thatcher'.

Captain Sensible officiated throughout, and with earnest bashfulness demonstrated his commitment to animal rights by reading out some of his poetry on the subject. William Blake he ain't. Then reverting to his more familiar self, he introduced his *protegees* Dolly Mixture, who immediately warmed up a hitherto low-key affair.

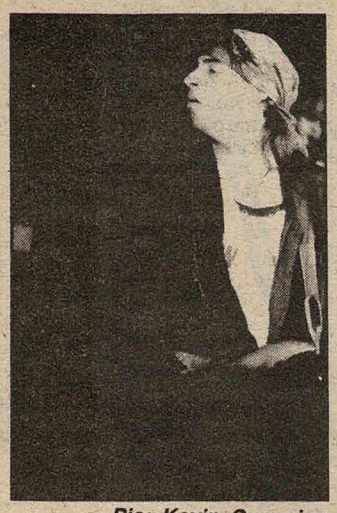
Rachel and Debsie are singing very well these days, and though Hester's drums lack finesse, their all-round performance sparkled with enthusiasm. With their polka-dot party dresses and eagerness to please, Dolly Mixture are quaintly and ingeuously *English,* and their '60s teenbeat-style set drew me even further back to childhood's untroubled fun.

Finally The Damned came on to play 'Smash It Up', a latterday 'Hokey Cokey' reminding us that altough they're pretty dodgy elsewhere, they've always been a good pub act.

Mat Snow

VERA DUCKWORTH

AND THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL!



Pic: Kevin Cummins

LITTLE STEVEN AND THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL

Manchester Hacienda

SMALL, MEDIUM or large? The rockers' revenge left Tony Wilson and the FAC51 poise looking decidedly dishevelled beneath several tons of paraphernalia: T-shirts,sweat shirts, headbands, badges, posters...the big bucks game, as Julian Temple would call it, was here in force. And while the diehard dandies retired to the last sanctuary of the sound-proofed cocktail parlour to powder their noses (or whatever it is they do down there), a thousand soul disciples sweated for Little Steven with an obsessive anticipation.

Quite prone to giving the 'Men Without Women' album an occasional spin myself, I'd been looking forward to a live demonstration of Miami Steve's spirited songwriting too. But when the man arrived in a loud, leopardskin overcoat and an effette blue headband and initiated chants of 'Everybody say yeah' and 'Hail Stevie', the sullen cool of the LP cover threatened to vanish in a puff of hackneyed, gesture overkill.

Anyone still hoping against hope that Miami Steve would be content to regurgitate E Street derivatives all night long, was swiftly corrected with a comprehensive canter through 'Men Without Women'. They almost converted me with the traumatic 'Lyin In A Bed Of Fire' with the fourpiece brass section pumping blustery soul into Stevie's throaty lament and the grimy 'Start Me Up' riffing of 'Under The Gun'. But Stevie as an appalling performer, without style, grace or the slightest dignity, was ultimately one insult too many both to his own immaculate guitar playing and to the purgative prowess of his eight-strong Disciples Of Soul.

Forever raising his hands and eyes skywards, demanding deification while mouthing platitudes, he looked more like Vera Duckworth than any compulsive soul mean machine.

After the schmaltzy 'Princess Of Little Italy', 'Until The Good Is Gone' proved to be the only real highlight with baritone and bass anchoring the celebratory Stax sound into a sleazy, slightly sad sentiment.

An inconsequential instrumental later, it was left to Stevie's Southside Johnny and The Asbury Dukes period to wind up the set. Here too, where Southside Johnny's quietly compulsive, bluesy lustre infused the likes of 'I Don't Wanna Go Home' and 'Broke Down Piece Of Man' with an understated but towering passion, Miami Steve sounds stilted by comparison and the sincerity sounds hollow, almost mock. Even Jean Beauvoir, the former Plasmatics bassist with a blond Mohican topping a black scalp, looks more credible than his bandleader Van Zandt.

As The Disciples Of Soul returned for an encoure, I turned, shrugged my shoulders and went to powder my nose...or something.

Amrik Rai

HAIL THE WMC5

SISTERS OF MERCY
LAUGHING CLOWNS

London University

1983 — AND the rock machine still turns me on...

After months of problems, London-based Australians The Laughing Clowns re-emerge as a trio. Remaining from last year's incarnation, Ed Kuepper (singer, guitarist) and Jeffrey Wegener (drums) are now joined by bassist Peter Walsh. Saxophonist Louise Elliot was unavoidably detained that night, but the show must go on. In the past The Laughing Clowns used brass to soar through light-filled space to the heights of feeling. Stripped down to raw electric rock, they now beat down its doors. A new sense of confinement and frustration has provoked The Clowns into a tense, brooding anger which electrifies their performance.

'Monkey Say Monkey Do' ends their entirely revamped set. Wegener sits impassively as he accelerates into a crescendo of explosive drumming, whilst the equally introverted Ed Kuepper revs into overdrive. Their barrage of white-heat matches Ed's efforts in The Saints' 'Nights In Venice' six years ago — the outer limits of elemental rock.

From the sublime to the hilarious...it's 1969 OK? The Sisters Of Mercy writhe in the legends of Altamont, the Iguana of Detroit and the Lizard King's crucifixion in Miami. They are to post-hippy mondo-trash what The Cramps are to rockabilly.

A drum machine bashes out a merciless Bonham backbeat whilst the three stooges Gunn, Marx and Adams lurch around with shadowy, pyscho menace. Like Led Zeppelin's 'Immigrant Song', theirs is a pressurised, murderous sound. And it's topped off with the echoed squirm and shudder of Andrew Eldritch. From his Alan Vega voice to the leather, shades, gloves, cigarette and Joey Ramone hair-do, Eldritch draws a cartoon of r'n'r wasted elegance.

Amongst the originals, 'Adenochrome', 'Alice' and 'Floorshow' are gloriously ugly, boasting a slick brutality that effortlessly out-Bauhauses Bauhaus. They play a crude but still eerily desperate version of The Stones' 'Gimme Shelter', and subject Dolly Parton's 'Jolene' and Hot Chocolate's 'Emmaline' to the most cruelly unnatural treatment.

The Sisters Of Mercy revel in rock's perennial fetishist fascination with terror, apocalypse and depravity even as they send it up. With gleeful irony they've breathed new life into an old corpse, and its antics are a joy to behold.

Love it to death.

Mat Snow

Heads down, no nonsense, glam-thrash-boogie ***Pic: Joelle Dépont***

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9th LONDON, The Venue
10th SOUTHAMPTON, Guildhall Hall

MAGNET

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet...presently mashing up the UK reggae scene with his 'Promised Land' and 'Revolution' singles, the mighty Dennis Brown now comes forward with an album on Tad comprising mainly recent hits and entitled 'Satisfaction Feeling'. The set includes the chart topping 'If This World Was Mine', also 'Praise Without Raise' and 'Don't Want To Be No General'...**nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs**...also returned is The Heptones trio with an LP on Vista Sounds proclaiming 'Back On Top', a reference to their classic set alongside Leroy Sibbles for Studio 1. Recorded at Maxfield Avenue and voiced at the late Rt Hon's Tuff Gong studio, the contents too refer back to the Brentford Road recordings with revisitation of 'Love Won't Come Easy', 'Sea Of Love', 'Only Sixteen' and the curiously retitled 'I Got The Needle'...**but, in embalmed darkness, guess**...published as the first live UK dance hall session is an album on Raiders recorded 'Live At D(ick) S(hepherd) Y(outh) C(entre)' on Friday, January 28 1983 and featuring Sir Lloyd, Sir Coxsone, Nasty Rockers, King Tubby's, Jamdown Rockers, Frontline, Saxon and Hightous. Part two of the sessions take place last Friday at the Nettlefold Hall in West Norwood and the third and final event is scheduled for the same venue this Saturday in tune to Sir Coxsone, Frontline, Tippa Ranking, Saxon, Papa Face, Jamdown Rockers and Hightous from 7pm until midnight ...**each sweet wherewith the seasonable month endows the grass**...meanwhile, in Luton on Friday at Strathmore Hotel (Arndale Suite) — 8pm until 1am — live onstage One Blood from London and Black Symbol of Birmingham. Sounds on the floor from Falcoln Muzik. Tickets from Honey Boy and B&B record shops in the town...**the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild**...along the Thames on Friday night is a musical cruise with sounds by D Cassanova featuring Mighty Starr. Coaches leave from Hackney Town Hall at 11.30pm...**white hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine**...at Scorpion's Nightspot in Brum on Saturday in tune to Aces International from London and Scientist from Wolverhampton. Coach excursion from London leaves Clapham Junction at 6.30pm...**fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves**...also on Saturday is a May Ball evening at Lauderdale House, Waterlow Park, Highgate Hill, London, N6. Dancing to live music. Macrobiotic buffet...**and mid-May's eldest child, the coming musk-rose**...at the People's Club, 5a Praed Street, W2.: Night of the Girls. Every Sunday night is a ladies night...**full of dewy wine, the murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves**...finally, circulating various roots localities is *Reggae Music Service*, a new information sheet comprising a top 50 singles and album chart, plus small pieces including a tribute to Rita King, now retiring following some 30 years dispensing music in Stamford Hill and setting the wheels of ska in motion in this country, a profile of drummer Jah Bunny and a spirited little manifesto inscribed to reggae in 1983 under the title Raise The Standard...**One Love**...

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GEORGE MARTIN

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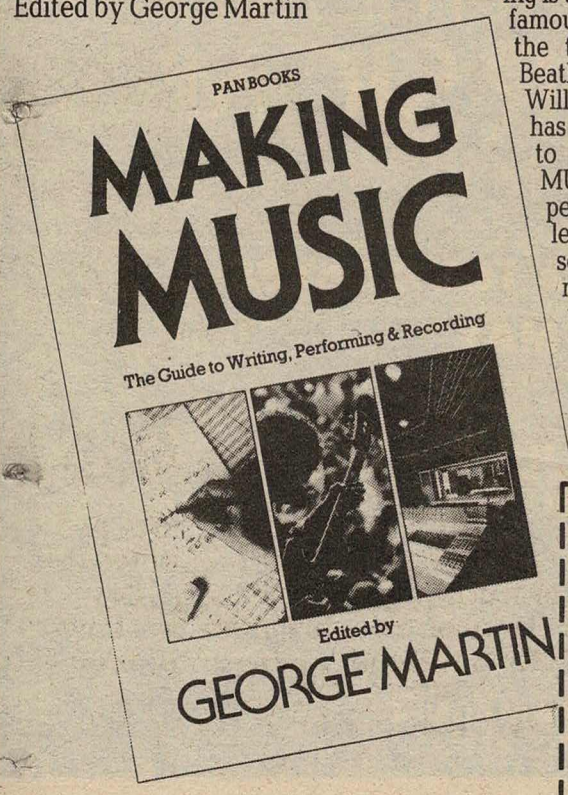
Edited by George Martin



The guide to writing, performing and recording is the creation of George Martin, the most famous and respected producer in the world, the technician behind the sound of the Beatles, Jeff Beck, John McLaughlin, John Williams, Cheap Trick and many more. He has gathered together over 60 contributors to describe their specialities. MAKING MUSIC is about the way music is written, performed and recorded at the highest level. It is intended to be a catalyst and source of encouragement to talent as much as a source of information. Contributors range from Adam Ant (on promotional videos) to Skaila Kanga (on the use of the classical harp). 352 pages, illustrated throughout in black and white.

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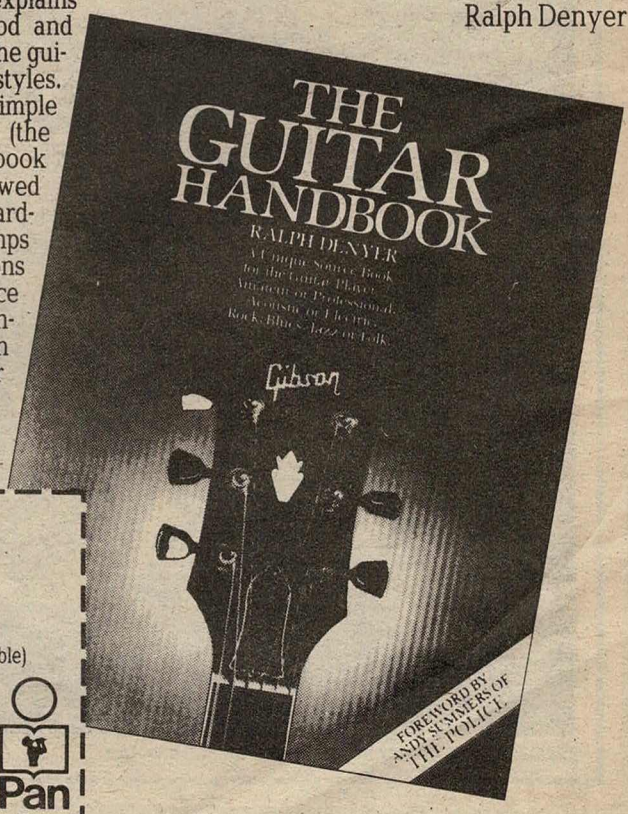

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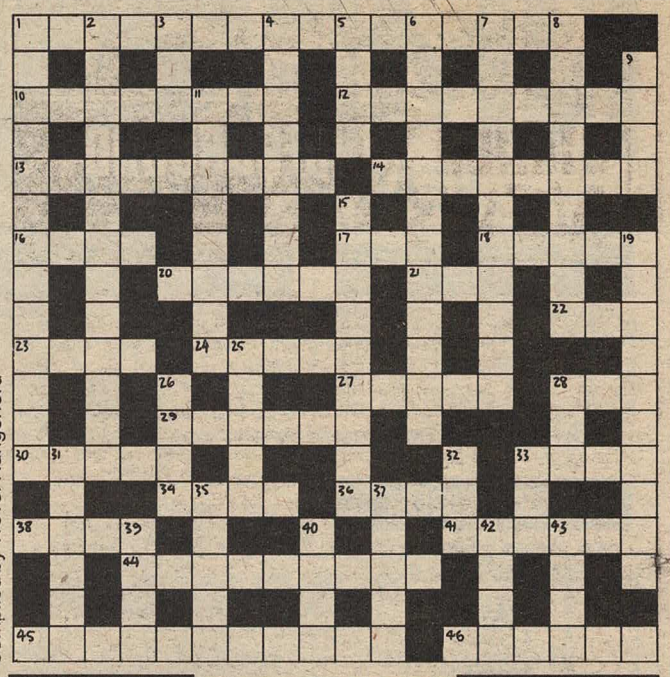
CLUES ACROSS

1 Nutters from Sydney, whose 'The Nips Are Getting Bigger' has failed to chart after numerous (well two at least) re-releases (6,2,8)
10 formerly with Kilburn And The High Roads, later 999 vocalist (4,4)
12 Jesus in direction for Siouxsie And Banshees single...(9)
13 ...and another musical direction for Siouxsie, group-wise (9)
14 Cum on pig, give us an old McCartney number (6,2)
16 Recent Bowie compilation LP (4)
18 Prior to 1976 — or thereabouts — they used to be known as The Heartdrops, which was no name for punks (5)
20 Pinkertons Assorted Colours (when did they last get a mention in the *NME*?) half in reflection at their fleeting chart success (6)
21 Manchester band, released 'Who Is Innocent' on Virgin in 1979 (3)
22 Best thing Marty Wilde ever produced (3)
23 Ignorant and free with it? Could this be something to turn a penis green? (4)
24 The tale of Little Bob (5)
27 BL on a shake-up — completely dead since September 1977 (5)
28 Something in the Tank for recent TV rock programme (3)
29 Siouxsie number which to me is real — almost (6)
30 'A group of notes forming a recognizeable melodic unit, often used as the basis of the musical material in a compostion.' Collins Eng. Dic. (5)
33 'Monkey——' Dan I single from 1979 (4)
34 From Chicago, rock band whose albums since 1971 include 'Serpent Is Rising' and 'Grand Illusion' (4)
36 One of Hot Chocolate's biggest hits from 1974 (4)
38 'Love Is The——', Roxy Music (4)
44 Sing? O no no! Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell do it together (5,4)
45 *'I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be, you're gonna give your love to me,"* 1964 (3,4,4)
46 + 17A She lived from 1412 to 1431, then 550 years after her death she made the top ten (4,2,3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 + 8D. The Bollock Brothers, 7. Stab, 9. Bell, 10. Material, 11. UB40, 13. Pigs, 14. Tor, 16. Spiders, 19. In Me, 21. Brain, 22. Indians, 24. Bus, 25. Tooth, 28. Eve, 30. Ramones, 33. Japan, 34. If, 37. Natty, 39. See 6 D, 40. Mal, 41. War Party, 42. Boiled.

DOWN: 1. Temptation, 2. Eater, 3 + 31D. Our Lips Are Sealed, 4. Loaded, 5. C.B, 6 + 39A. Keep Feeling, 7. Sluggin', 8. See 1A, 12. B(ruce) S(pringsteen), 15. Run, Run, Run, 17. E(rrol) B(rown), 18. Santana, 20. Idie, 23. Straight, 24. Boney M, 26. Orange, 27. H.M, 29. V2, 31. See 3D, 32. Tie, 35. Fear, 36. Liza (Minelli), 38. Trio, 39. Few.



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES DOWN

1 Dindisc and Rough Trade label group, featuring ex Ants Andy Warren and Lester Square (10,3)
2 Stranglers single subtitled 'The Wizard Of Ars' (7,6)
3 From Sheffield, originally called Vice Versa (1,1,1)
4 Eberhard——, German whose album 'Video Flashback' featured Sting, Summers and Copeland (8)
5 Began originally by backing P.P. Arnold, became one of psychedelic-flower power groups (4)
6 The frightful pair who killed the colonel (6,6)
7 *"Cheap bed, in the red, sleep the words out of your head,"* 1982 (11)
8 Dusty Springfield hit, also rendered by the Byrds (5,4)
9 1965 celluloid musical box-office winner (4)
11 With 'Let The Sunshine In' the other half of the medley from 5th Dimension (8)
15 In the summer of 1973, he was Dancing On A Saturday Night (5,4)
19 Pete Shelley said to 'phone, so I am' (10)
25 Twinkle's boyfriend who killed himself on his motorbike in the usual manner of early '60s sob songs (5)
26 It's true I tell you — the Thompson Twins sung this last year (4)
28 'Leather, Bristles, Studs and Acne' was the title of an EP released by them two years ago (3)
31 + 41A Could well be George Best's signature tune — Otis Redding number from 1968 (4,2,6)
32 'Shambeko! Say——' as they were once known (3)
33 German band from whence came Holger Czukay (3)
35 The World of a reggae band (5)
37 Dark Side Of The Moon, side 2, track 1 (5)
39 What Family Fodder were playing with their flesh crawling (4)
40 '——The Light/Her Again/ Mommy Kissing Santa Claus' (1,3)
42 '— American', Blondie LP (4)
43 The Wanderer in 1962, he wandered back again in 1976 (4)

MONKING

FROM PAGE 18

On February 5, 1982, Monk was rushed to the Englewood, New Jersey, hospital. Brain haemorrhage.

Often at the piano Monk seemed locked in a struggle to free himself from a bag he could never quite get out of. Still, at times, he came right up to the mouth of it, carrying his audience right up with him, and they prayed that he would find the right key, the right note and the ultimate energy — because when he did — Great God Almighty — the bag would fly open and all of Aunt Hagar's children would come marching right straight on out of there, without a Moses or a Red Sea anywhere near.

He remained in a coma for eleven days.

Sometimes the look on his face when he played was that of a tired old man, still dreaming of Paradise and — Oh God! — why on nights when the moon hangs just so and all the stars are out do I hear on the wind again the sad mournful sound of Monk playing 'Remember'.*

You promised that you'd forget me not
But you forgot to remember

At 8:10 on the morning of February 17, 1982, Monk's right hand joined those waiting to be born and his ancestors took him by the left one, completing the magnificent circle that carried him right into the romance of history.

The *New Yorker* magazine said of Monk: "His last public appearance, at the Newport Jazz Festival of 1976, was painful. His playing was mechanical and uncertain, and, astonishingly, his great Gothic style had fallen away. His very soul had gone, and he never found it again."

Perhaps, perhaps. *Quien sabe que?*

But in a letter to me on February 9 of this year, the Baroness wrote: "I once came across something in a preface to a study of Kahil Gibran, which seems to me to apply perfectly to Thelonious.

"'There is a race of strangers, of wayfarers, that persists upon the earth. They dwell with us awhile, calling us brothers, but we come to be aware that they are of an immortal stuff, somewhat more deific than ourselves, and only insofar as we receive and comprehend their utterance, only insomuch as we join our wavering, uncertain voices with their voices, may we partake in brief and finite measure of their communion.'

"What more can I say? All the very best to you. Nica."

*©copyright 1925 Irving Berlin, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019

NEXT WEEK

YAZOO

Vince and Alf are to part company after only a brief, but extremely successful partnership. Overshadowed by the technowizardry of Mr Clarke, little is known about Ms Alf. DON WATSON talks to her about her part in Yazoo and her future plans.

ELECTION '83

With the election roadshow now at full pelt, ANDREW TYLER hits the campaign trail. Who is this young Labour upstart about to challenge the Iron Maiden for her very own constituency? And what do the anarchists think of the Red, Blue and just plain grey areas of party politics? A special fear and loathing report.

GLENN BRANCA

John Rockwell of the *New York Times* said of this man, "Mr Branca is the leader of the most vital new trend to transform downtown music since the minimalists . . . He uses electric guitars that have their roots in Futurism, Dada, Varese and the '60s sound colorists . . ." RICHARD GRABEL offers a much more sensible explanation of this electronic genius.

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PHIL COLLINS News — Send S.A.E. to **PHIL COLLINS NEWS,** P.O. Box 107, London N6 5RU.

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BOWIE TICKETS, swap 2/4 Milton Keynes 2nd July, for London/NEC. Tel Broadstone 694377.

BOWIE TICKETS swap 2/4 Milton Keynes 3rd July for Wembley. Tel. Hull 445901.

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BOWIE TICKETS swap 3 Milton Keynes (Fri) for Wembley or N.E.C. Will consider Keynes (Sun). Phone Trevor 01-769 2476 after 6.30.

BOWIE TICKETS swap 3 Milton Keynes July 3rd for 1 Wembley any night. 01-427 4905.

BOWIE TICKETS swap 4th Wembley for 2nd/3rd Wembley. 031-337 9747 between 5.30 p.m.-6.30 p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS swop three Milton Keynes Friday for three Milton Keynes Sunday. Hull 54496 after 6 p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS, two together if possible, (anywhere). Tel. 061-747 8605.

BOWIE TICKETS Wembley/Birmingham. Phone Skelmersdale 20076.

BOWIE TICKETS will swap two Friday Keynes for two Saturday Wembley or two Sunday Keynes. One Friday Keynes for sale. Ring 529 0477 after 6 p.m.

DAVID BOWIE swap two tickets Milton Keynes 2/7 for Wembley. Chelmsford 467671.

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HAVE THREE Bowie tickets Milton Keynes 2nd July. Will swap for Wembley 4th. 01-261 5774 Paul (Daytime).

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SWAP 2 SATURDAY MILTON KEYNES Bowie tickets for Wembley. Please, please ring Richard 01-459 0767.

SWAP 4 Bowie tickets Milton Keynes 2nd July for Wembley anytime or Milton Keynes 3rd July. 0494 25935.

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ZAPPA LIVE tapes, records, tour merchandise, anything. Buy/send lists Robbins, Longacre, Barton Road, Winscombe, Avon.

2 BOWIE TICKETS Wembley Birmingham, pay cash or swap for 4 Milton Keynes or bootleg records. 0734 723131 after 6 p.m.

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SPECIAL NOTICES

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BOWIE WEMBLEY June 2nd part exchange for Milton Keynes July 2nd. Danny: 0294 63812.

HIYA SIOUX, hope you have the happiest 23rd birthday ever young 'un, lots of hugs & sicks, love Bev. ×××

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GASBAG

I don't understand.
Vickie The Jelly Cat, Uddington

What do you mean that the Welsh people haven't got a sense of humour. What about Steve Strange? Now that man's a real comedian.
Rob, Lewisham SE13.

Do you think you could make some sort of effort to keep your personal squabbles out of the Spandau Ballet affair?

The unpleasantries only serve to reinforce the prejudices of those who would dismiss *all* music journalists as petty, self-interested and ultimately unconcerned with either the music or the listeners. And all of this while the teenage population is mouthing away to 'True' every time it comes on the radio, in fond recollection of last night's smooch.

Not all is right with Spandau Ballet I will admit, and their current success will need careful handling, but they do have some good things going for them. Messrs. Jolley and Swain are *not* to be counted in the last category, however, being the two who took the balls from the Ballet when they produced them. That's why it was such a relief to hear them live and find out that they *were* able to make good danceable sense even of their ponderous legacy.

But all your bitching in print isn't going to help anyone: not Spandau Ballet, not their fans and not yourselves. If all that people can read about their favourite music is in *Smash Hits*, then they are wide open to all the crap that the record companies are going to fling at them. I don't condone the way that Gary Kemp behaved over the interview, but I'm inclined to see it as six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. You should really just get on with your jobs rather than parading your journalese and ending up looking like prats.

So let's forget the Bournemouth incident. Bob Elms might be a shit and Paolo Hewitt might have been the right man for the job, but it doesn't matter now. Let's remember that *NME* is the only straight-up music paper we've got...but you can't afford to throw too many stones when music journalism is such a fucking greenhouse.

As for Spandau Ballet, they don't do their image any good, but that might be the fault of Dagger more than their own good selves. We are *all* a bit sick of Gary Kemp at the moment, but let him have his moment of glory as it's been a long time coming. Hewitt's comment about them not being the band of the moment depends very much on where you stand: if you've been posing around the London clubs for the past two years, then there might be something in it, but to those in the sticks/on the dole Spandau are very much the band of the moment, and it is *us* that the *NME* ought to take as its barometer, not the Wag CLub!

What counts is what happens next, after the champagne has gone flat. Let's hope that your dismissal of the band was premature and can be written off as a bit of journalistic ego-excess.

And let's hope that it was the last bit of journalistic ego-excess to appear in *NME*, because if you get a taste for this sort of thing, I for one am not going to stick around at 35p a shot.
John Hackett, The Far Pavillions, Islington, London N7.
I somehow doubt if all the "bitching in print" that you refer to was actually intended to help the Spands, but I agree that it is high time for some sort of perspective on all the Ballet-hoo, which your letter seems to provide a measure of. One thing, though...Islington, the sticks? To those down the Wag Club maybe, but precious few others methinks.

Oh, and if Gary Kemp is reading this, he still owes me a fiver from that bet we made in Bournemouth on the outcome of the Arsenal-Spurs match on Easter Monday...5-0! — AT

Re: "Who's making all the money?" At two-fifty for the single and five quid to see them at the Venue, may I suggest Prince Charles And The City Beat Band.
G Howe.
Let's just say that any artist whose royalties go towards subsidising Kevin Cummins' New York telephone bills must have seen a bit of the green stuff — AT

Is Adrian Thrills' real name Richard? He's always seemed like a dick to me.
Ann Utter, Solihull.
But my friends call me Rich — AT

Did you know that in the latest issue of *The Face* they even give the brand of perfume that the models are wearing? Now *that* stinks! Oh yeah, the Bowie centre-spread was super, but what was the name of the perfume he was wearing? It's driving me crazy! My sister doesn't know either and she's a regular *Face* smeller...er...reader.
James Daly, County Cork, Ireland.
We hear that Dave's a bit of a Brut these days, if the Henry Cooper pose on the sleeve of 'Let's Dance' is anything to go by — AT (Eau Sauvage)

Yes, yes, it's all very well about Dermot O'Brian, but what about the genius of Brian McDermot? As Don Pharaoh' Howe said unto Moses, get out of this land! Really, this is a musick paper!
Saw, The Brian McDermott Appreciation Society, Highbury.
You conveniently overlook that the nippy little winger whose virtues you extol couldn't even hold down a place in the Fulham side during his recent loan transfer — AT

Did anybody notice the similarity between Joni Mitchell's husband/bass player and the Liverpool goalkeeper Bruce Grobelaaaaargh? I wonder if they are by any chance related?
Tim Ryan, Bulwark Avenue, Chepstow, Gwent.
What, like Souness and Yosser you mean? Judging by the dodgy displays Brucie has been turning recently, Joni herself might do a better job between the sticks — AT (Better looking by far)

Ridiculous! Out and out ridiculous! The majority of the letters printed on this page are the petty ramblings of a bunch of insecure morons caught up in their own sense of significance. Why does everyone point out the relevance of certain novelists such as Kerouac, Nietszche and Orwell? Every style of music regurgitates another 'guiding light' novelist.

All this heavy significance bit is so weak! I've read plenty of books and all I can assume from the whole 'significant author' bit is that the musicians just copy sentences word-for-word out of these books and include them in their oh-so significant songs. Very original!

If any budding heroes are reading this, I could suggest a couple of authors worth plagiarising. If you're going to be really sharp, you have to adopt an author totally your own. The more outlandish, the better. Three of the most cultish who have not yet been adopted are Enid Blyton, A A Milne and Beatrix Potter. Their books might be confusing at first but with repeated reading, one can discover their deep relevance. The are also very adaptable and would suit any style of music from HM to punk. What more can you ask for? They even have pictures you can include on your sleeves.
William Falkner, Wolverhampton, England.

Like everything else, it's already been done. Just check the latter-day Postcard sleeves ('Poor Old Soul' particularly) for Blyton-chic at its peak — AT

Has anyone noticed that Bob Marley's latest single has the same chorus as the Banana Splits theme tune? Bob sings "oh-oh-oh" whereas the Splits sing "la-la-la", but that is the only difference. I hope this doesn't put you off buying it, or the Banana Splits theme.
Andrew Mann, Boston Spa, West Yorkshire.

Does anybody know where to get a pair of plastic nipples like the ones Andrew of Wham! is wearing in the 'Bad Boys' ad *(7.5.83)*. Mine never shine like that...
Christopher. Bracknell.
I've heard one can make a good D.I.Y. George Michael chest-wig out of old *Brillo* pads and a tube of *Superglue* — AT

Quite impressed by the new improved two-page status of the *NME* charts, but us Rocking Humdingers were jolly upset to see the lads' new disc referred to as 'The Pride Of Sin'. The words were all there, but it was a question of getting them in the right order. Okay?
Frank Fish, Oxford.

So, the Southern Death Cult have split up and will now be known as Death Cult. But what if they split again and became "Cult", and then again, becoming the band with no name. I think we should be told.
A concerned fan, Leeds.

Greasy haired wop with an abnormally large head, into blue Fred Perry pullovers and party shoes, wants a friend. I have a nice Saturday job and all my money goes into a building society like mummy said, so that it will give me a good new start in life. Please write to:
Mekon Harley, Ashworth, Latymer School, Pumkinland.
Come off it Paolo—AT

Having not attended any gigs for some time it was with fairly high expectations that I attended 'CND's Festival For Peace' in Brixton on Saturday 7th May. This hope was further fuelled by the comparative success of the preceding march by 'Youth CND' through London.

It was not long however before disillusion was the order of the day. The effort of the bands to establish a 'festival' atmosphere was completely contradicted by the audience, some of whom seemed to be there purely because the festival was free. The cultism and separation of the audience became clean when 'V' signs and mud were hurled at the stage in a fairly constant barrage. Yes this was just "another Rock'n'Roll Gig (yawn)."

This culminated in the virtual stoning of the Greenham Women when they attempted to remind people *what they were actually there for*. This idea seemed to 'shock' most people at the front who were desperate to 'consume' the next band.

Unfortunately this showed clearly the inability of youth cults to mobilise themselves beyond their own centred safety into apparent reality. At some stage (sooner rather than later) this must happen if we don't want to become a decadent part of the establishment that will deploy Cruise, Trident, Pershing et al, embrace 'New Technology' and fire us into the age of Chemical Warfare.

Wake up, or it'll be too late and literally 'over our dead bodies'.
Suddenly An Appeal For Reason HQ, Hornsey, London.

We would like to express our feelings regarding your publication—"Whoy! Cuckoo! Buuu! Whish da da Bhish! Beech! Rasp! Oink-oink! Everybody Buu Bun!"

We think that says it all.
Mikey Jah, Rankin Ron and the Scovill Noises, from deep in the Forest of Dean.
PS We have to go now because the spring chicken says, "Wuup, Brring-Ding, Zipp, Whooo, Cuckoo, Cockle-Doodle Whoy"—He wants his pen back.
Says it all really—AT

Firstly let me congratulate you on your excellent interview with Boy George. Not only does it show he's just a normal person and wants to be treated as such, he shows that you can be original and accepted in today's society. Now perhaps people will do as he says and stop digging up old pictures of him. As he says himself the reasons for doing so are pretty pathetic.

My real reason for writing to you is to ask who the hell Don Watson thinks he is, telling what we should and should not listen to? This refers especially to the review of Tears For Fears, 'Pale Shelter'. Mr. Watson makes it blatantly obvious that he is no Tears For Fears lover, but at least he could get the right name for the singer. He stated that it was Roland, when it is in fact Curt singing. (Roland comes in on the choruses.)

Is he trying to suggest Roland is not all that intelligent by comparing him with an unicellular mammal? I'd like to remind you that Roland writes all the lyrics to the songs, all of which have a meaning. Mr. Watson obviously enjoys listening to absolute trash with no lyrical meaning from the likes of Freur or Twisted Sister (more like Bent Brother if you ask me).

One last point; although this letter seems an all out attack on Mr. Watson, it isn't. I'm just voicing my opinion the problem being we don't agree, but then life would be boring if everyone did. Come to think of it, life is boring.
Curt Smith's fifth microplait, which has become decidedly irritated while reading the single reviews.

Recently I've been despairing about the state of the music scene and after reading Paul Du Noyer's review of New Order's new album 'Power, Corruption And Lies', I've started to despair about the state of some of its critics. He concludes: "New Order are just getting on with it: simply, efficiently and enjoyably." What a piece of hypocritical sloth complimenting somnambulist bollocks!!

Whatever happened to all those arguments of a few years back about how the spirit of music is more important than its proficiency, about how a technically poor piece of music with intensity and urgency and the spirit of art is worth 20 million, million times a technically good one without such things, about how middle aged ex-hippies playing impotent, spiritless audial valium merely because they "had a job to do" rather than because they really had something to say should be put out to the knackers yard where they belong?

Screw Paul Du Noyer and his stagnation worship. How old is he anyway?
Michael, Brinnington, Stockport, Manchester.

Please print the New Order review by Paul Du Noyer in Swahili. That way the cognoscenti of Great Britain can understand it.
Dave Boden, Chomlea Manor, Salford 6.

Anyone who slags off Middlesbrough has got to be a bastard. No question about it.
John The Teesider.

We've decided to revitalise your monochrome veneer of late with some juicy titbits from the past lives of some famous scribes, a service that seems to have disappeared with Monty's untimely departure. Our story starts in that venerable seat of learning, The North London Poly, where a few years back we find

Illustration: Nick Reed

ADRIAN THRILLS THROWS UP OVER A SCANDALOUS, SENSATIONAL, UTTERLY CHEAP AND NASTY BAG

CHUCK YOUR MAIL TO NME, 3RD FLOOR, 5-7 CARNABY ST., LONDON W1V 1PG

Paolo Hewitt and Richard North (whose real name we shall overlook to spare the poor boy's blushes) reading History and Teaching Studies respectively. By one of those terrible acts of cosmic fate there is a meeting of the giants and an unholy alliance is formed. Aided by others, a group is formed...

Months later, a packed student union bar is the setting for The Open's long-awaited gig. Things get under way with a song which we can now see as a seminal influence in the smouldering Positive Punk movement entitled 'Humphrey Bogart Fucked Ingrid Bergman'. Even then, the discriminating listener could detect our pair's distinctive way with words. Young Richard, ever the more sensitive and tactful of the two, dedicated a song to "all you women's movement types out there...dis one's called 'Part Time Lesbians'!" Laugh, well Paolo laughed so much he almost bought a round. The Open are fondly remembered by all and sundry, not least for their mercifully short existance.

Richard features again, however, in an incident which shows his positivity blossoming forth in yet another direction. He had this fanzine called *The Kick* and taking the cue from this moniker he set about a very drunken *NME* writer of late, the hapless Mark Cordery for giving Theatre Of Hate a bad review. Well, can you imagine the kind of atmosphere in the Poly lib[illegible]y around exam time, with Mark attending the very same college as our two heroes.

At least we can all have a good laugh, now that everything has turned up roses for Richard and Paolo and we're sure that Mark will be back again after his finals in June.

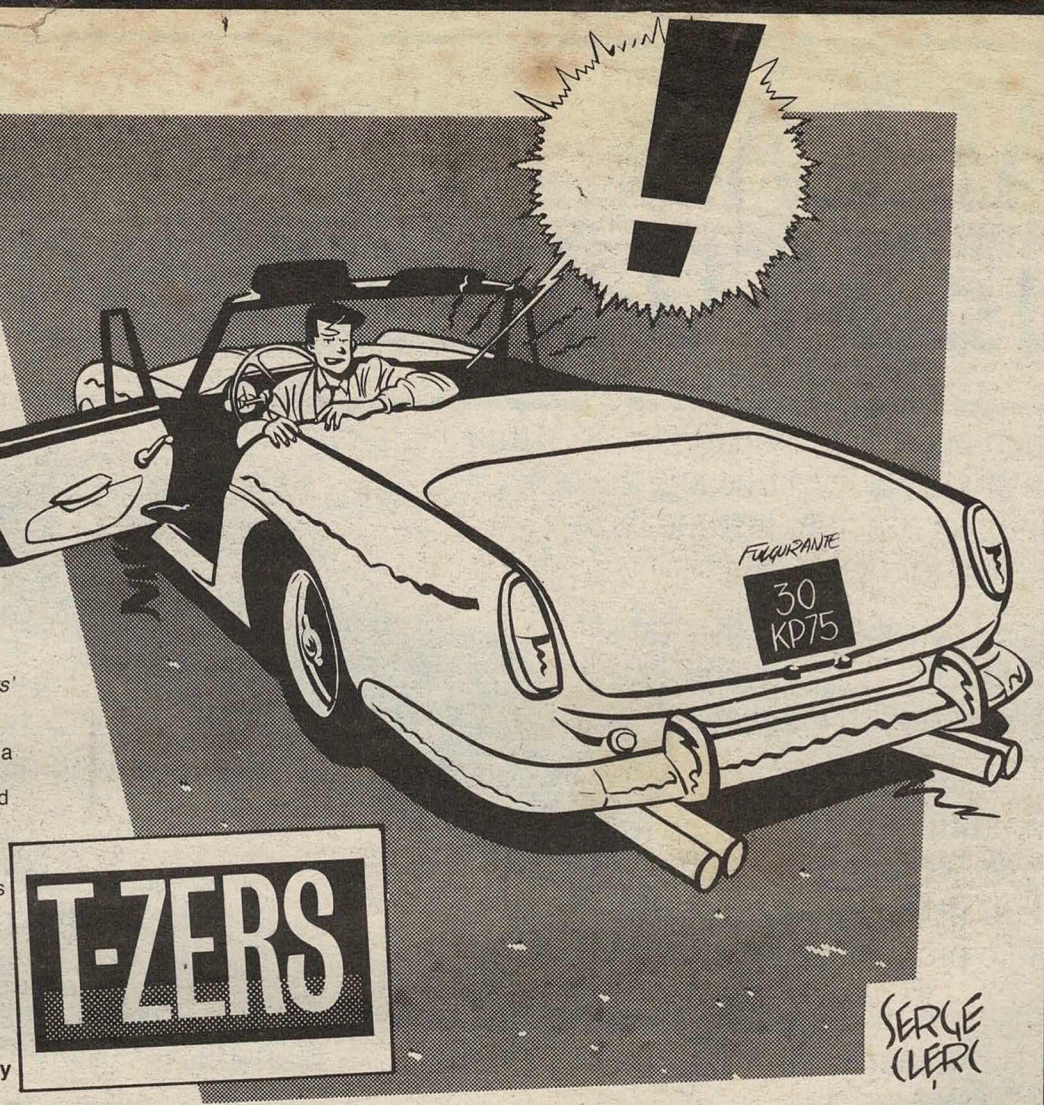
Now, send us a fiver and we'll say nothing about the Woolworth's book token incident.
The Polywatchers Of Kentish Town.

Hey! What's with Julie, ripping off my *Gasbag* letter joke about (sic) bags for her singles column? It's low, no, it's worse, it's... disgusting. And her such a sharp girl too. For this I demand a mugshot (rather fine one enclosed)—check. Well, at least a namecheck then.
Chris MacLeod, Totnes, S. Devon.
PS She *is* getting on, of course. Maybe she's over the (Burc) hill.

When will you realise that David Bowie's hair has not been sun-bleached naturally to his new "straw" colour? Much as I am an admirer of the man himself I do not believe that the Australian sun could possible cause such a dramatic transition of hair colour. It may seem an extremely trivial point, but just because Bohn is an admirer of DB (and the *NME* makes this very obvious), he doesn't have to bow to his every word. After all, what is the shame of bleaching one's hair anyway, is there something morally wrong in doing this?
Jane Pickcup, Tadcster, N. Yorkshire.

May I be the first to welcome the new re-vamped *NME*
What a pity that he couldn't have taken the opportunity to also get rid of those long-winded and pretentious interviews about groups/individuals no-one has heard about. Or are they included just so you can keep your street credibility?

One final point — do the Connolly family relly exist, or is it another elaborate hoax like the Paul Weller one?
Timothy J. Mickleburgh. Warwickshire.
Who knows the secret of the white padded cell?



YOUR HUMBLE COLUMN was in a state of shock and depression this week after *T-Zers*' demand for a replay of its crucial promotion battle with the News Pages had been turned down by a diffident editorial panel. Ashen faced compiler **Malcolm Dot** said afterwards: "This is the end of *T-Zers* as we know them. It's diabolical **Brian**. This means another season of pinching items from dodgy Fleet Street reports..."

No surprise then that this week's lead item concerns the fact that stuffy old **Mick Jagger** and 'Clean' **Keith Richards** are planning a double wedding date with their respective fiancés **Jerry Hall** and **Patti Hansen**. It'll probably happen at the same time the **Stones** release their newly completed elpee — cheaper than a world tour, dig. Other news is that Jagger has written a film script about an ageing rockstar whose 13 year old illegitimate son shows up on his doorstep. It's called *Tin Soldier* and **Malcolm McDowell** is to play the lead role. We can hardly wait...

Better must come: after Jamaican Prime Minister **Edward CIA-ga** had unveiled a memorial statue of the late **Bob Marley** in Kingston last week, assembled crowds reacted to the 'modern' work — depicting the dread with a contorted face and a tree trunk for a body — by hurling a hail of abuse and rocks. The statue and the PM had to be dragged off to the safety of the museum double quick. A 'lifelike' depiction is promised for the future...

In Spain (Alicante to be precise), **Marc and the Mambas** faced the sort of scurrilous continental skullduggery that Northern Ireland so effectively combatted in last year's glorious World Cup triumph. Pre-gig checks showed PA wiring to be unsafe and manager **Stevo** decided to pull out. However a pair of handcuffs and a knife at the throat knocked such foolish notions out of the young upstart. After a suitably persuasive bout of discussion he agreed to play the gig (very nice of him considering he doesn't even have to get onstage...) But even that wasn't enough to appease Mr Local Promoter who started to demand a £9,000 payment to a local mafiosa-type organization...

Hurrah! (let's say that one more time with *real* feeling — HURRAH!) It looks as if come the sparkling summer months we can all say good riddance to sludgy politicos **The Au Pairs**, who recently pulled out of a support slot on **The Beat**'sUS tour and have been making a few disagreeable noises to each other recently. And who can blame them for that?...

Ladbroke Grove calling! A new pirate radio station broadcasting to West London went on the air this Sunday, and is remarked to feature **Keith** 'Northern Industrial Gay' **Allen** and assorted crazies. It goes out on 238m MW at 12 noon and has the rather tame moniker **Breakfast Pirate Radio** (though its friends — two unemployed brickies living in a Portakabin under the Westway — call it **BPR**)...

Time for some good cheer. Definitely Mr Super-Super Heavy Funky The One and only the Godfather Of Soul **James Brown** (who else?) returns with a scorching slab of steaming gut bucket funk called 'Bring It On'. At the moment it's on import but pretty soon, pretty bloody soon indeed, the whole world will know. *(Does that mean someone's going to review the wretched thing next week — Ed)*...

Unfortunately for *Michael Fagan*, *Jock MacDonald* and *Charly Records* all the publicity ensuing from his fights in the Holloway Road (another *Scum* front page) failed to mention the man's presently available version of...er, what was it, some old Sham 69 song or something...

True confessions in the *Daily Star* where **Gary** 'I Got Sole' **Kemp** featured in a charming little rags to riches story. "I remember," said the Big G, his eyes clouding over, "the look on my mother's face when she couldn't afford to buy us any shoes." *T-Zers* remembers the time you couldn't afford to buy us a drink Gary and you still owe us a large Vodka and Tonic...

Following his production of the *King Of Comedy* soundtrack album **Robbie Robertson** is reforming **The Band** for a massive peace festival in Sweden this summer...

Shakin' Stevens was the victim of a £14,000 robbery in Camden Town — thieves got away with a fur coat worth £2,000. Bah! Don't ever believe that baloney about rockstars not making any money. They rake it in! Great bulging bags of the stuff...

And when they crash their cars it's always in Kensington — have you noticed that? Latest on the list is **David Sylvain**. Once voted The World's Most Beautiful Man (talk about stretching the imagination) Sylvain fears he may be scarred for life after a minor collision in W8. Could mean another hour every morning on the old **Max Factor** stand...

Promised in October on Granada TV — "never before" broadcast film of **The Beatles**...

Deliberate mistake (really, what an original concept); in last week's issue **Bo Diddley**'s real name was given as **Eugene MacDaniels**, when in fact he's really called **Ellis McDaniel** as any fool knows. Any fool but **Gavin Martin** that is...

Paul Haig's manager would like to let it be known his boy will not be appearing at The Ultratech this weekend. He is in Vienna (quick smirk and chorus of "means nothing to me" from various beleagured hacks) making a drink at moment and if he does pop in it will only be to have a video. Something like that anyway...

We love you too **Paul**. Mr **Morley** former alliterationist *(Look it up — Ed)* of this parish popped up (propped up?) on ***Loose Talk*** t'other day issuing forth urgent and rather odd perceptions on the ingrowing toe nails that are a pox on rock journalism. At least that's what we hear — no-one round here was uncool enough to actually watch it...

Dear **Gary** 'King Of Sole' **Kemp**, who last year attempted to further his acquaintance with bony **Claire Grogan**, has recently been seen with the schoolgirl starlet of the **Bird's Eye Pea** commercial. Fab. All good fun. We love **Spandau Ballet** up here, love 'em, great band. Crucial to our culture. Yeah...

A four track EP from **The Death Cult** coming soon, and the band hope to be able to tour in June. We hope they've learned to play by then...

A truly epochal moment in contemporary culture looms, one that will force *all of* us to reassess our position in the capitalist infra-structure, yes **Laurie Anderson** is teaming up with **Philip Glass** and **David Byrne**...

BOB DYLAN, **John Rotten** and **Sly 'n' Robbie** all hanging out in the same studios in New York City. Sly and Robbie are rhythm tracking the **Zimmerman** disc, political item picking up the thread on the B-side of his last American single release, the neglected 'Groom's Still Waiting At The Altar'...

The Spikey One himself, **Lydon** that is (you didn't think **Uncle Bob** had gone and got a mohawk with his post **Jesus** phase did you?) is meanwhile laying down "yet more" **Public Image** tracks (it says here). "Yet more?" That's a laugh, we haven't exactly been wading through PiL discomixes these last few years have we, eh? Get a move on you Lazy Sod...

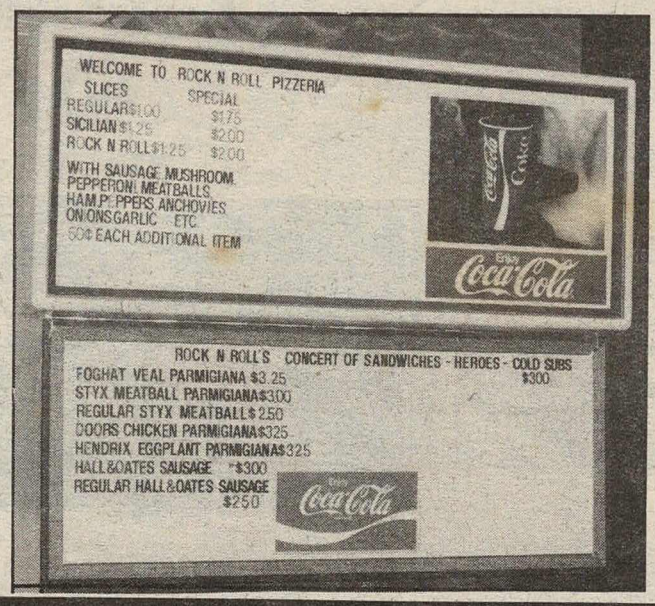
Congratulations to **Paul Simonon** and **Pearl Harbour**, who took their wedding vows in New York recently. **Mick** and **Joe** were apparently not invited either. So there...

Confetti and marzipan cake as well for *NME* scribe **Lloyd Bradley** who last week saw the light and married his lifetime heart throb 'Lady' **Di**...

Here's a hoot: backing flaxen haired waxen faced **Christ** casualty **John Denver** on one track on his forthcoming elpee are **The Wailers**, including **Rita Marley**. The song is called 'The Word Game'. Next month: **Des O'Connor** and **King Sunny Ade**, **Demis Roussos** and **Afrika Bambaata**...

The Rock Against Arsenal movement continues to gather momentum as quickly as the team themselves dropped League points towards the end of the soccer season. On the cover of the first **Madness** album to be released in the States — a ragbag of cuts from 'One Step Beyond' to 'Rise And Fall' — Chrissy Boy is pictured brandishing a copy of *The Bun* in which the headline Highbury Horror and the story of another home goof by the gormless Gunners is rather prominent. All this and Spurs qualifying for Europe too...

New York's rock and roll pizzeria menu: only thing is, who's this group Parmigiana that are so popular. Pic: Bob Leafe/Star File



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DALLAS COMES TO AMBRIDGE.

A PASSING hen pecked half-heartedly at Arthur's boot, then stood back on one leg, the other poised like a spinster about to test the bath-water, and watched for developments.

Arthur rested his elbows on the stable door, sucked a particularly toothsome straw, and regarded the hen with dead-pan detachment.

Finding no future in the contemplation of Arthur's toe-cap, the hen wandered off in the direction of the pig-sty, and more promising diversions.

Arthur surveyed his kingdom, the farmyard, with satisfaction.

Peace reigned. Almost.

From the timbered farmhouse came the raucous laughter of his boss's visitor, a "factfinding" Texan gentleman, of vast wealth, vast girth, and a vast and voluble knowledge of all things agricultural. Or so he said. Arthur did not like him.

As he chewed his straw savagely, and ruminated on the relative disadvantages of international amity, the farmhouse door opened and the boss came out, visibly shell-shocked, followed by the chuckling bulk of the Texan. "Ah, young Arthur," called the boss, (Arthur was fifty if he was a day, but had been 'young' since his old dad had first brought him to help with the harvest)...

"Young Arthur! You don't mind taking Tex here to the station, do you?" Arthur minded very much indeed, in fact, but he enjoyed driving the estate car, and it was a chance to play with the newly-fitted Pioneer stereo-system. Without replying, he made his way slowly to the car.

"'Op in," was his greeting to the grinning Texan, who, with no small difficulty, managed to manoeuvre himself into the passenger seat.

They drove for nearly a hundred yards in blissful silence, before Tex spoke.

"Mighty kind of you, my friend. You know, back home we have three men whose only job is to ferry visitors to and from the railhead...Waddya think about that?"

"Nice for you," was what Arthur thought about that. To forestall further conversation, he flicked on the Pioneer and found Radio Four. Tex broke in on the measured, British tones of the announcer; "You know," he boomed, "Back home, we have over thirty radio stations in our state alone, how about that?"

"Very nice."

Arthur, in desperation, picked a tape from the rack, slotted it into the machine, and turned up the volume. The sweeping cadences of Beethoven's 'Pastoral' swam languidly round the car, and Arthur settled back in his seat to drink it all in.

"Great tune, this!" shouted Tex, "Great system, too...Pioneer, ain't it? You know, I have a Pioneer in every one of my automobiles back home... flashing green lights, auto-replay, station search, all the latest technology, cost me over a thousand bucks each and worth every cent... guess they don't have 'em over here?"

Arthur turned down the volume with a resigned sigh. "Guess they do, only some on us is a shade more careful with our money." He glanced across at the gleaming teeth so obligingly laid bare for inspection. A bit closer, and I'd be able to tell his age, thought Arthur.

Tex started again. "Tell me, boy, how big's that lil' ole' farm back there?"

"'Bout a hundred acres, all told."

Tex leant back in his seat, and stared dreamily ahead. "You know, boy, when *I* get up in the morning, I can get in *my* car and drive all day, and never get to the borders of my land." He turned triumphantly to Arthur, "Waddya think of that!?"

"Aar" said Arthur, smiling very gently, "We used to have a car like that."

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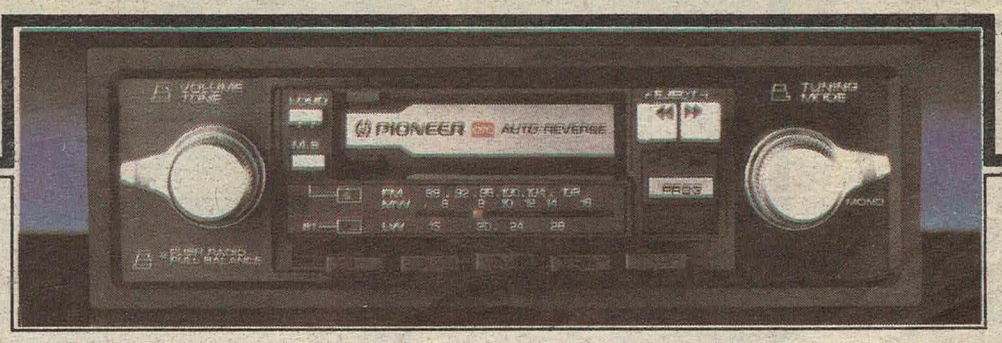

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